



# WARLOCK OF THE MAGUS WORLD

BOOK 12

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EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

# Warlock of the Magus World

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by

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# Synopsis

-What happens when a scientist from a futuristic world reincarnates in a World of Magic and Knights?

An awesome MC is what happens!

A scientist's goal is to explore the secrets of the universe, and this is exactly what Leylin sets out to do when he is reincarnated.

Dark, cold and calculating, he makes use of all his resources as he sets off on his adventures to meet his goal.

Face? Who needs that... Hmmm... that guy seems too powerful for me to take on now... I better keep a low profile for now.

You want me to help you? Sure... but what benefit can I get out of it? Nothing? Bye.

Hmmm... that guy looks like he might cause me problems in the future.

Should I let him off for now and let him grow into someone that can threaten me..... Nahhh. kill-

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# Chapter 1101 - Tower

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Three groups merged inside the palace. Xavier looked at a wounded Clive and revealed a smile, “Well done, Mister Clive! We have one last target remaining!”

“Mm. Jarvis told me about the Emperor’s arrangement, and a backdoor to manipulate the robots before he... died...” Clive wasn’t smiling. His expression had a trace of loneliness. “He could’ve killed me, I didn’t expect him to back off so suddenly at the end... He’s so pitiful...”

“Everything was caused by the Empire. We’re here to correct that mistake!” Crowley and Bobbi came over, looking resolute.

“We don’t have much time! The Tree of Life is over there!” They could already see a white beam rising from within the palace, connecting with the skies to release a shocking glow of light.

“Snakebite Fist— Ultimate Snakebite!” Black energy roared forth from Xavier’s fist, the terrifying destructive energy it contained even surpassing laser weapons. The robots blocking their road were sent flying and broke apart in midair.

“Mister Leylin... Made me this strong with a few pointers...” Xavier ran inside the palace, the occasional robot blocking him turned into scrap metal. He’d finally understood just how terrifying Leylin was. Just the fact that he could be beside the Snake Dowager was sufficient to show his status.



“Hiss... Scram!” Although Xavier’s strength was already shocking, he was quite lacking in comparison to Crowley. That one low roar of his caused a gigantic beast made of a few hundred phantom snakes to surface, black air condensing to turn it real.

Rumble! Rumble! The chimera crushed a wave of robots into pieces, the corrosive liquid coming from the snakes causing the entire palace to collapse...

“Hmm?” Breaking open a brilliant and beautiful door, Xavier retreated a few steps in clear intimidation.

What welcomed him was a dazzling sight in the palace, exquisite dishes filling an entire long table. However, a few youths in royal clothing were lying on the ground, a dark green X visible on their skin.

A poised lady was clutching at her chest, sitting upright with a pained smile and an exquisite dagger stabbed into her body. A rose of blood had bloomed upon her clothes.

“This is... What’s going on?” Xavier murmured in disbelief.

“Just a simple change in the palace...” Bobbi walked in and glanced around, her eyes filled with disdain. However when she saw the few young princes and princesses on the ground, her facial expression finally changed.

“The X gene! Even the royal family wasn’t spared? Our old

thoughts might be wrong; that existence doesn't support the royal family, instead just using it as a puppet or plaything!"

"Why are you still staring blankly? The whole world is filled with such tragedy right now. We have to find the anti-teleportation array and anti-gravity room quickly. I don't want to waste time breaking through each room one by one!" Crowley's roar transmitted from the outside. The entire building was demolished with his ferocious strength as he continued rushing towards the incoming robots.

Bang! The huge building collapsed under the weight of marble, its pillars bending into an arc before it crashed into the ground. Numerous robots collapsed, but an even denser horde took their place, walking out from all directions like a terrifying flood. The scene numbed the scalps of those present.

"Damn it! It looks like the other party has long been prepared..." Xavier bit his teeth, and his body started to shake. A trace of black mist was emitted from his pores, and Bobbi was shocked to discover that her ability to sense him weakened, as if he was disappearing into thin air.

"These robots' scanners are inflexible, I'll sneak past them." A resolute expression surfaced on Xavier's face. Under the control of Snakebite Fist, his blood slowly cooled and he began to restrain his energy fluctuations.

"Wait for me, Jill!" Xavier broke through the robots, rushing directly towards that pillar of light.

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“Such a troublesome little demon,” Crowley said from atop the giant beast, “Don’t tell me I’ll have to use that move...”

The beast started hissing even louder as if sensing his intentions, terrifying energy converging on its body.

“The target is the Tree of Life. Great Mistress, please give me strength!” Frightening balls of energy formed with Crowley’s prayers, merging together rapidly and rippling with terrifying power.

“Ha! Scram!” The surging balls of energy formed a massive black hole. Be it the robots, the forcefield, or the building itself, everything was devoured by the black hole to reveal a wide, spacious passageway.

“Dawn, activate!” A slender mechanical figure descended just then. A terrifying furnace roared as the Shadow Weave stilled around the area. The beam of light that had killed the Metalback Whale appeared once more!

Extremely dazzling white light instantly collided with the black hole, their collision distorting the surroundings. A storm of annihilation ensued, instantly destroying most of the palace and inflicting great casualties amongst both the robots and the rebels.



A mushroom cloud rushed into the sky, and the Tree of Life held firm and steady. A strange mechanical armour stood in front of Crowley, forming its last line of defence.

The armour was smooth yet slender, its back attached to a skeletal wing and a hooked tail. It looked like an angel revealing its dark side.

“Scram, or you’ll end up dead!” An increasingly murderous look appeared in Crowley’s eyes. Regardless of who it was, being interrupted in the moment before success in life would cause one to fly into a rage.

“I’m sorry, I can’t that.” A female voice was transmitted from the glowing armour.

Ling was staring at the screen from within the control room, the man standing on the gigantic beast drawing all her attention.

“An attack surpassing the Empire’s energy limit... If I hadn’t taken Dawn from the submarine I’m afraid I wouldn’t have been able to block that attack...” Ling’s face revealed a bitter smile.

“Dawn is the pinnacle of the Empire’s technology, built to the limit of our energy. It’s our last trump card, our final defence...” Ling turned and looked at the direction of the Imperial Garden. “Father... This is all I can do for you...”

“Attack, kill them all and get rid of the Empire!” Crowley did not

stop just because the other party was a girl. Such a thing would be extravagant for the rebel army. In a critical moment of life and death, any who blocked him would only be torn apart!

“For the Empire!” Ling shouted, and the radiant armour activated as a light sword with the power to cut through space appeared in its hands. The robot collided with the giant snake.

“Old man! The final moment is here...” The shadows flashed, and two old men on the verge of collapse appeared.

“Yeah... It’s been a long time since we fought alongside each other, Night Devil...” Sword Saint wiped the handle of his broken iron sword, sighing suddenly.

“The last glory of the Empire... shall be protected by us!” Night Devil suddenly roared, he and Sword Saint forming streams of light that rushed towards the rebels with the robot army.

“Kill!” Bobbi made eye-contact with the other higher-ups, deciding to fight. Both sides were fighting for their goals and beliefs; there was no possibility of turning back.

Outside the Imperial Garden, the rebel army and last resistance of the Empire collided. The overflowing energy scattered and caused a terrifying fluctuation.

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“Emperor!”

“To govern everything!”

“God!”

Emperor Aragon’s eyes were filled with eagerness as he stepped onto the central metal platform. A flash of light verified him as he moved towards the top of the Tree of Life, towards its crown. The surroundings of the platform were absolutely empty, with but an isolated metal seat present.

“The resistance of hundreds of generations, thousands of years of unwillingness... Dear ancestors, please bless and protect me!” A trace of resoluteness appeared on Emperor Aragon’s face, and he took a box out of his bosom. Inside was a pair of shrivelled eyes and some mermaid scales.

“Bring it on!” Madness flashed in Aragon’s eyes as he directly swallowed these items, “I am the world!”

Immediately after, a horrifying change emerged on his body. Tumours spread out along his body, with scales and humanoid faces on them. Aragon struggled to sit on the metal throne.

Kacha! Kacha! Many channels opened up around the tower, revealing needles attached to tubes. The tubes seemed to possess their own lives, encircling the Emperor.

Pu! Pu! Pu! “AAAAHHH!” Soon after, hundreds of thousands of these tiny needles pierced into Aragon’s body, stimulating all his nerves. The pain he felt exceeded the limits of human ability, able to cause a normal person to perish instantly. Even he couldn’t help but release a bestial roar.

Numerous tubes wriggled amidst this terrifying roar, seemingly trying to draw something in as Aragon’s body shrunk rapidly. He turned into a near-corpse.

# Chapter 1102 - Growth

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The hundreds of thousands of tubes sucked Emperor Aragon dry in just a moment, devouring all his nutrients until he seemed less than a corpse. His body suddenly trembled, the fire in his eyes dying out.

However, a heated soul broke through the boundary of illusory and real before the moment of his death, moving through the tubes to reach the bottom of the tower instantly. Subsequently, a mind-blowing light beam suddenly soared into the sky!

“This is...” Xavier involuntarily exited stealth, a frightening expression on his face. Just a glance had sent terror into his heart, as if an inescapable crisis was approaching him.

“Project Tree of Life... I must stop it... Eh? Jill?!” Xavier shouted as he suddenly saw Jill’s silhouette within one of the twelve pearls. His little sister was sadly unconscious, not able to respond.

“I’m coming right away, I’ll save you! You have to persist!” Black scales instantly covered Xavier’s hands, and he released a strong power.

“Open for me!” Xavier attacked the defensive forcefield repeatedly with his fists, but his Snakebite Fist could not cause it to even tremble.

“How can it be? Why is this so?” Xavier was about to fall apart, the black shadows converging on his hands repeatedly smashing

the light. However, this was the core of the Empire's defence, using the most advanced technology and resources. It stood unmoving as a mountain, firmly rooted to the ground.

Buzz! A soul emerged from within the pillar of light at this moment, near the crown of the metal tower. It seemed to bellow out as it emitted a light that stirred the hearts of the people.

The Shadow Weave materialised on top of the tower, covering the entire world. The light beam crackled as it separated from the metal tower, connecting instead to the Shadow Weave.

Branches continued to spread out, and within a few moments a primordial tree made of light was formed in mid air, its many branches tightly linked to the Shadow Weave.

“The Tree of Life... It's begun...” All the survivors in the Empire looked up at this moment, seeing the massive tree.

“Damn it! Damn it!” Xavier brandished his fists constantly. Even his scales shattered to the force of his blows, blood spilling onto the membrane of light.

“Snake Dowager, or Leylin... Either one of you... please give me strength!” Falling into despair, Xavier couldn't bear it anymore as he prayed...

Within the palace, Leylin and Allsnake were in the middle of their chess match.

"It looks like those bloodline carriers are experiencing difficulties... What do you think?" Allsnake twirled a piece in her hand, a smile on her face. It was as if everything had happened in front of her.

"Regardless of what they do, the Empire... No, the royal family is destined to fail..." A trace of disdain could be seen in Leylin's smile, "Even we can sense this easily, how could it escape Shar? I'm afraid she's letting them continue these small tricks, waiting for the right time to harvest the rewards."

"But what should be do about it?" The Snake Dowager stared at Leylin with her beautiful eyes, a trace of coquettishness in her expression. "I've noticed you have other plans in your mind."

"That's a secret, and the source of my confidence. Forgive me, I cannot reveal it to you right now." Leylin shot the Snake Dowager a sincere look, "When the time is right, I'll fulfill my end of the contract. Please trust in me until then."

"What about now? Are we not doing anything?" The Snake Dowager leaned back lazily, whether she really believed in Leylin's words unknown.

"Right now? We can add in a variable or two, waiting for Shar's reaction." Leylin smiled softly, placing a finger on a datura flower rune.

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Outside the Imperial Garden, Xavier suddenly felt his body heat up.

“This feeling...” He tore his shirt apart, seeing a beautiful black flower slowly blooming on his chest above his heart. The pain seemed to tear his body apart, constantly eroding his nerves.

The last time this happened he’d been unable to endure the pain, losing consciousness. However, things were different this time; several upgrades in strength allowed Xavier to persevere, gnashing his teeth in an effort to remain conscious.

“Hee... AAAH...” The extreme force caused his gums to bleed. At the same time, he felt a terrifying power moving within his body.

“Snakebite Fist!” A black phantom snake with scarlet eyes suddenly emerged in front of Xavier, a few stories tall. An earth-shattering roar resounded as he punched out, the surrounding earth trembling as the defensive forcefield shattered.

“Jill!” Xavier instantly rushed towards Jill’s location.

“Scram!” The pillar of light radiated anger, and numerous needle tubes suddenly charged towards Xavier.

“These insignificant things...” Xavier used his hands to catch them, but the moment he made contact his face changed. ‘So hard, even harder than alloys. It’s also so powerful, and this current...’

Bang! The boy was sent flying.

“There cannot be any damage to the Tree of Life!” The tree completed its preparations amidst the fluctuations of the soul, suddenly spreading out.

“Eh?” Xavier suddenly felt light-headed, as if his spirit had been extracted. Fortunately, the datura flower’s protection had allowed him to remain conscious.

However, he would rather have fainted than watch the scene in front of him. Particles of light emerged from everywhere in the capital like rain, converging on the pillar of light. The twelve pearls lit up, the faces of the girls within revealing painful expressions.

Once the powerful soul energy was transformed, it gathered at the centre of the tower that housed the Tree of Life. The tree grew in size, slowly increasing its pull on Xavier’s soul.

“It has started!” Ling, in control of Dawn, released a sigh of relief as she separated from Crowley.

“Hateful! This is all your fault!” Crowley looked at his surroundings as an invisible net of energy began to materialise, looking like a bunch of branches that grabbed onto the fallen whose bodies had been infected with the X gene.

A particle of light was then drawn out of these people, moving towards the tree as if this web was a bunch of roots. Looking at the scene, Crowley could not help but feel extremely terrified.

“It’s useless even if you knock me down now...” Ling forced a bitter smile while looking at Crowley, “It’ll start with the bodies affected by the X gene, their souls providing the Tree of Life its initial nourishment. Then will be the ordinary people who weren’t infected, followed by ability wielders and bloodline carriers... With the Tree of Life’s rapid growth, the force with which it will absorb these souls will grow... No one can escape, and abandoning the Rapid Shadows just ridiculous. The Shadow Weave is everywhere, such a thing would only help delay the inevitable by a few minutes, nothing more...”

“Since you knew all this, why not do anything to stop it?” Crowley was thoroughly enraged. The chimera of snakes roared and rushed forward.

“Because... This is my fate...” Ling laughed bitterly, her eyes showing reminiscence.

“Cough...” She suddenly coughed and spat out fresh blood.

“It looks like I won’t be able to continue from now? After all, I only have an ordinary physique...” There was a trace of a smile on the princess’ face as the armour collided with the beast, roots from the Shadow Weave appearing to bore into her body. The feeling of one’s soul being grabbed caused her face to stiffen.

“Self-destruct!” Before losing her consciousness, Ling issued the last order.

Boom! The armour grabbed the chimeral beast, before disintegrating in a terrifying explosion.

“How I wish to go back to my childhood, looking at my father push my swing...” Ling smiled before she fell into total darkness, her body swallowed by the fire.

“Crowley! Crowley!” Bobbi rushed over, only to see a bottomless black hole. The range of the destruction had been surprisingly small, but this wasn’t Ling’s goodwill. She’d instead focused all the destructive might on her opponent.

The area surrounding them had been annihilated, the earth itself completely gone to reveal a bottomless underground tunnel. Crowley had borne the full brunt of this attack, would he be able to survive?

Bobbi’s face was filled with tears as she constantly called for Crowley.

“Cough... Rest assured! Before the destruction of the Empire, I will not die...” A few long back snakes similar to vines grabbed the edges of the pit before Crowley climbed out. However, he was not in a good state— Half of his body had been destroyed, both of his legs and his right arm gone.

“She was a respectable opponent, but also a pitiful person...”  
Crowley looked at the pit and sighed.

Whoosh! His body muscles suddenly squirmed, and he finally even grew out a new arm and legs. His newborn limbs had delicate white skin, seeming no different from the rest of him.

# Chapter 1103 - Sacrifice

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Perhaps it was because of the bizarreness of the recent events, Bobbi just accepted Crowley's regeneration with some elation. He managed to help the others upon his return, killing Night Devil and Sword Saint before moving to the final battleground.

It was there that he saw the elegant and imposing metal tower, with the needle-topped tubes surrounding it seemingly alive.

"Crowley! Hurry!" The large metal pipes moved once more, stopping Xavier outside the tree. There were numerous wounds on his body, but the youth continued to sprint forward as he headed for the tower with pearls.

"The Tree of Life!" The tree's huge roots had spread throughout the top of the tower, its huge branches covering the skies and making for a vantage point over the entire empire.

There was a crimson glow on the tree's bark, forming a vague image of a face filled with madness.

"Ling is so useless!" Rage appeared on the face once it saw and the rest come over. A powerful gust of energy shot forth as many of the roots of the branches of the Tree of Life shot forward to attack them. Many of the rebel troops were caught by these vines, their souls immediately extracted as corpses fell to the ground.

"At such a time... There's nothing to be afraid of even if I die..." Crowley pushed Bobbi away, revealing a black serpent imprint on

his back.

“The final seal... Unseal now!”

Hiss! A powerful surge of darkness spread out, and the chimeral serpent appeared once more. Only now, it looked even more illusory than before.

“I give you all my life force... Annihilate it!” Black blood oozed out of Crowley’s pores, continuously entering the body of the giant serpent. It hissed as it received the nourishment, a powerful ball of energy converging in its mouth as it materialised again.

“I’ll bury you!” Several hundred balls of energy converged, forming a terrifying black hole once more. The branches were destroyed in front of its might, saving many lives.

Facing this attack, even Aragon who’d turned into the Tree of Life had to be cautious. The massive tree shrank down a little as powerful soul force formed a thick wall before the black hole.

Boom! An explosion rocked the place the moment the black hole came into contact, shattering the wall.

However, the Tree of Life still stood tall after the dust settled, and even worse there was no damage to it at all!

“I’ve already become one with the Tree of Life. With the first stage of soul collection complete, nobody in the world can



annihilate me anymore...” Aragon bellowed as his face appeared on the now-crimson tree.

“Just the soul energy of the empire could bring me to such a realm... I will plant firmly into the earth, becoming the core of the realm as I spread my roots throughout the world!” Aragon’s spirit projection seemed extremely zealous, his insanity overwhelming.

“Are you afraid now? Do you feel that fear? Run for your lives! If you’re lucky enough... you might be able to last through the end and watch the world perish with me... No, you’ll watch the beginning of a new world!” Aragon issued his decree.

The Tree of Life immediately swelled as he spoke, terrifying roots piercing into the ground and covering the entire palace in an instant. The twelve pearls were operating at full force. A few of the girls were already unable to withstand the damage, blood spurting out of their orifices.

“Jill! Jill!” Xavier roared in rage. There had never been a day when he’d felt as cowardly and helpless before.

Kacha! Kacha! Cracks appeared on the ground as the Tree of Life’s roots continuously expanded through the planet. Very soon it spanned the entire empire. The crown of pearls grew at the same time, expanding until it reached the skies to connect to the Shadow Weave. Even after that it continued to expand.

It wasn’t just the cities, and it wasn’t only humans. Anything in the Empire with the ability to think had its true soul absorbed by

the Weave.

“Javis told me the Tree of Life expands in three stages. The first time it will cover the entire region. The second time it will move to cover the entire planet. The third and final stage is when it will fuse with the world itself, becoming a god!”

Clive stepped forward, “It will be impossible to defeat in its second and third stages of growth. We need to take this opportunity now to eliminate it!”

Bobbi nodded her head. “Even as it continues to expand it’s protecting those twelve pearls. They should be its core!”

“Young people, the world needs you! The old will create an opportunity for the future!” Clive stood forward with other survivors.

“That’s right...”Crowley had stood up as well, even if he was close to collapsing. “Even with the bloodline phantom we won’t be able to escape the final purge of the Weave... We can only gamble on this once chance!”

“Listen up, Xavier! We’ll concentrate our power to make a chance for you. Your mission is to charge in and destroy the twelve pearls. Remember, don’t attack the tree. That’s on a completely different level from you!” Crowley looked at Xavier and smiled, “Don’t you wish to save your sister? Then do it. Do it and, at the same time, save the world!”

“Let’s go!” Clive charged ahead, activating a platinum card against the numerous branches and pipes. “The newest technology in the Empire, a Space Reversal Pulse. I hope it’ll be of some use!” One last smile escaped Clive’s face as his body turned to dust amidst a large explosion.

“Wait for me, old man!” Another steel-faced soldier dashed forward, choosing to destroy himself without any hesitation. The sacrifice caused Xavier to clench his fists tightly.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble! Explosions rang out one after the other, and a path was built upon human lives.

“This is great... That soul fortress from before can’t restore itself so easily after this much damage. We have a better chance...” Crowley pulled at Xavier, a hundred-headed giant snake charging into the vicinity of the metallic tower.

Whoosh! Numerous terrifying needles shot towards them like enraged beasts, the Tree of Life up above howling in anger.

On the other hand, the powerful bloodline carriers dashed out in silence, using their lives to open up the path to victory.

Chi! Chi! Great numbers of thin needles pricked into the hundred-headed beast, the terrifying incisions causing the huge beast’s torso to shrivel up. It soon turned into a bag of skin and bones, and Crowley seemed to have lost all blood in his face.

“No! Why is this happening?” Hot tears blurred Xavier’s sight.

“Kid, did you think we’re doing this for you? No, this is for the world!” The continuous sacrifices brought them ever closer to the platform. 20 metres... 10 metres... 5 metres...

Aragon was infuriated by the time they reached the place, the terrifying soul attacks of those branches surging violently in their direction.

“I’ll marry you, Crowley...” Bobbi stood up from the snake at this moment, her back turned to Crowley. She then jumped off the giant beast, a pair of dark green butterfly wings extending from her back in mid air. It looked dazzling and beautiful.

A dark green lustre appeared around the wings, and although it seemed weak it managed to withstand the onslaught of attacks.

The Tree of Life’s attack was like the palm of the devil king. However, a frail butterfly still managed to dance under the might of this devil, shining brilliantly with the last bit of life it had.

Bobbi’s sacrifice finally brought Xavier and Crowley to the twelve pearls. The former could see Jill within one of them, able to tell apart every pore on her body.

“Xavier! You can only count on yourself in life. The Mistress is far too superior to us; hoping for her to pity us is only something the inferior trash does...” Crowley had his back to Xavier as he

spoke quickly, “This is my final realisation! Hence... The only ones able to save humankind are ourselves. Do it!

“Aragorn! Die!” Crowley’s body turned into a ray of light amidst his roars, merging into the hundred-headed beasts as he formed Xavier’s last line of defence.

“Guys... guys...” Xavier’s tears flowed uncontrollably, but he did not hesitate further.

He knew full well that he could not give up this chance that everyone had fought about with their lives. Snakebite Fist leapt into action as the black datura flower bloomed on his back. All his other issues solved, he stood properly in front of Jill.

“Stop!” Terrifying soul fluctuations reverberated from behind him, but Xavier did not turn back. Someone reliable was protecting him.

“This bullshit empire!” Terrifying black energy appeared on Xavier’s hands.

“This bullshit project!” A beam of light from the datura flower engulfed Xavier’s body, allowing his strength to reach its peak.

“You bullshit Aragon! Die!” he bellowed, unleashing his strongest punch ever.

# Chapter 1104 - Revival

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As he threw this punch, Xavier was exceptionally certain that he'd reached the peak of his power. All his power, his hot-bloodedness, his emotions, everything had been gathered into this one punch, containing the hopes, of Crowley, Bobbi, Clive, and all the rest.

Crowley would've had a better chance at breaking these pearls. However, Xavier knew very well that he himself wasn't powerful enough to stop the Tree of Life. If they switched places, he wouldn't even have a chance to raise his fist. The Tree of Life would eliminate him instantly, and Crowley would lose his chance to attack.

This was why Crowley and the rest had placed their hopes for the world on him, and Xavier understood this enough to throw his everything into the punch. He was confident that even a fort made entirely of steel would be destroyed by this one blow.

Clang! His fist collided with the outer wall of the pearl, but there was no damage at all.

“NOOO!” Xavier bellowed, and raised his fist once more. Unfortunately, he was not given a second chance. A terrifying energy attacked his back, causing him to go limp.

‘No... Everyone's sacrifice and hard work... Is the world done for just like this?’ He felt complete despair. He looked at his little sister within the pearl, seemingly in a deep sleep, as he prayed in

his heart, ‘Ley, Snake Dowager! I know you can hear me, so please make a move! I’m willing to pay any price...’

Unfortunately, he soon felt himself being enveloped by a terrifying web, his soul taken captive. His thoughts grew stagnant.

Before entering complete darkness, he raised his head and looked at Jill within the pearl, “I– I’m sorry...”

The girl in the pearl had been asleep, but all of a sudden her eyebrows twitched as she awoke, her black eyes meeting Xavier’s own.

“You... this is great...” Xavier’s lips curved into a slight smile before he sank into complete darkness.

Unfortunately, he hadn’t noticed that the girl’s eyes lacked all emotion, as if she was just looking at a stranger.

“Keke... those meddling ants are now finally dead...” The Tree of Life continued to mature, and the blood-red tumour on it continued to grow in size as Emperor Aragon chuckled in a carefree manner.

“How could my blood and sweat be destroyed so easily? He seems to be related to you, little lady, he worked really hard in his effort to save your life...”

“Now... it’s time to make use of you all. Wake up and help me



purge the evil...” The terrifying Tree of Light had now extended its roots through half the empire, the soul energy gathered from the act quite frightening.

Numerous frenzied black spots were absorbed by the tree’s roots and branches, gathered into the twelve pearls with the girls in them. Many of the tubes couldn’t even take the pressure, causing swollen tumours to bead into the pearls.

The pearls emitted dazzling rays as they purified all the evil and insanity. The clean power was then supplied to the Tree of Life, being directed to the blood-red tumour.

“Haha... very good. That’s the way, that’s the way! I will soon become god!” Aragon said from within.

“You’re no god. You’re just a mere mortal!” A distinct voice sounded from within the pearl. Jill watched the tree tumour coldly, a look of scorn in her eyes.

“How is this possible? How can a purifier like you speak?” The huge tree tumour made a sound, and Emperor Aragorn’s face appeared. However, his expression was now distorted, transforming even as it turned into a fog.

“How can a small bit of evil intent stop me?” ‘Jill’s lips curved up in a snicker, “Only mortals like you would lose their sense of self after assimilating too many souls... How sad!”

“Mortal? Who in the world are you?” Emperor Aragorn’s voice now became extremely sharp.

“Me? Haven’t you been trying to go against me all this time?” Jill’s aura changed all of a sudden. Her eyes turned into stars of wisdom.

“Mistress of the Night! You’re the Night Mistress!” Emperor Aragon howled like a mouse seeing a cat.

“Didn’t you find it strange? I discovered your little plot long ago, but pretended not to notice and allowed you to do as you wished...” Shar smiled as the soul tree continued to work, large amounts of soul energy being purified and entering the tumour.

“You want to become a god? You want to go against me? That’s all a part of my plans. If not, would you still be working so hard at completing this task?” The smile on Jill’s face grew, “Also... You’ve even been so kind as to give me a chance to make use of you... How... foolish!”

A powerful will descended at this moment. The twelve purifiers continued to work, but now things were different. A pure white soul energy travelled across these channels to enter the blood red tumour, even beginning to form a huge web that unceasingly corroded Emperor Aragon’s strength.

The girls within the eleven other pearls opened their eyes as well, smiles of ridicule on their faces.

“I will be the one controlling the final body, not me.” The girls’ bodies blurred out as this proclamation resounded, as if they’d transformed from the material to become a flow of energy. The network gave them great power as they abruptly passed through the metal tower into the tree and its tumour.

“No... I’m still protected by Kalle and the mermaid... I haven’t lost yet...” Emperor Aragon appeared crazed and twisted, his face now a complete blur. The twelve young girls held hands around him, chanting a strange song with him at the centre.

Aragon didn’t even have a millionth of a chance of winning against the will and power of a rank 8 existence. The calming melody of the folksong seemed to appease the Tree of Life, causing the dark red tumour to gradually turn pure white as it faded away.

The crown of pearls stopped moving the moment the tumour disappeared, traces of cracks appearing on it. Aragon’s withered body suddenly flaked apart atop his throne, turning to a pile of ashes.

Two streaks of light suddenly appeared within the ashes, causing terrifying whirlwinds in the sky.

“Kalle, Kou... Do you still wish to go against me?” The Shadow Weave flickered, and Shar appeared on a branch of the Tree of Life, dressed in black. The two spirals grew in response to her question, slivers of bloodline force pulled out from all parts of the palace.

“This is... the bloodline of your descendants, and the power of malicious intent? I see. Is it Allsnake?” Shar bit at her lips as two illusory figures walked out of the spirals. The tyrannical power of laws from the past quickly returned.

“We already made a mistake once, Shar. We won’t make it again.” Prophet Kalle was an elderly man filled with wisdom, while Kou, who belonged to the sea tribe, looked like a mermaid. The great waves of the sea surged underneath them...

Nothing seemed to have changed within that red villa on the outskirts of Kerallen. Leylin had just finished his last move, ending the chess game.

‘I see... She used that hatred and the death of descendants to awaken the last remaining conscients, huh? It seems to be some ancient ceremonial spell...

“Sadly, even if you’ve called them out they don’t have the same absolute power as they did in the past. You’re making your move?”

The Snake Dowager nodded. “I’ve been waiting too long... Today, everything will end!” She took a step forward, and the air before her shattered.

Whoosh! Terrifying spatial turbulence formed. The Snake Dowager’s hair rustled, its many strands in disarray as they transformed into giant snakes. A ball of snakes that looked like a star formed underneath her, carrying the great power of her bloodline.

The Snake Dowager had taken on her ultimate form. The numerous malicious snake heads somehow didn't diminish her charm, instead making her seem more mysterious and wild...

From the astral plane it seemed like a huge tree emanating white light had formed within the Shadow World, growing as it attempted to fuse with the world itself.

A ball of snakes the size of a world suddenly appeared, the serpents snarling and hissing at the tree of light...

"Allsnake..." Shar was not at all surprised at the Snake Dowager's appearance, "This ten thousand year war ends here..."

"Indeed, but victory shall be mine. Your terrifying control will destroy the world!" The Snake Dowager retorted without hesitation. In the meanwhile, two streaks of purple-red light were launched from the ball of snakes, entering Kalle and Kou.

The great amount of bloodline force immediately consolidated the two's powers, strengthening their auras.

"What a pity... If the Trial's Eye was here to make for three, you would definitely fall here..." The Snake Dowager and the two other ancient existences in the Shadow World now stood shoulder to shoulder, creating a huge amount of pressure.

Most important was that they were natives of the world. They

were the ones who'd fought over the World Will in ancient times,  
the ones with the authority to control the world's outcome!

# Chapter 1105 - Terror

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“You’ve always been like this, Allsnake... Hoping for help and allies, remaining unaware that the most reliable support is yourself...” Shar revealed a bizarre smile as her eyes scanned the Snake Dowager’s surroundings. “What about that Magus ally of yours?”

The Snake Dowager’s expression changed immediately upon Leylin’s mention. “Have you reached an agreement with him?”

Leylin was the ally she placed the most importance on, someone she valued more than the other three rank 8 existences. It might’ve been because she’d previously suffered at his hands.

“Nope! But since he decided not to show up, I can feel at ease when dealing with you...” A sincere smile appeared on Shar’s face, the terrifying killing intent causing the skies to darken as snow fell to the earth.

“That’s exactly what I was thinking...” The Snake Dowager had resolved herself to kill.

Whoosh! A layer of obscure black wind instantly engulfed the entire Shadow World. The Snake Dowager spat out a frightening black storm from her mouth that seemed to sweep everything away.

This was an attack covering the entire Shadow World. Since the Mistress of the Night had chosen to take control of everything, she



would instead destroy the planet.

The destruction would lead everything back to primal chaos, akin to resetting the world. The Snake Dowager had thought this through, working up the determination and courage to do so. Even more terrifyingly, her near peak rank 8 strength made it possible to succeed.

How terrifying would a near peak rank 8 existence be? A tenth of the Shadow World's surface had been decimated by her strike within a few minutes, and the corrosion continued to dig deeper. Even the Tree of Life that was fusing with the world suffered great damage, a few branches scattering apart into motes of light.

“You’re trying to provoke me, Allsnake. I never imagined you’d be so foolish.” Shar looked at the Snake Dowager with pity in her eyes.

A raging will emerged in the skies, its core surging with oppressive origin force. The act of returning everything to primal chaos would naturally erase the World Will, pushing it to wait for its rebirth. However, the Dowager currently intended to completely destroy this will!

Shar wished to control it, while the Snake Dowager wished to eliminate it entirely. The latter obviously engendered more hate. Disregarding her nativity, the World Will raged with fury.

However, Shar already had control of more than half of the World Will, allowing her to gain the power of the World Origin

Force. Thus, it made no difference to the Snake Dowager how the rest of the World Will behaved.

“Allsnake... To have accumulated several tens of thousands of years of power, you are indeed worthy of being called the Shadow World’s favourite daughter...” Shar’s voice was calm as a huge Weave emerged in her hands. Although the terrifying black storm had destroyed a great amount of the Shadow Weave, it recuperated quickly.

On the other hand, energy consumption became a problem. The black winds were slowly pushed back after being devoured, wrapped up by the huge Shadow Weave.

“It’s a pity... With control over the entire Shadow World, I am invincible...” Shar currently seemed like a frightening spider queen as she relied on the Shadow Weave to suppress the Snake Dowager completely.

With the great consumption of energy, the Snake Dowager was like a fly trapped in a web. Although her initial struggles could break a few strands, she still couldn’t avoid the fate of being captured and poisoned to death.

The mermaid guardian Kou stood out at this moment. She had brilliant golden hair and beautiful green pupils, her lower body the tail of a fish. Her green scales shone with splendor.

“Ocean,” she said softly.

The entirety of the Shadow World's ocean suddenly roared, a territory that was more than twice as large as the entire Shadow Empire. With control over the law of the ocean, Kou could bring forth great disaster once she mobilised the seas.

Almost instantly a violent tsunami engulfed the lands, bringing destruction to the Empire once more. Unlike the previous incident which only affected the coast, the waves this time were hundreds of metres high as they made their way inland. The rivers of the Empire changed direction as the sea level strangely increased.

The azure ocean, the cradle of life, revealed its ferocity for the first time. With the sea level rising a few metres, a great portion of the mainland would likely be submerged. On top of that, Kou was controlling this. What if she decided to let the disaster continue?

The waves instantly swept away the flora and fauna of the land, the terrifying pressure erasing all traces of life on the ground. The life forms of the land had been annihilated before the Tree of Life could even spread its roots completely, leaving no value to them.

Such was the level of a battle between existences like Shar and the Snake Dowager. The Dowager and her allies were racing against time to destroy everything, while Shar had to ensure the completion of the Tree of Life at all costs.

Shar's opponent this time around was far more troublesome than the Trial's Eye. Being near the peak of rank 8, the Snake Dowager had strengthened herself for tens of thousands of years as she plotted her vengeance. Her power was unpredictable, while Kalle and Kou weren't opponents Shar could ignore either.

More importantly, these three existences were native to the Shadow World, born with power to rule it. They naturally had great resistance to the World Origin Force.

With the bloodline energy from the Snake Dowager reinforcing them, even if Kalle and Kou weren't in top condition they still posed a terrifying threat. They already hated Shar greatly for their fall, and with their souls being mere residues now they had nothing to fear.

"I see origin force converging... Be careful, she's trying to buy some time for the Tree of Life to mature and engulf us." Kalle had been watching Shar attentively all this while.

"There's no need for such trouble! I can settle all of you now!" Perhaps due to the humiliation of her plans being exposed, the current Shar no longer had any reservations. The force of the sea whizzed up as the scattered origin force of the world was recalled instantly.

The Shadow Weave suddenly retreated without the protection of the origin force, and the speed of the world's destruction grew tenfold.

However, neither the Snake Dowager nor Kalle betrayed any joy. They were currently facing an existence almost at the peak of rank 8 who'd drawn in all her power to strike.

With the control over the World Will and the great amount of

origin force she'd recalled, Shar had stepped into the absolute limits of rank 8 for a while. Had the Tree of Life project gone more smoothly, she would've stepped into that stage permanently just now.

“I was born into shadows, and grew up within them. I am the daughter of shadow itself, I should be the original master!” Shar stepped forward with that declaration, and the entire world roared out with oppression. Powerful origin force chopped through a few snake heads like a knife through butter, blood spilling from the Snake Dowager's hair.

“The dead should no longer exist in this world!” Shar's sentence was echoed by the Shadow World, causing Kalle's face to change continuously.

“I see that... She'll complete the Tree of Life... AAAH...” Kalle's eyes changed colours, but before he could finish his prophecy a hand filled with origin force pressed down on his head.

“Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. The eternal astral abyss shall be your final destination...”

Kalle's body sizzled as it melted under dazzling light. Shar's power of laws managed to reduce the prophet to ashes even if he had the Snake Dowager's help. After all, only a part of his soul had managed to revive, and he was far from his prime. He was weak compared to Shar who was at her peak.

Once Kalle's body dissolved completely, a bunch of lights similar

to star fragments dissipated from Shar's hands. These fragments were the remnants of his will, representing the failure of his resurrection.

Kalle's truesoul had been sent to the astral plane, where he would have to wait a really long time before he could move into rebirth. It would take tens, maybe hundreds of thousands of years. Shar's actions had revealed her terrifying strength.

"Allsnake... Do you really think I didn't realise those two soul residues were acting?" Shar abruptly raised her head, coldness hiding in her clever smile. "A complete World Will doesn't just include thoughts of creatures, the earth, the seas, and the sky. Beings of laws are included as well. Only when everything is conquered would the World Will form a true body." She spoke softly.

"Kou, you'll be next!" The Snake Dowager's face changed suddenly.

The World Will certainly comprised the thoughts of all life forms. This obviously included beings of law, and what's more they took up a disproportionate portion of the World Will.

An ordinary person wouldn't comprise a millionth of a millionth of a percentage point of the World Will, but any being of laws would take up at least a hundredth of the world. This was what had allowed the Snake Dowager to escape after her prior fight. A being of laws was the darling of the world, and they also held a portion of its essence.

“You’re wrong...” Every step Shar took spanned a thousand miles as she came face to face with the huge star-like ball of snakes. “I’ve stripped away all of the World Will’s laws in the Shadow World, except the bit you possess.”

The Snake Dowager turned frantic upon hearing this.

# Chapter 1106 - Appearance

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The Snake Dowager saw Shar's path to be one of control, where she'd devour the World Will after gaining the Shadow World to reach the peak of rank 8. Her plan had been detailed and thorough, going all the way to using the Shadow Empire to hasten progress on the Tree of Life that could rob all thought and take control of the World Will.

Unfortunately, there was one issue with this plan, and that was the existence of the Snake Dowager. She'd taken part of her authority over the World Will with her when she fled, the few percentage points of the will she possessed as a being of law native to the world. Without that portion of authority, Shar would never have complete control over the World Will, which was really annoying.

After all, it wasn't as if she could rush over to Purgatory World and pull the Snake Dowager out. She lacked a portion of power, so the World Will would never be complete. The peak of rank 8 would forever remain an unattainable dream.

The Snake Dowager's return was an opportunity for both parties. The former had her vengeance, while Shar had a chance to take over her authority to complete her hold over the World Will of the Shadow World. After devouring it, Shar would instantly reach the peak of rank 8!

In order to go through with this plan, Shar did not mind letting the empire get wind of project X and the Tree of Life plan ahead of schedule. She had even taken the initiative to attack first,



eliminating unstable factors like Trial's Eye and the two others.

And now... it was time to do the harvesting!

“Your target... is me?” A rare look of confusion appeared on the Snake Dowager's face.

“Foolish being... As a native of the Shadow World, you're an important part of the World Will!” Shar came before the Snake Dowager, meeting her gaze fearlessly, “And now... all of the World Will shall gather to form a whole new body!”

A huge, terrifying web that covered the skies suddenly appeared from all parts of the world, a purplish gold lustre about it as origin force roared. This was the true form of the Shadow Weave, and its original state. Shar showing this to the Dowager meant she had no plans of letting her leave.

“All grudges and victory should be settled by now...” The Snake Dowager bit at her lips, the calm expression on her face able to cause all male hearts to break.

“Allsnake Devour!” A tremendous amount of purplish-red bloodline force extended from the star of snakes. This was what she'd accumulated over all these years.

In the meanwhile, scenes of large snakes living their lives out appeared behind her, including their fights and reproduction. It was like an epic detailing the culture and history of giant snakes.

Terrifying snake souls hissed and roared from within this glorious scroll of civilisation, launching a surprise attack on the maiden in the shadows.

This was a gathering of generations of bloodline power, able to cause the entire Shadow World to tremble under its prowess. The ground cracked to reveal numerous large snakes with phosphorescent fires in their eyes. Their huge bodies began to move, like the world had returned to their rule.

“Are you deluding yourself into thinking a civilisation that has already been lost can be revived?” Facing this epic attack, Shar merely snickered. “Your time has passed, Allsnake. Now I’m the source of everything!”

“Shadow Weave: Implantation!” Almost at the very moment Shar gave the command, all the mutated bodies of the Shadow World that were still alive began to twitch. Threads of mysterious power entered their bodies, and their blood vessels popped out as they shook violently.

A foreign being had taken over their bodies. With its control over their souls, the Tree of Life had turned these people into walking bags of flesh. However, their eyes lit up with intelligence once more as a darkness spread across their bodies. They’d gained powerful abilities similar to magic.

“Mistress of the Night... You are our master, the one who rules all!” Numerous intelligent life forms knelt down on the ground. Then, they began to massacre the revived snakes.

“Psi energy conducive to attacks, preparing launch of shadow spells!” Everyone had turned into a cold blooded war machine. Under the control of an efficient mind, they’d become an ordered army that flung shadow spell after shadow spell at the snakes. The serpents had no way to retaliate.

If the cheetahs, hawks, beetles, and even sharks knew how to cast shadow spells, what would be the outcome? The soldiers of shadow outnumbered and outpowered the Snake Dowager’s army, beating down her attempt to return things to savagery quickly.

“I am the current master of the Shadow World.” With the Tree of Life complete, its holy light already covered the skies to become the core of the world. It was filled with sanctity as it gave off a vague sense of maturity.

“There’s more,” Shar stood atop the Tree of Light and arrived before the Snake Dowager.

“That... That’s the aura of the World Will...” The Snake Dowager’s expression changed. The light of the Tree of Life had already gathered over 90% of the Shadow World’s beings’ thoughts and souls. This included the skies, the seas, and the earth, representing the will of the world itself. Even she felt the urge to succumb.

“Leave... Leave the Shadow World and never return...” Kou blocked the way to the Snake Dowager with terrifying waves.

“How could a mere law of the ocean contend against the entire world? Return!” Shar didn’t even have to act personally. A large number of the Tree of Light’s branches spread through the ocean in an instant, stunning Kou for a moment as a tendril abruptly pierced through her body. A few grains of lights flickered with intelligence as they were sucked away to enter the tree.

“Now, my tree of light represents the World Will... You cannot defy it!” Shar made a proclamation of victory.

Under her control, the Shadow Weave left no means for the Snake Dowager to escape. In the meanwhile, the Tree of Light spread its terrifying roots through the ball of snakes to drag her out.

“Give me everything that you possess, everything!” Shar arrived behind the Snake Dowager, two hands grabbing onto her arms tightly as her intricate face displayed a smile of satisfaction. The Tree of Life in the skies grew even larger.

Bits of obscure thoughts, mixed with the power of bloodlines, were unceasingly absorbed by the roots of the Tree of Life. Numerous snakes shrivelled up powerlessly, representing the continuous weakening of the Mother of all Snakes.

At this critical moment, a fierce look appeared on the Snake Dowager’s face.

Boom! Her body that was like a star suddenly exploded, and the surging bloodline force lost the control of a master, beginning to

destroy everything in the vicinity.

Layers of the Shadow Weave shrouded Shar. She looked at the lifeless body in her hands and frowned, using some shadow flames to burn them to ashes.

Boom! The head of a snake exploded elsewhere, revealing the figure of the Snake Dowager. Without the ball of snakes and its accumulated bloodline force, the beautiful lady seemed extremely weak.

“You’ve taken what’s mine from me...” She hissed, like a gambler who had lost everything.

“A portion of your thoughts, as well as the authority over a portion of the World Will belongs to me!” Shar did not pursue and attack the Dowager further, and instead looked at the tremendous Tree of Life behind her.

Now, the roots had turned a blood red. The original torso of Allsnake that still possessed bloodline force, mixed with a bit of something more abstruse, was all absorbed by the tree. After obtaining this, the Tree of Life seemed to obtain the last thing it needed, and the body instantly became more solid. The rays of light vanished and allowed it to gain a hint of life.

“It’s the rumoured World Tree that will only appear when a world is established from primal chaos!” The Snake Dowager was immediately stunned by the scene in front of her.

“Yes... the source of all life is the source of the World Will!” Shar approached the Snake Dowager, “Your failure is set in stone, I’m the only victor!”

“Failed?” the Snake Dowager muttered hatefully, but confidence appeared in her eyes once more, “True, but I don’t admit my loss yet... My descendant shall defeat you!”

“Is that so? But he doesn’t seem to have made a move, and he’s been watching you suffer a crushing defeat all this time...” Shar chuckled.

“That’s because you don’t know him.... Out of all my experiences across the worlds, his patience is the greatest...”

The Allsnake looked at the giant World Tree, her eyes dazed, “I had no idea what he wanted, but now it’s extremely obvious!”

Whoosh! Whoosh! A gust of origin wind blew past the area, and the World Tree’s branches and leaves broke up to show a mysterious fruit on the main branch.

“The main body of the World Will! A real, solidified World Will, able to fuse the scattered thoughts of the world and return to the origin! Shar, your plan is truly admirable!” Leylin’s figure appeared under the World Tree. He sighed as he gazed at the beautiful fruit glimmering with light.

“Lord Leylin... so you still chose to come and be my enemy!” Shar

now looked helpless as she sighed, the sight enough to cause heartbreak for onlookers.

Despite her fear of Leylin, she tried to bargain with him, “My previous promises still hold. Once I become the ruler of the Shadow World, everything here is yours!”

Unfortunately, Leylin was unmoved by this sort of temptation. It was far too dangerous to make deals with someone at the peak of rank 8, and besides, he much preferred getting what he wanted with his own abilities.

# Chapter 1107 - Reversal

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Leylin gazed at the World Tree, his face filled with awe. Rumour had it that this was the source of all life. Only once life formed in a world would all thoughts gather to form its will.

Shar had used all sorts of impossible schemes to gain control of the intellectual beings of the Shadow World, using the Weave to gather all conscients and rob the beings of law of all authority. She'd managed to reverse origin, purifying the World Will and giving it form.

Leylin didn't think he'd be able to do it better himself. This World Fruit undoubtedly represented a complete World Will, and the moment Shar ate it she would instantly reach the peak of rank 8 and sweep through everything.

This was directly against Leylin's interests. Given that she was an enemy anyway, Leylin didn't hesitate to step out.

"What a pity... We still became enemies in the end. I thought you would make the more rational decision," Shar was obviously disappointed.

"My apologies..." Leylin's expression did not change as he walked to stand by the Snake Dowager.

"Then I'm sorry, but you'll have to fall here!" Shar's expression instantly turned cold as she aimed a finger at Leylin!



Rumble! Terrifying! Vast! Seemingly limitless origin force crashed down on Leylin with the weight of the world, nearly crushing him to powder in an instant.

Shar didn't spare him another glance as he arrived before the World Tree that was radiating life. The fruit was already mature, about to fall any moment.

Shar knew very well that obtaining the complete World Will was the most important part of her plan. As long as she could devour it, she would be unafraid of any challenges. Even if Leylin announced her existence and brought other peak rank 8 Magi to besiege her, she could force all of them to return home in defeat as long as she stayed here.

After reaching the peak of rank 8, she had plenty of time to deal with Leylin.

"A very smart decision!" When faced with such terrifying pressure, Leylin could only sigh helplessly.

"Things are already so bad. If you have any trump cards, get them out now!" The Snake Dowager took a look at Leylin, eyeing him flirtatiously.

"You think too highly of me!" Leylin laughed helplessly while stroking his chin.

“If you don’t have any confidence you’ll be able to turn the tables, your only option now is to run as far as you can.” The Snake Dowager was unexpectedly more confident in Leylin than herself.

“That’s true...” Leylin took a look at the A.I. Chip, the top-most record on the task schedule extremely striking. [Beep! Progress of analysis of rank 0 to 9 of Shadow Weave: 100%.]

‘Let’s see what you’ve left me, Distorted Shadow...’ Lightning flashed in Leylin’s eyes, and the surrounding atmosphere suddenly grew mysterious and terrifying. The Snake Dowager looked at Leylin with shock before moving backwards greatly.

“Hah...” Leylin cried out under his breath, terrifying power of laws sending a great amount of energy into the spell.

This spell model was extremely unique. It was the only rank 12 arcane spell in existence, Karsus’ Avatar.

The A.I. Chip operated frantically, recording large amounts of data.

[Beep! Host body is a great arcanist. Analysis of Shadow Weave at 100%. Meets prerequisites.] [Bee! Charging of energy complete. Arcane spell model launching.] [Grade 12 arcane spell: Karsus’ Avatar, launched!]

The skies turned gloomy all of a sudden, and the world was brought to a standstill.

‘This again. That feeling of fatal danger!’ Shar’s expression quickly changed as she trained her eyes in Leylin’s direction, not letting any of his movements escape her view as she grabbed at the World Fruit.

Crack! Crack! Great numbers of cracks began to appear on that crystal in the sea of origin force. The young girl sealed within it opened her eyes, a trace of terror appearing on her face.

“Your greatest mistake, Shar, was to fuse the Tree of Life with the Weave.” Leylin rose to the skies, a resplendent arcane spell forming in his hands.

“Target the Shadow Weave. Karsus’ Avatar!”

Rumble! Shar’s expression changed in that moment, her body freezing and growing slightly transparent. It was evident that she’d been injured heavily.

“AAAHH!” She clutched at her head as she released piercing screams, “MY WEAVE... YOU ACTUALLY STOLE MY WEAVE!”

Even though Shar had known that Leylin had a trump card in his possession, she’d never have guessed that it had to do with the Shadow Weave. The ability to strip her of her control was far too shocking.

Whatever her feelings may be, the Shadow Weave that Shar had put painstaking effort into creating had been stolen by an outsider just like that. Even the Snake Dowager was stupefied.

Shar would already have fallen if she was Mystra. However, she was lucky that she'd changed her own origin, shifting onto the path of the Magi. Still, losing the Weave caused her immense and unimaginable harm.

If Shar was in this situation, Leylin had it even worse.

‘Rank 8! This Karsus’ Avatar is definitely a rank 8 Magus spell!’ Leylin’s face was flushed. The A.I. Chip sped up further as it accepted more information about the Shadow Weave, large amounts of data flashing across his mind. If not for his body of laws and experience in the area, the only possible result of this spell would be an explosion of his brain!

‘Distorted Shadow definitely had malicious intent!’ Leylin was now certain about this. There was nothing wrong with the arcane spell itself, but the problem was who would take over control of the Weave.

After breaking away from Shar’s control, the Shadow Weave immediately went berserk, giving Leylin the impression that it was like a high voltage electrical network. And now, he actually would have to use his own two hands and placate this power grid!

‘Nobody but the Weave’s original controller can take control of it

in an instant. Be it a great arcanist or a being of laws, forcing control would only cause them to die alongside it. It isn't even possible to stop and save your skin...'

Leylin had once thought that the advantage of his main body and the support of the A.I. Chip would make it simple to replace the Goddess of the Weave. However, he now knew that his conjectures were completely off!

If just the Shadow Weave could render him in this state, then the true Weave that extended throughout the World of Gods could only be more terrifying! With his current strength, launching this arcane spell could possibly mean nothing would be left of him; he would basically be doing free labour for Distorted Shadow!

'As expected of a sly Magus from ancient times. He hid something in that arcane spell that even the A.I. Chip couldn't simulate...'

Cold sweat beaded down Leylin's face. If not for this practical test using the Shadow Weave, he'd likely have been tricked into death in the World of Gods. Sacrificing himself to help others was definitely not his style.

'But... with this data, I'll be able to right the mistakes from before...' The Shadow Weave was inferior to the real Weave, but with one experience of such a terrifying change Leylin had something he could work with.

"Get over here!" The Shadow Weave was now entirely under his control. Being founded atop the Weave, the World Tree was

naturally his as well.

In a moment, the World Tree abandoned Shar and became Leylin's. With most of her strength lost to the grievous injuries, she could do nothing to stop it.

“The last step!” Leylin pulled at the air with two hands, and the origin Weave of the Shadow World came into view.

“With the Shadow Weave as the offering, mature!”

Rumble! A pair of hands made of primal chaos erupted from a part of the World Tree, grabbing the purplish gold Weave and kneading it into a bundle before disappearing back inside.

Leylin felt no regret when it came to the Shadow Weave. He could also make use of this opportunity and rid himself of this high-pressure electrical network.

The World Tree finished the final stages of its growth with the Weave, placing its terrifying web of roots into the World as its lush branches took the place of the original Weave.

“This is the final implantation plan...” Leylin sighed and approached the World Tree. The fruit had now grown murky, containing authority over the entire world.

‘This is a World Will, concentrated to the limit and completely solidified!’ Leylin had a mysterious lustre in his eyes as he reached

out and plucked the World Fruit, “Holding it is akin to holding a whole world...”

Leylin couldn't help but grow intoxicated by the feeling of having an entire world in his grasp. The fruit that Shar had painstakingly cultivated had become the greatest of his profits!

The moment he consumed it Leylin would instantly become a peak rank 8 existence, gaining control of the entire Shadow World. It would make him the world's master, and give him an extremely long life. Unless the Shadow World was destroyed, he would never fall.

The Shadow World was a large world itself, and without any disasters that could destroy the astral plane itself it definitely wouldn't face any problems. In other words, if he willed it Leylin could obtain terrifying power and lifespan in an instant, living as long as the astral plane itself! This was definitely a huge temptation for any Magus, something everyone spent most of their lives pursuing.

# Chapter 1108 - Return

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The huge temptation in front of him didn't manage to cause the slightest change to Leylin's expression. "False Eternity? Hmph!" he shrugged with apathy as a sneer surfaced on his face.

What Leylin pursued was the immortality afforded by reaching rank 9, a realm of power that exceeded the scope of the astral plane itself. This World Fruit would bind him to the Shadow World, stopping any further advance. Perhaps the other Magi who had no hope of advancing would make such a choice, but this definitely wasn't so for Leylin.

However, the Snake Dowager couldn't stay calm after seeing him take over Shar's achievements. Unconcealable desire revealed itself in her eyes as she leaned forward. After all, this World Fruit was the essence of the Shadow World's Will, able to give her dominance of the Shadow World once more as it fused with her laws to advance to the peak of rank 8.

Leylin knew that the Dowager had no choice but to agree to any requests he made right now. Unfortunately, he did not deign to speak. She and Shar were both rank 8s, and only together would they be easy to control. If one of them advanced to the peak of rank 8, they would choose to kick him aside.

Leylin hadn't fought desperately and plotted for mere goodwill, or the World Origin Force. The Shadow World was a big world, and he felt it better to keep it with him. It wasn't necessary to fuse with the world to control it.



‘These two women aren’t simple characters. Neither of them can be left behind alone as a representative. Instead, I can leave them both here so the two will have to act in tandem whether they stay or leave.’ This was Leylin’s decision, and right now was the best opportunity to enforce it. The Snake Dowager and Shar were both seriously injured, and currently he was the only one with enough power to call the shots.

Bang! However, Shar’s avatar lost the last of its strength at this moment, fading away as her silhouette dispersed.

“Where did she go?” The Snake Dowager frowned.

“Back to her true body, of course. Having taken so much damage, it’d be surprising even if she manages to stay awake.” Leylin shook his head. With the World Fruit in hand, he could see everything about the Shadow World.

“I’m heading out,” he said as his figure disappeared abruptly. The Snake Dowager was filled with resentment as she looked at his departing back.

.....

The sea of origin force in the Shadow World had thinned down greatly. With the light of civilisation exhausted, all that could be seen was an ancient stone palace.

Leylin’s figure appeared to hover over this palace, and the origin

force instantly separated, opening up a path for him meekly. He walked unimpeded into the palace, seeing Shar sealed in a huge crystal.

Leylin looked at the huge crystal and nodded, ‘The World Crystal! Is this the consequence of her trying to control the World Will?’

The girl sealed within the crystal seemed to notice Leylin’s arrival, slowly opening her eyes. A blob of shadows emerged outside the crystal, forming a figure he was familiar with. It was just that her aura was greatly weakened.

“You’re finally here... Are you here to destroy me?” A bitter smile surfaced on the young lady’s face. Although this Magus hadn’t yet eaten the World Fruit, the authority he had at his disposal made it easy for him to take care of her.

“I’m afraid you’re mistaken.” Leylin waved his hands, and the World Crystal that sealed Shar’s body cracked apart. Her body was thrown out.

“My Lord... This...” Having regained her true body, Shar opened up her eyes to stare at Leylin.

Although this body had the same face, Shar looked more pale now, like a young lady who’d been sick for a long while. Her aura was weak, making her look much more attractive than her previous gaudy look.

“I wouldn’t need to do much to destroy you. However, the conflicts between Magi and gods don’t concern us.” Leylin said with a smile, one of his hands behind his back.

“Now, it seems like we need to have a ‘long chat’...” Shar’s eyes betrayed a shrewd smile as she took the initiative to grab Leylin’s hands and lead him to the depths of the palace. The defeat had changed her mindset completely.

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It took several more years for Leylin to leave the Shadow World. He glanced around him, seemingly able to see the figures of Shar and the Snake Dowager as the corners of his mouth revealed a strange smile.

Might made right. Leylin was currently the strongest person in the Shadow World, thus he was also the one with the authority to divide the cake. He’d taken his time and split up control of the Shadow World.

It was impossible for his true body to stay there forever, so he’d chosen the Snake Dowager and the Mistress of the Night as his representatives. He gave each 20% of his authority, keeping them both on the same level but still leaving himself the majority of power.

Although the Snake Dowager had been reluctant about it, she understood that she’d have been able to gain nothing without Leylin. She didn’t make a peep. On the other hand, Shar was the

loser so she didn't qualify to make any demands at all.

Furthermore, it wasn't impossible to reach the peak of rank 8 themselves with 20% of the world's authority. They'd be able to use the Shadow World's origin force to recover, and strengthen themselves. Thus, the two of them both submitted to their new master.

Each of them had used all means possible to entice Leylin as a fighting partner, but in the end he'd run away with the greatest benefits. The Snake Dowager kept to her old promise, transferring a portion of her bloodline origin so he had control over her bloodline descendants. Shar refused to be outdone, so as a former intermediate god she divulged a great number of secrets regarding the World of Gods. Leylin learnt what to take note of when he advanced to become a true god.

As for any other interactions... Leylin touched his chin in reminiscence as he looked at his status.

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 7 Warlock. Bloodline: Targaryen. Strength: 275.11, Agility: 229.88, Vitality: 400.97, Spiritual Force: 653.19. Body of Laws. Law Comprehension: Devouring (100%), Massacre (58%), Disaster (27%), Decay (15%), Curses (1%), Shadows (33%). Origin Force Saturation: 100%]

'I'm at the limits of origin force now...' The Shadow World's origin force wasn't defective like that of Dreamscape, so Leylin had had no problems with absorbing it. It was something Shar and

Allsnake had used to entice him before, but he'd just ended up becoming their master. Even the shrewd Shar would never have imagined that she'd become subordinate to a rank 7 Magus.

With more than half of the authority over the Shadow World, Leylin had naturally used as much origin force as he could to max out his attributes.

'I'm still a rank 7 Warlock... I'll come back after I advance to rank 8...' A trace of a smile emerged on Leylin's mouth. So what if the Magus World's origin force was controlled by Mother Core and Dreamscape's was flawed? With the support of the Shadow World, he could still advance by leaps and bounds. He couldn't feel great enough for becoming the master of a world.

'Shar and Allsnake went overboard this time... The Shadow World needs time to recover. If not, it would've given me much greater benefits...' Leylin was currently the master and judge of the Shadow World, and he'd tasked the Snake Dowager and the Mistress of the Night to restore the world to its former glory.

"Ah, the contract's been taken care of!" Leylin continued on his journey without hesitation, light constantly flickering in his eyes, "There's only two things I have to do in the Magus World now...

"First is to talk to the other beings like Mother Core. After all, I can't take out the entire World of Gods myself..." Leylin was aware of his limits. His attempt to control the Shadow World had nearly cost him everything, and if not for the arcane spell that was his trump card the results would probably have been greatly different.

The World of Gods would be far more dangerous. The enemies there were tens of thousands of times more powerful, and on top of that there were cunning and wicked Magi like Distorted Shadow waiting there with traps at the ready.

Leylin intended to surround himself with allies, bringing the entire Magus World along as he used absolute power to crush everything. As long as he revealed some information about the World of Gods, he didn't have to worry about powerful Magi not taking the bait.

“As for the other, I need to take care of the Lords of Calamity in Dreamscape... The Nightmare Absorbing Physique...” Leylin sighed deeply. The Nightmare Absorbing Physique was a gift from Dreamscape, but it was also the dagger the world used to eliminate its thugs. It was intended to destroy locusts like the Lords of Calamity.

However, Leylin didn't think so simply. Proverbs said that the hunting dogs would be destroyed once the rabbits were killed, and even if he wasn't afraid of such a thing he had to take precautionary measures.

The Nightmare Absorbing Physique was intended to restrain the Lords of Calamity. If Leylin revealed his might to eliminate all the Lords of Calamity, what would Dreamscape's World Will do then? Would it leave him in control of such power? Leylin felt like he had to let the Lords of Calamity survive, because this would bring him great benefits.

‘Maybe I can do the same thing I did here, punishing the Lords of Calamity like a judge after I spark infighting among them...’ Leylin didn’t want to be someone else’s weapon. Such people didn’t face good ends. Instead, he wanted to be the one in charge, the person making the rules.

Since Dreamscape was weakening itself because the Lords of Calamity were taking too much of the World Origin Force, he would restrict the amount they used. That way he would be able to please both sides, at the same time managed to preserve himself.

# Chapter 1109 - Pouring In

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‘Of course, most of the time you end up pleasing neither side if you try to please both. My finesse and ability are going to be put to the test... Power is still the most important.’ Leylin’s eyes flickered as he grasped the crux of it all, ‘Only a peak rank 8 power can force Dreamscape’s World Will to concede. That’ll be when I can deter the other Lords of Calamity as well, it’s the bottom line for this plan to work.’

The space between Leylin’s brows twitched slightly at this thought, and a bright red line appeared at that moment. Leylin’s soul flashed with radiance, almost instantly linking to the large and vast Dreamscape.

With a Lord of Calamity sacrificed to Dreamscape, Leylin was like a fish inside water in this world. His powerful soul force swept across the major regions.

‘Dreamforce is growing stronger as well, but it’s still very dangerous. Also...’ Leylin’s expression turned grim. He could sense the evil auras of the Lords of Calamity in the world, able to tell that those scattered beings had gathered in groups for protection. Their sealed lands had been linked together; they’d evidently discovered something.

Leylin’s current strength allowed him to deal with a single Lord of Calamity easily, but if they attacked him together he wouldn’t be able to handle them. There were no fools amongst the existences of laws. Even if Leylin had shrouded himself in mystery they’d still managed to find something off about the situation and



put their guard up.

‘Looks like my plan of gaining an advantage by taking out a few Lords of Calamity won’t work...’ Leylin shook his head, but he didn’t find it particularly regretful. Even if Dreamscape’s World Will helped him reach the peak of rank 8, it wouldn’t be worthy of ecstasy. Borrowed power would never be his.

Dreamscape could give him a great many things, but it could also leave him with nothing in an instant. Only something he had obtained for himself was truly his! Leylin calmed his beating heart, heading not to Dreamscape but to the Magus World.

With Mother Core and other peak rank 8s in charge, the Magus World was completely calm and without any problems. Of course, to existences of laws nothing that didn’t affect their kind was a problem.

‘A few more organisations are fighting on the mainland in secret?’ As he gathered information, Leylin laughed and he shook his head. While the surface of the Magus World was under his jurisdiction, he couldn’t be bothered with ants fighting amongst themselves.

‘No matter how powerful their geniuses are, as long as they don’t grasp laws these organisations will remain useless... They were born in the wrong era...’ Leylin sighed at this conclusion, a trace of pity in his eyes.

Once the Final War resumed, these geniuses would not meet good

fortune. It wouldn't be possible for them to reach rank 7 so quickly, and even though they'd crawled their way up to becoming Morning Stars that only qualified them to be cannon fodder. Was there anything more unlucky than that?

Of course, there would be special cases of people who grew with battle, even peeking into the realm of laws. However, the chances of this were so low it was pitiful.

Targaryen Castle.

Flames from the Fiery World raged in the extraplanar laboratory, gigantic spell formations flickering with boiling heat. A thick layer of World Origin Force had been condensed into a pond at the core, showing the true form of the origin force weapon Leylin had poured his blood and sweat into for centuries.

A kingly aura seemed to radiate from the hazy fog, as if a terrifying primordial monster had awakened from its slumber. Rainbow lights flashed as an absolutely lethal weapon showed its appearance.

This weapon had all forms. It was a sword, a blade, a hammer, a lance, it was every weapon used in war. Every edge and corner was extremely sharp, making it seem like an assembly of all lethal weapons from ancient times to the present. This weapon didn't even need to be waved around to cause damage, the sharpness of its aura alone could cause the surrounding space to fragment.

Noticing Leylin's arrival, the weapon began to emit sharp sounds

that gripped the heart and soul. Even rank 2 or 3 Magi would probably have their souls destroyed under this illusory attack.

“You can’t wait to be born?” Leylin smiled as he looked at the results, a satisfied smile appearing on his face, “It still isn’t time yet.”

With a wave of his hand, a surge of World Origin Force as terrifying as rivers and lakes in the world suddenly poured in, filling the World Pond in an instant. Everything seemed to be in a surplus compared to before.

The origin force weapon cheered, and greedily began to devour this origin force.

Leylin watched on while deep in thought, ‘With the supply from the Shadow World, it will probably surpass all divine weapons in the future and delight in consuming the fresh blood of the gods...’

The Magus World was obviously the most abundant in its origin force, followed by Dreamscape and the Shadow World. However, he could only pick up scraps in the Magus World, forced to share equally with a large number of beings of laws. Dreamscape treated Leylin like its child, and as for the Shadow World? Leylin was its owner, possessing a terrifying amount of authority over it!

Thus, he would be able to gather the most origin force from the Shadow World, followed by Dreamscape and the Magus World. This was the benefit of having a world to himself.

That wasn't all, Leylin had something else prepared as well. He would shape this origin force weapon into a lethal weapon that would shake the astral plane!

“A.I. Chip!”

[Beep! Preparation for stripping of laws is now complete. Beginning infusion. Laws being stripped off: Calamity (27%), Decay (15%), Curse (1%), Shadow (33%).] The A.I. Chip loyally carried out Leylin's orders.

The laws Leylin had devoured weren't of much use to him, and they would only contaminate his path. It was necessary for him to remove them. With the help of the A.I. Chip, he could isolate his understanding completely and pass it on as a present, or sell it. It was similar to divine force and divinity in the World of Gods.

Of course, beings of law would pay an astronomical price for this comprehension. If, by chance, they needed these specific laws in the first place, they'd be able to give up anything!

However, this was too extravagant for Leylin. It was better for him to grasp his own laws. If these laws were unusable, he could just pour them into his weapon. An origin force weapon with the power of laws would then have the grandeur of a true divine weapon!

“Begin!” Leylin's eyes immediately turned black as the rank 7

Targaryen phantom appeared behind him. With devilish wings, a single horn, vertical pupils and two claws, the winged serpent widened its huge mouth and spat out threads of darkness that fell into the pond, containing the laws of disaster, decay, and other powers that he'd comprehended.

The pool began to boil, and the origin force weapon at the centre roared out. Runic patterns crawled onto its body, physical proof that the laws were getting to work.

Pouring the power of laws inside the weapon was not something that could be done in a day or two. Leylin spent a total of three years emptying his useless laws into it, so much so that his truesoul seemed to weaken.

‘But it’s all worth it.’ Leylin took a look at the dark figure in the pool. The origin weapon had already lost its fierce aura, no longer showing off its power. Its splendour had been restrained, which only made it even more horrifying.

[Leylin Farlier. Rank 7 Warlock, Bloodline: Targaryen(Rank 7). Strength: 275.11, Agility: 229.88, Vitality: 400.97, Spiritual Force: 653.19. State of Soul: Law Comprehension: Devouring (100%), Massacre (58%). Status: Origin Force saturated, unable to increase.]

‘The truesoul may grow weaker with the elimination of the extra laws, but it’s also sharper now.’ After getting rid of the laws that would contaminate his path, Leylin felt that his truesoul had now

become more clear and sensitive, as if thirsting for more along its path.

‘This is shown before rank 8... Does that mean I’m at the peak of rank 7?’ Understanding arose in Leylin’s eyes. Rank 8 involved understanding multiple laws, later forming their own path based on these laws. He wasn’t confused about it anymore.

‘The path of a Magus cannot be altered once it’s set. Any extra laws will only corrupt the truesoul. All my confusion has been removed, and I can now see my path clearly. Everything else, my path to eternity, is in the World of Gods!’

“Soon! Soon!” Bright light flashed in Leylin’s eyes as he clenched his fists.

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Leylin’s figure appeared in the seventh level of the subterranean world, and he sent a powerful surge of soul force out, “Mother Core!”

Tok! Tok! Dark red light appeared in the darkness, pulsing with power.

If one looked closer, they could see that this was a crimson gem made of lava, seeming like a vertical eye sitting at the core atop numerous vein. This was another form of Mother Core, different from before.

“Lord Leylin, you’re finally here!” Mother Core proclaimed loudly, not the least bit surprised at Leylin’s arrival.

“Yes. And I come with sincerity. The Final War is about to erupt once more, and I wish for your help!” Leylin spoke exceptionally sincerely.

“The Final War never ended. However, a few new variables have entered the scenario, about to make it more fierce...” Mother Core spoke as if making a prophecy.

“Mm, an opportunity’s arrived. I have a way to breach the crystal sphere,” Leylin admitted bluntly.

# Chapter 1110 - Prosperity

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“What? Your Excellency Leylin, do you know what you’re saying?” Ignox’s figure appeared in the abyss, a ring of darkness. Other conscents moved out as well, showing their interest in the matter.

Leylin inhaled a deep breath, “Of course I do. I have a way to get past the crystal sphere, and can already send those with power up to the Breaking Dawn realm past it. Transferring beings of laws is a problem, but I’m looking into it.”

“Interesting! Interesting!” Leylin felt several malicious intents descend on him immediately, wanting to pry open his mind.

“Get lost!” He grinned malevolently, bright red light from Dreamscape shining as a vertical eye appeared between his brows. The evil conscents wailed in anguishing instantly, retreating in haste.

“It’s the symbol of the Nightmare King!”

“No wonder he’s growing strong so fast, he isn’t beneath us rank 8 existences anymore...”

The many conscents were alarmed. Only until now did these powerful existences regard Leylin properly. Equal power was a basis for communication, and Leylin had never doubted that fact. If he didn’t reveal strength rivalling rank 8, these Magi would snatch away all his achievements.



“I’ve said this before. Leylin became one of us after he signed the contract.”

Boom! An immense explosion resounded, showing Mother Core’s determination. A peak rank 8 that wished to try prying on Leylin stopped immediately.

‘Legend has it that Mother Core comes from the centre of the Magus World and has tens of millions of clones, each in different form. Looks like that’s all true...’ Leylin nodded his head as light flashed in his eyes.

“The fruits of your research will be protected.” The massive body that represented Mother Core moved up and down, indicating her will.

“Thank you, my Lady. However, I wish to share the results of my research with the rest...” Leylin smiled and tossed a bait that the other existences could not refuse, “In exchange for a small price of equal value...”

.....

A flurry of discussion later, shocking news travelled out from the Magus World. A rank 7 Magus had actually discovered a way to break through the World of Gods’ crystal sphere, and this had been confirmed by Mother Core.

This news caused a huge wave of controversy. After all, the war between the Magus World and the World of Gods had never stopped. With the World of Gods unable to turtle up anymore, it would most likely resume in full force. And now, it seemed like that epic war was upon them once more.

It was worth mentioning that the crystal sphere blocked all communication into and out of the World of Gods. The divine beings there did not learn of this news at all. They continued to feel that, with the protection of their crystal sphere, the Magus infiltration was extremely far away.

The person at the root of all this commotion was actually quite calm. Having displayed power equivalent to rank 8s, nobody in the astral plane except existences on par with Mother Core could touch him. Even if such a person appeared he could always escape to Dreamscape or the Shadow World, leaving those existences unable to do anything about him. With these trump cards in hand, Leylin's true body would not be affected by the trials and hardships he'd have to face.

Leylin had only passed down methods to have creatures at or below Breaking Dawn enter the World of Gods, leaving the methods for beings of law to himself. This was indeed a fact—after all, he was still in the outside world and even the Manderhawke Plate couldn't let him get in—so he wasn't afraid of someone interrogating him.

Magi weren't short sighted people, but the information still stimulated their greed. The astral plane grew more lively as numerous powerful and evil gazes locked onto the World of Gods.

The Final War would blow up once more, and it could happen at any moment!

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On the other end of the astral plane, within the crystal sphere. The numerous gods of the World of Gods remained unaware of the impending danger, continuing their scramble for power and profit with crafty plots and machinations.

The mainland had calmed down in its never-ending war, a truce being called between the Orc Empire and the Silvermoon Alliance. Everybody's focus had instead drifted south, towards the rumoured native empire.

Faulen Island.

This was originally the territory of the Faulen Family, but Leylin had moved his entire clan to Debanks Island a while ago. This caused a decline in its status, but the island was still the primary port of the southern seas, an important transfer point.

Huge quantities of sugar, salt, and food items continued being sent up from the south, transported to the mainland in exchange for iron, cloth, and technology. An unknown number of merchants had grown rich on this channel of trade, whereas smuggling continued unabated despite repeated crackdowns. It gave the shipping route another name—the Path of Gold.

Rumours were abound that even ordinary sailors could become millionaires after a few years of working this route. They'd attracted a huge wave of adventurers, filling the bars and hotels to the brim as they caused the city to prosper.

On this day, a small transport ship anchored itself in the port. Unlike the others that were anxious to fill every nook and corner with goods, this one seemed to be comfortable as every passenger had ample space. It was a favourite of many aristocrats and businessmen.

Escorted by an old butler and knight, a youngster whose face was covered by a white veil walked down the deck.

"So this is Port Venus, the rumoured land of wealth and hope?" The youngster took a look at the huge beams and mechanical arms in the harbour. Huge tools could be seen everywhere in the two piers, nimbly dancing around with a life of their own as they transported massive wooden crates down enormous ships from distant lands. The crates were wheeled outside the pier along a long track.

There were numerous sailors waiting here, their exposed torsos showing their strong muscles. The youth's attention was drawn to the fact that humans weren't the only ones here. There were black and yellow-skinned southern natives, fishmen with obvious traits of the ocean, beastmen with dense fur, dwarves, and halflings abound, as if they'd found a place that belonged to them.

"Such a strange device... Normal beams are far less flexible, unable to sustain such great weight." The youth took a look at the

huge network of beams and merchandise that covered the entire area like black clouds.

“Yes, it looks like a veritable mountain. In fact, even if a mountain was placed here I have no doubt that they can move it away in a short period of time. This equipment shows their lord’s astonishing attainments in engineering.” The old butler wiped his spectacles, “Such a magical place, but this isn’t our destination. You should go in and rest, young master...”

“Yes... This place isn’t where I should be...” The youngster’s voice grew gloomy as he left the pier with his knight. However, he hadn’t noticed that his temporary stop had attracted the attention of others...

Outside Port Venus, within the wizard tower atop the hill. Ernest had just raised his glasses, his head already covered with white hair as he looked extremely old and weak. Leylin had left him in charge of Faulen Island’s defence, giving him a majority of the control over the wizard tower.

“An interesting little fellow... It’s a pity I have no energy to play with you.” Ernest sighed from his wheelchair, a thick blanket spread across his lap with spirit-crafted ceramic teapots and cups beside him.

“Tower spirit, send this information to the Giant Serpent Church... The matter won’t be our problem anymore...” Ernest waved his hands, then closed his eyes slowly with grace. It seemed like he didn’t want to waste the slightest bit of energy.

“O’ time you are so ruthless and cunning, having stolen my memories yesterday but suddenly placing them in front of me today...’ he whispered softly, as if recalling something.

His mind’s eye showed him the appearance of his greatest disciple, the pride of his life. That young genius had advanced, becoming the youngest high-ranked wizard and legendary wizard as he broke the prejudice of the world against wizards. The rest of the world saw in him how a true genius rose to power, and now his student had already started to peek into the realm of the divine!

“O’ Oghma, God of Knowledge... I pray sincerely to you, hoping to receive enough time to witness his moment of glory!” Ernest took out an emblem from his chest and started praying.

Most wizards held weak faith, and Ernest himself had previously worshipped the Goddess of the Weave. Due to some unspeakable reasons, although he’d ended up changing his faith, he hadn’t joined the Giant Serpent Church. He instead turned towards the God of Knowledge, Oghma. After all, knowledge was power, wasn’t it?

Ernest did not know that the youngster and his butler would pull the attention of many other existences here, setting off a storm that would spread across the entire mainland before crossing over to multiple worlds...

# Chapter 1111 - Escape

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Night time.

The sea looked even deeper in the darkness, terrifying monsters seemingly hiding within as strange whining sounds could be heard within the fog. Steel boots moved along the coastline as a few silhouettes walked out of the sea.

“We can borrow the power of our Lord to escape the monitoring of the wizard tower,” a man wrapped in gray robes said.

“Bah, the territory of a false god. I’ll personally destroy it one day!” a robust man exclaimed, a look of disdain in his eyes.

“Pay attention to your words, Mare.” Their leader turned back. He was wearing exquisite armour, the large single eye emblazoned on his cape a symbol of his church. “Our mission is to pursue the remnants of the evil church. The affairs of the south sea do not concern us. Unless we receive personal orders from master or our church, there will not be any conflicts with others during this mission.”

“I understand, Bishop Morand.” The man muttered, but he eventually quieted down.

“Is everyone clear on the mission?” Bishop Morand looked at his own subordinates and could not help being prudent. “Our target is the descendant of an evil god. If the church survives, it could assist in his resurrection, so it needs to be cleaned up.

“My intelligence says they intend to escape to Debanks Island. We must not let them succeed!”

“Debanks Island... The land of the Giant Serpent, a hell on earth with unending death and fear...” Soft murmurs circulated within the group, and Morand’s face grew unsightly.

Leylin was a false god who’d managed to resist the suppression of Helm’s Church, even killing a large number of clergymen. He’d been on the Church of Protection’s list for a long time.

Unfortunately, this fellow had holed up in Debanks Island, controlling what was once the Sakartes Empire. He also had numerous subordinates, including another demigod. Although they’d sent several squads with high hopes, none of them had managed to survive Leylin’s countermeasures.

A few attempts later, Debanks Island had been marked as forbidden grounds for Helm’s Church, even mentioning it garnering the hostility of its paladins.

“Let’s set off! We swear to crush the demigod!” Bishop Morand’s face held an unswerving determination as he led his subordinates into the night.

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“My Lord, you are like the stars up in heaven, your wings of



healing protecting the world in their embrace. Massacre is your sharp sword, and your eyes are brighter than the sun..." A bishop was leading the prayer within a concealed room on Faulen Island, dressed in robes embroidered with a giant snake.

Leylin had yet to become a true god, so his church was not recognised by the other gods on the mainland. If they revealed themselves in public, they would be attacked, so the church held its prayers in a secret area.

Once the daily prayers were completed, the bishop entered an office where a few valiant believers were waiting, a few natives in particular amongst them. Although the natives were slightly shorter than the rest, the violence in their eyes and their ice cold killing intent put a faint pressure on the rest.

"Good day, everyone. We have all gathered here today under the gaze of the Winged Serpent Kukulcan," the bishop nodded towards the rest.

"Under the gaze of our God!" Everyone immediately prayed in unison, fanaticism noticeable in their eyes. Regardless of personal power or faith, these natives had proven themselves. The bishop did not reveal any disdain.

The bishop suddenly remembered, 'Word has spread that a large number of natives have joined the church's headquarters in Debanks Island, and there's a high chance that the next pope will be a native saintess...' He then gripped the emblem on his chest and started repenting in his heart, 'Everything is the will of our only Lord. Please forgive me for my wavering faith...'

Of course, the rest only saw the bishop clench at his holy emblem before sitting down behind his desk.

“Intelligence from the city hall and wizard tower say that an incredible figure seems to have entered our territory.” The bishop banged on the table, taking out a stamped letter that he showed to the rest.

A subordinate took a look and spoke out with his doubts, “Poison Scorpion Church?”

“Yes. It’s a church that worships an ancient scorpion demigod. They’ve been developing in secret for a long time, but sadly they were discovered and suppressed by the forces of Helm while their lord was ascending. Rumours say the demigod fell...” Mockery appeared on the bishop’s face as he explained this, “There was no need to pay attention to such a small church before, but according to wizard Ernest, the demigod’s descendant has fled to Faulen Island, planning to journey to Debanks Island.”

“This matter can be quite troublesome... We’re currently trying to maintain peace with the forces on the mainland as we develop, this might invoke a war...” One of the subordinates frowned.

“Of course. I’m aware of that, but we cannot allow them to act with total disregard for law.” The bishop looked at his subordinates with resentment. If under normal circumstances, would there even be a situation out of his control? Unfortunately, he had only taken over this branch recently, and it was the former

headquarters of the Faulen Family.

Of course, they listened to Leylin's orders, but outside of that it was troublesome to unite them. These elites couldn't be dispatched if they weren't convinced about the situation.

Just as the bishop was troubled, his face suddenly changed. A strong will descended on the place abruptly, and flames were ignited on the statue of the feathered serpent.

"Our Great Lord has descended!" The bishop was the first one to kneel down in prayer, the others quickly following suit.

A thought was soon transmitted out of the statue, causing a hint of joy to appear on the bishop's face, "Worshippers, I am in need of you..."

"Are all of you clear of our Lord orders? "

"Yes!" the formerly rebellious subordinate stood out, saying resolutely, "This is the will of the Lord, we'll complete the task even if it costs us our lives!"

"Good!" The bishop nodded in satisfaction.

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The youth and his two servants were still unaware of the huge

crisis that was about to befall them. They'd already set up at a small inn. The youth had tried to escape, but now he'd been arranged in a clean room. The butler moved to the edge of the window, taking a few glances before he tightly shut the curtains.

The knight stood at the door like a sculpture, similar to a loyal guard.

“You’re the son of our Lord. Please pay attention to your actions. How could you run out on a whim? Aren’t you aware that the Church of Protection is right behind us? They definitely won’t let us go if they’re given the opportunity...” The butler’s face had blackened.

The youngster shrank down. “I’m sorry, bishop... I, I only wanted to look at that lord’s wizard tower...”

‘Sigh... He’s still a child after all, this responsibility is too heavy for him to shoulder...’ The bishop who was dressed like a butler let out a secret sigh, softening up at the sight of the youngster’s face.

“Please endure it for a while. We’ll be safe once we reach Debanks Island.”

“Debanks Island?” A rare trace of joy appeared on the youngster’s face. “The place with the rumoured native empire and the Giant Serpent... We won’t have to worry about Helm’s Church once we’re there?”

“As long as you can obtain their protection, yes!” A kind and amiable smile surfaced on the butler’s face.

“Our Lord interacted with the Giant Serpent Church before, and they’re willing to help innocent people like us who’ve been suppressed... More importantly, our gifts will definitely gain his favour.”

The moment gifts were brought up, the knight subconsciously gazed at the youngster’s neck. A crystal pendant was hung there, emitting soft light.

“They will only shelter you for such an artifact...” The butler stroked the child’s hair, “You don’t have to be sad. This is something our Lord gained in an accidental encounter. I’m sure you can exchange it for your safety and the opportunity for the church to rise again in the future. I’m sure he would have agreed as well...”

The youngster did not notice the trace of pity within the butler’s eyes. A child of god was someone who’s descended from a true god. Demigods’ descendants barely qualified to be addressed as such, and in fact their Lord had several heirs as precaution. Unfortunately, this child was the only one among his brothers and sisters who’d survived.

‘If a true god falls, as long as their believers continue to call out their true name with devout faith they’ll return after a period of time. However, it’s different for a demigod... The conditions are harsher, and there are additional requirements that will make resurrection more difficult...’

Although his heart felt pity, the faith in the butler's soul ultimately won. He recovered his previous expression.

# Chapter 1112 - Tracking

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The face of the knight changed at that moment. His figure that was similar to an iron fortress moved forward, smashing the floor apart.

Hss! A thin shadow arose from the floor with a vertical blood-red eye. It looked like a tiny black snake.

“Wait a moment! This is...” The butler stopped the knight, placing his hands on the floor in all seriousness. The little snake stuck out its tongue and licked his fingers, moving towards his ears without hesitation before it released soft hisses.

The black snake exploded once it conveyed the message, and the butler’s face immediately changed, “Not good! The Church of Protection discovered our tracks, they’ve been behind us all this while!

“Forget the luggage. We should flee immediately, use the windows!” The butler had made his decision in a moment. The trio left the building secretly after they packed their essentials, leaving a candle burning to make it seem like the room was still occupied.

‘They left? That’s good. Regardless of their reasons, the fight shouldn’t have happened at the centre of the city, it would have affected our reputation significantly.’ A man draped in black robes emerged from the street, looking in the direction the three had headed. A long, thin snake slithered out of his sleeves, looking like the same one that had spoken to the butler.

“Bring this news to the lord, little precious. Those hateful guards of Helm have caught the trail as well...”

The black snake’s movements were as fast as the wind, and it instantly disappeared into the darkness.

“Hooohoo... We should have them suffer this time, letting them know that the Giant Serpent Church isn’t so easy to provoke.” The black shadow laughed coldly.

It was at this moment that an icy voice from behind startled him, “So you people are determined to oppose us?”

A hint of ice-cold killing intent pervaded the place, shortly followed by a dagger being pierced through the robed man’s chest.

“Despicable thing, trash like you belongs in the Nine Hells and the Abyss!”

When the man in black turned around, he saw a thief standing there with a cold expression. There was a condescending look in his eyes, Helm’s logo on his armour abnormally prominent.

“Huh?” Just as the thief was about to pull his dagger back, his expression suddenly changed, ‘There’s something wrong. The resistance...’



Boom! The man in black exploded, numerous black snakes scattering as they quickly spread themselves through the street.

“Hooohoo... Helm’s assassin... Just wait as my precious little snakes devour you...” A voice similar to an owl echoed from all directions, causing the assassin to turn grim. His figure disappeared into the darkness, only to reappear in front of Bishop Morand.

“I’ve failed, my Lord.”

“It isn’t your fault.” The bishop seemed quite forgiving, “The Giant Serpent Church chose to get involved, and our men have found traces of the false god’s descendant. Your orders have changed; in the name of the Lord, eliminate the spawn of the vile demigod!”

“In the name of the Lord!” Everyone quietly prayed, even the assassin. Fervour seemed to radiate from their eyes...

Whoosh! A massive number of black shadows encircled the fleeing trio as Helm’s Church chased after them.

“Waaaa!” A youngster’s cries echoed through the desolate beach. The butler had decided to use this route since there weren’t any people here even in the day because of frightening whirlpools, but people from Helm’s Church were still on their heels. This was a sufficient display of the church’s abilities.

By the time the youngster came around the knight was already on the floor, cut in two. His kidney had fallen out and his intestines were exposed, a scene surely to plague the youth's nightmares for a long time... If he could survive, that is.

The kid himself was alive solely due to the efforts of his butler, who'd torn open a protective magic scroll. However, looking at the dense encirclement, the magic would not be able to sustain itself much longer.

"High-ranked wizard?" The knights of Helm opened up a path for Bishop Morand to walk through, and he did so without hurry.

He looked at the butler's face, a trace of pity in his gaze, "I didn't expect the Poison Scorpion Church would have a high-ranked wizard remaining. You're pretty good, to have survived the fall of that vile false god..."

The demise of their god was a fatal blow to any church. It wasn't just a problem of conviction, the priests of the church would be greatly weakened, instantly revoked of their status. An average body would be unable to bear the pain that followed.

In other words, a pure priest without any other profession would receive a fatal blow once their god died. The same held true for the lower-ranked members of the clergy as well. Only warriors, wizards, or other Professionals at high ranks would be able to survive that loss of power, even then on the condition that they were young and strong in terms of the soul.

This butler in front of Bishop Morand was one such person. The damage done to the bishops of a demigod when it fell was lower, and on top of that he himself was a tenacious high-ranked wizard. He managed to endure the backlash, allowing him to escape while their pope and a considerable number of other bishops had died. The man had taken on the responsibility of protecting his god's child.

“The Poison Scorpion Lord is a real God, I will not tolerate your blasphemy.” The butler maintained a solemn face, his dignified temperament not betraying a hint of anger.

All devout worshippers held unyielding faith in their gods, making such fervent followers much more frightening than the rest. This butler was naturally one such man, or a high-ranked wizard would never join a demigod's church.

“I can still give you a fair trial. Surrender, and hand over that spawn of the devil!” Bishop Morand spoke with a compassionate tone, and a giant eye appeared behind his back as he looked at the old butler.

“Don't even think of using teleportation or a random portal. Our Lord has locked down the surrounding space. You shall be burnt at the stake!”

The youngster looked around him. The knights of Helm had taken out golden crossbows from their backs, the weapons incredibly frightening at close range. Forget teleportation, even if they tried to flee on land or in air they'd be unable to escape the attacks.

“Watch over me, my Lord.” Revealed to be a high-ranked wizard, the butler’s face was solemn as he spread a few tiny scorpions on the ground.

“Enslave!” “Greater Transformation!”

Roar! The tiny scorpions roared as they grew in size, becoming five metre long two metre high monsters, acting like tanks in front of the wizard.

“Young master. I’ll make an opening for you a while later, take the chance to escape. Bring that pendant to the Giant Serpent Church or the Faulen Family, and plead for their help.” The butler stood in front of the child, resolved to fight to the death.

“I...” It was already a significant feat for a youngster of thirteen or fourteen years of age who’d never experienced suffering to stay conscious so long.

“Sigh...” The butler could only helplessly sigh, turning around to face his opponents once more.

Bang! Ka-cha! The giant scorpions were dismembered rapidly under the knights’ attacks. A paladin had already rushed up to him.

“My Lord... You’re a star of the heavens, and one day you shall return to your throne...” The wizard mumbled, the fear of death

absent from his face.

However, this expression changed after but a moment. A keening sound rang out as a black spear broke the spatial barrier to pierce through the paladin whose holy sword was raised.

“The sinister light in the air...” Bishop Morand frowned, turning towards the main culprit. It was a native warrior of the southern seas, short but full of toned muscle.

But then he saw the tattoos of devils bound with iron chains on the bodies of the man and his allies, and he went livid.

“The Giant Serpent Church’s elites, devil hunters! They’re high-ranked devil hunters who’ve sealed real devils!” Morand didn’t even send out any orders. His subordinates were already shrieking.

These devil hunters evidently had an unsavoury reputation in the south sea. Devils themselves were known to be cunning and secretive, with vile powers. How much more powerful did devil hunters have to be to defeat these devils?

Even if they were aligned neutrally, devil hunters used the powers of the devils they captured. It caused people to associate them with the devils as well, something the hunters did not care to explain. Their bad reputation had accumulated, and stories of them caused children to cry at night.

Morand wasn’t as ignorant as the commoners though, and he had

a clear understanding of his opponents' abilities. 'Devil hunters are very powerful. They need to be high-ranked Professionals to seal devils in the first place, and some of them are even legendary...'

He quickly glanced at the many shadows hidden in the darkness, making the wise decision to reveal his identity.

"I am Bishop Morand of the Church of Protection! What are you lot trying to do?"

# Chapter 1113 - Work

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“The Church of Protection?” The leader of the devil hunters sneered. His muffled voice and thick accent couldn’t cover up the ridicule in his tone.

“How dare you ridicule our god?” Rage could be seen on Morand’s face. No bishop would lie down and take an attack on their god.

“No, no. How would I dare ridicule a true god?” The devil hunter was dressed in the distinctive garb of the southern seas. He had yellow skin and thick lips, his brown hair styled with several small pigtails.

“It’s just... We have the opportunity to punish those who attack the faithful, as well as imposters.”

“Imposters?” Cold sweat beaded down Morand’s forehead, and he had an extremely bad premonition.

“Follow the Lord’s orders, check for devils!” This diminutive leader did not give him the chance to do anything, shouting out all of a sudden as holy light flowed to reveal a few Detect Devil spells were already cast.

Leylin was a Lord of Baator, so other than fundamental holy skills members of his church could also detect devils. The spell was something Leylin had invented himself, and over time it had shown itself to be a 100% accurate.

All this was to say that devil hunters held authority when it came to checking for devils. And just as Morand hesitated for a moment, the situation fell out of his hand.

“Oh!” The milky white holy light around one of Morand’s subordinates suddenly shifted to a bright red, the face of the man changing a few moments after the spell was cast. A blood-curdling screech rang out as the man grew a horn, and a layer of hellfire surrounded him.

This paladin had turned into a devil in a moment’s time! Morand and the rest were flabbergasted at the sudden, fierce, change!

“You’re daring enough to shelter a devil, pretending to be paladins... What sort of blasphemy is this?” The leader spoke righteously, “Kill them all!”

“Justice! Justice!” the other devil hunters shouted, a terrifying wave of hellfire raging forward in attack.

“You...” How would the bishop not know that they’d fallen into a trap? The only thing he couldn’t understand was— why had the Giant Serpent Church that had made every effort to avoid clashing with them before changed so suddenly, becoming a savage, crazy beast?

All the doubt and astonishment ultimately condensed into one question. “HOW DARE YOU DO THIS?” Morand roared.



Unfortunately, nobody replied. Seeing his opponent remain obstinate, the leader of the hunters issued an order, “Transform!”

“Hehe...” Numerous high-ranked devil hunters suddenly smiled with malice as the tattoos on their bodies grew active. Parts of their bodies, normally hands and legs, started to demonise in the midst of terrifying hellfire. Bright red scales formed as sharp demonic nails grew out of their hands. Thin, needle-like chains coiled around their arms.

A devil hunter retained their human intellect and normal abilities when they transformed. On top of that, they obtained a devil’s physique, and similar magical ability.

The strength from this sinister change instantly drowned their opponents’ resistance. Even Bishop Morand threw out his trump cards one by one, eventually burnt to ashes by the hellfire.

The leader of the devil hunters left his group, walking towards the boy and butler who’d been shocked stupid. “I’m aware of your identities. Please follow me!”

Although he’d returned to his normal appearance, the frightening form from before had been etched into the boy’s mind. It would inevitably leave a strong impression on him. His butler was in better condition, able to maintain his courtesy. Sealing the admiration in his heart, he replied, “Devil hunters? Truly a formidable army. If our Lord had such guards, he wouldn’t have met his demise so easily...”

After sending the two of them off with respect, the look on the small guy's face immediately changed.

“Are all the preparations done?”

“Leader!” Another monkey-like devil hunter walked to his side and whispered to him, “Everything is completed. The devil transformation was recorded, and we located the affected commoners and nobles.”

“Well done. Contact the central church post haste! Settle things before they can even react!” The small man touched his chin, a predatory gaze within his eyes...

The wit of these subordinates was inspiring, and they'd performed such deeds repeatedly. It was tragic that all of it had to be condensed into a few pages when they reported to the headquarters of the church in Debanks Island.

“Hmm?” Tiff raised his spectacles. Even someone like him, with legendary strength, seemed to have been eroded by the passage of time.

However, the truth was that this was all an act. His appearance had been changed on purpose, a kind old man as the pope more acceptable to the citizens.

As the pope of the Giant Serpent Church, he'd performed his

work very well so far. What was once the Sakartes Empire had slowly recovered over this long time, and was flourishing once more. In fact, the Faulen Empire was even more prosperous than Sakartes at its peak.

More land had been put to use as they acquired technology from the mainland, and the number of goods sold on the streets had grown in number as well. Most importantly crafts had been introduced to the natives, bringing them from the dark ages to the iron age. Tiff had a feeling of glory as he looked down from the mountain atop which the Giant Serpent Church stood to gaze at the capital.

The pope massaged the spot between his brows until his eyes felt better, starting to read the report from his subordinates.

“The issue in Faulen Island was dealt with pretty well. The Church of Protection suffered losses, even... The person in charge is called Tubanke? Pass down the order, have him transferred to headquarters.”

A transfer order stamped by the pope was sent out quickly, causing the surrounding clergymen to grow envious. The man would obviously be promoted. However, Tubanke had gotten this by fighting on the frontlines. They had nothing to say about it.

“The Poison Scorpion Church’s child has secretly set sail, on his way here alongside a high-ranked wizard... They’ll be here in ten days?” Flipping over to the next document, a rarely seen expression surfaced on Tiff’s face.

‘I need the Lord’s guidance.’ Tiff stood up and tidied himself up before heading to the rear of the church.

This place was forbidden grounds within the church, even guards few and far between. The lack of people gave it an atmosphere of seclusion. The original marble palace had been worn down by time, its lustre changing to one of archaic charm.

There was an enormous shrine behind the headquarters of the Giant Serpent Church. A statue of the Feathered Serpent God Kukulkan lay within, built atop ninety nine marble pillars as it emanated a trace of sacred brilliance.

“Master... You are the stars in the sky, with the authority of massacres. All commoners crawl under the protection of your wings...” Tiff started praying.

The thread of faith connected itself to the statue, and the Feathered Serpent buzzed as a youth emerged from the golden radiance. Tiff lowered his body further; his master had arrived.

”Tiff!” Leylin was wearing a loose white robe, every inch of his body flawless as a result of his godfire. Golden light flashed in his eyes as he looked at Tiff.

”I learnt of the incident with the Poison Scorpion Church. You’ve done well!” The first thing Leylin did was approve of Tiff’s work. He continued with his decision, “When they get here, bring them to me. I’ll receive them personally.”

“Your wish is my command. May your divinity spread throughout the world!” Tiff replied in excitement. Leylin had always maintained a low profile, starkly in contrast to his attitude today. He naturally knew that his Lord had decided to change his actions, and that change would cause an enormous transformation in the prime material plane.

‘Is it time?’ Tiff suppressed the elation in his heart, withdrawing slowly.

‘Such an intelligent chap!’ The golden gleam in Leylin’s eyes grew even more dazzling as he looked at Tiff’s back. A hundred years had passed in the astral plane, and the World of Gods had experienced an even longer span of time. His preparations for ascension had finally been completed!

Leylin can’t help but to take a look at his own status.

[Leylin Faulen. Race: Human (Demigod), Rank 27 Arcanist (Legendary). Strength: 21. Agility: 21. Vitality: 21. Spirit: 27. Arcane Energy: 270. Divine Force: 200 (200) Status: Healthy. Feats: Legendary Sturdiness, Scholarly, Intermediate Perfect Body, Dreamscape Vision. Specialties: Origine Force Detection, Origin Force Amplification, Illusions.]

‘My divine force has finally manifested...’ He seemed to be happy, ‘The island’s population has increased as well, and is sufficient to support a God of Massacres. Everything’s ready!’

# Chapter 1114 - Plan

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Becoming a god was the lifelong goal of every being in the World of Gods, something they all longed for.

And now, Leylin was standing at the threshold to becoming a god! Ascension held even greater meaning for him than most; only a divine soul would allow him to open the crystal sphere from the inside, allowing his main body to enter the World of Gods!

To be blunt, the moment he successfully became a god, there would be little time left until the Final War resumed.

This was why Leylin took godhood very seriously.

Besides, meeting the requirements did not mean one would successfully become a god. In the history of the World of Gods, there were plenty of examples of people falling during their ascension, or being ambushed by the enemy right after. He obviously did not want to be one of those poor gods.

‘Malar and Cyric will definitely sense my ascension, our roles clash... They wouldn’t let me off... This is something decided by natural circumstances, just like how there can only be one male in a pride of lions. This is an unchangeable fact...’ Leylin stroked his chin, looking grim.

‘Then there’s Mystra, Tyr, and Helm. They already plotted to kill me once. I’m afraid they won’t let me off; the moment my divine kingdom is prepped they’ll attack me immediately. My body will

have grown divine, so I won't be protected by the prime material plane anymore...'

Leylin was currently relying on the fact that he was only a demigod. He'd holed himself up on Debanks Island, and the other gods could only glare at him without being able to do anything. With true gods unable to descend, their avatars and clones were basically a free meal for him. On top of that, Leylin was protected by his church and empire, rendering battle tactics on land and sea useless.

For this reason, he was able to do as he wished up to this point, rather than being pursued and killed. However, after becoming a god, everything would change. The prime material plane would reject his body and expel him to the outer world. When that happened, things would get 'fun'.

Outside the prime material plane, Mystra and his other enemies would definitely be furious and ready to take revenge at any time. What was more terrifying was that they, in the outer world, no longer had restrictions that they would have had in the prime material plane, and could wield their powerful might as greater gods!

Greater gods were equivalent to peak rank 8 Magi. With a possibility of attack from their true forms, Leylin could already feel the fear rising in him. Without the time to establish his divine kingdom, it would be impossible to block these malicious beings. When the time came, he would be in danger.

Falling right after becoming a god! Leylin felt like he would

become the greatest joke in the World of Gods if such a thing happened.

‘Also... I should worry about Baator...’ Leylin sighed.

He had successfully robbed Beelzebub’s authority and become the master of Dis, hiding his true identity. But who was Asmodeus? This sly devil had also made use of a series of schemes to obtain most of the power in hell, and he’d now placed his attentions on Leylin.

Leylin had never been interested in working with the devils. After all, while they did trust each other to an extent, they wouldn’t hesitate to trick outsiders. He wouldn’t accept any offering of peace, instead gunning to become their master.

This was why Leylin had created the Devil Hunters, powerful Professionals that only the Giant Serpent Church could create. It was partly for empowering his subordinates, but also because he wished to crack down on devil worshippers in the prime material plane as he lay out a path for himself to walk.

Evidently, the devils that were loyal to Leylin could evade Devil Detection spells without paying any price. The rest, however, were not as lucky. The remaining Archdevils were growing increasingly dissatisfied with Leylin, and he could already guess that some of them were already talking to the gods for a chance to overthrow him.

At the same time, Asmodeus’ sly hand was reaching for Dis. He



didn't seem satisfied with using his daughter as a substitute for the Hag Countess to give him authority over Malbolge. Rather, he seemed greedy for more, wanting to unify the Nine Hells and become the true master of Baator! Who would be a better target than Leylin, who had appeared midway?

Leylin had no doubt about it. As long as there was an opportunity, Asmodeus would definitely put all of his resources into gobbling him up and taking control of Dis.

‘Hehe... Come at me with your schemes! I just hope you won’t break your teeth in the end...’ Leylin snickered inside.

It wasn't as if he didn't have any cards up his sleeve. Thultanthar was waiting silently in his semi-plane, the flying city seemingly impatient to drink the blood of the gods. A great arcanist with a flying city had been able to intimidate even the gods of ancient times.

At the same time, there was a Magus of laws waiting outside the crystal sphere, greedily eyeing the World of Gods. Those that were preparing to attack Leylin would soon be shocked to find that the rabbit in their hands was actually an evil primordial dragon!

Putting this aside, Leylin took a look at the A.I. Chip's records.

‘A.I. Chip! Show me the revised version of the grade 12 arcane spell, Karsus' Avatar!’



[Beep! Karsus' Avatar is being revised. Estimated time: 677h 23min 13s] the A.I. Chip intoned loyally.

This was a terrifying card in Leylin's hands. It could let him dispose of Mystra in an instant, at the same time releasing numerous ancient Magi from the core of the Weave. With his experiment in the Shadow World, Leylin now knew the power of this arcane spell model.

Of course, the backlash was immense. However, with the A.I. Chip and his test data, it would be a breeze to fix the issue. Leylin was sure that regardless of what other tricks Distorted Shadow had planned, it would have to do with this arcane spell.

However, he had taken measures to deal with this and was amending the arcane spell model. This meant Distorted Shadow could only watch on helplessly.

'So if I think about it, I do have quite a few cards...' Leylin stroked his chin, 'But... I still need a few people to lead the way!' A pair of master and servant shivered somewhere in the southern seas. They assumed it was because of the sea winds, heading into the hold of their ship. Who knew what the future held.

At the thought of the child of a god, Leylin immediately recalled the true master of the Poison Scorpion Church, who was a demigod.

'With how much of a moron Poison Scorpion is, it's natural that

he was disposed of. It would be strange if he wasn't...' Poison Scorpion had dealt with his Giant Serpent Church before. Rankings were very strict on the continent. Everyone had their own rank, and since Leylin was neither a god nor a high-ranked legend but a demigod, he naturally wouldn't mix with beings of other statuses.

The only ones able to speak on equal terms with him were other false gods and demigods. Hence, it was extremely normal for beings like them to form secret alliances. In the face of suppression from the true gods, the demigods and false gods who lacked people to back them up had to learn to band together.

Leylin had obviously made friends with a few of them, making oaths of alliance. Even if it was useless, it would afford him a breather when he ascended and faced the pressure from the other gods.

There were many demigods who held the same train of thought as Leylin did, which was why diplomatic activities went rather smoothly. The Poison Scorpion, master of the Poison Scorpion Sect, was one of the demigods that Leylin had met. Unfortunately, the power of divinity and godfire seemed to be warping his rationality, and he was in a crazed state half the time everyday.

It had to be said that a demigod like this being able to support a church and only being eliminated now had exceeded Leylin's expectations.

'The law he comprehended was massacre as well. That's the only thing that I want...' Leylin stroked his chin. Poison Scorpion's

divinity was similar to his own, so he began to formulate a vague plan. It was for this reason that he had ordered his subordinates to make contact with him, and then invite the last blood descendant of the Poison Scorpion to the Debanks Island.

‘Just a Poison Scorpion isn’t enough... I need more... I need more targets!’ In that moment, the figures of various demigods flashed by Leylin’s eyes.

Becoming a god was no trivial matter, and new gods were far too eye-catching. Leylin’s methods were simple. He’d have his allies ascend alongside him, leaving them to absorb some of the damage. Of course, it would be even better if they were willing to ascend ahead of him, as that would mean he had more experience.

‘Before I officially become a god, I still need to see a demigod ascending...’ Leylin had always liked being prepared, and if another god could provide him with this experience, that would be for the best.

While he had already subdued Shar of the Shadow World and obtained much information about the gods from her, she was an old being after all. She understood little about the current situation in the World of Gods, and Leylin did not feel too confident.

‘A true god...’ A low sigh rang in the palace...

.....

“Young master, we’re here!” An old butler was helping a youth down a boat in Debanks Island’s pier. Ten days had passed in the blink of an eye.

“Wow... Is this the native empire? I almost thought I’d returned to the huge port in the continent!” The youth jumped off the deck and gasped after seeing the port even larger and more luxurious than Port Venus.

“This is His Highness’ land. Please be careful of what you say!” The old butler reminded him cautiously.

# Chapter 1115 - Meeting

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The old butler and the youth were guarded by a group of ‘friendly and polite’ native soldiers after they entered the territories of Debanks Island. Since they were in a land that was not their own, they allowed this arrangement. After a few days of uneasy waiting, they managed to arrange a meeting with Leylin.

On their path to the holy mountain, the old butler looked at the youth solemnly. “Do you remember what I told you, young master?”

The youth had stiffened up in the tense atmosphere, but he still managed to nod, “Mm.”

‘Sigh... This beautiful and fertile country... It’s a powerful base even for demigods. No wonder he can flourish for so long without fear of being destroyed by the mainland...’ The old butler gazed at the flourishing imperial capital and sighed in awe. Leylin truly had picked a great place. Not only was there a large population to provide faith for him, the mainland had little influence here.

However, thoughts were just thoughts in the end. Few were as bold as Leylin, aiming to take over the natives’ empire. With the defect in the natives’ souls, the gods avoided them like the plague.

With all sorts of factors, Leylin somehow managed to get the best parts of everything. If not for the natives, Debanks Island would long since have been divided amongst the gods, and he wouldn’t have had any chances.

Clang! The heavy gates of the Giant Serpent Church opened slowly. The devil hunters guarding the sides and the large number of priests and acolytes walking around added a certain weight to the atmosphere.

“Welcome!” Tiff was dressed in his regal attire, crown included. Standing on the steps, he looked like a kind and holy man.

“The Pope shouldn’t bother with humble servants like us...” The butler pulled at the youth, who quickly realised his position and hastened to bow.

Tiff merely smiled in answer to the tiny mistake of the youth, “Please follow me. My master will see you personally...”

Hearing this news, the butler and youth obviously grew more nervous.

‘The Giant Serpent, the youngest legendary wizard in the world who conquered an empire with a few thousand people... Leylin Faulen, the legend of legends...’

The youth exchanged a glance with his butler, obviously uneasy. However, Tiff had already moved out, and the two couldn’t avoid this confrontation anymore. They could only follow behind in apprehension.

The three soon arrived at the palace behind the headquarters. A

god in white robes was already waiting there, standing under his own statue. Golden light sparkled off his body, causing the large statue of the winged serpent to grow radiant as well. He seemed in harmony with the shrine, almost blending into one body.

After taking one look at this person, the butler was certain that this was the Leylin Faulen of the legends! This was the master of the Debanks Empire, as well as a demigod magician!

“Oh great being, please accept the worship of a humble mortal!” The butler bowed down and knelt, and the youth followed soon after.

“High-ranked magician, Daybreak Hand Schliff... your loyalty is worthy of praise...” Leylin did not speak loudly, but it still reverberated throughout the shrine. The tone of the voice showed that it was unquestionable.

The Giant Serpent Church had long since revealed all of this high-ranked wizard’s secrets. His true thoughts couldn’t be hidden in front of Leylin.

“Is this the Poison Scorpion’s son?” The god’s gaze moved past Schliff, focusing onto the youth.

“Ra... Raike greets His Highness...” the youth stuttered out. He could sense that Leylin’s imposing aura was even more powerful than that of his demigod father, who had once been the master of his church.



“Yes... Raike inherited the Master’s bloodline and glory, and will surely become a saint in the future!” At the mention of his faith, Schliff just had to speak, “Your Highness, please help us on account of the goodwill from our master in the past...”

In answer to this mortal’s humble request, Leylin did not comment. Rather, there was a look of pity in his eyes as he watched Raike.

“As the child of a god, do you know what your destiny is?”

”Destiny?” Raike’s eyes showed his confusion and bewilderment.

“As the descendant of our Master, he has no other choice!” Schliff answered loudly, obviously trying to hide things for a while longer.

“Heh!” Leylin merely shook his head and smiled, but did not reveal the truth.

True gods only needed faith to revive themselves, but things were wildly different for demigods. The master of the Poison Scorpion Church hadn’t accumulated any divine force, and now that he’d fallen even if he obtained enough faith in the future he lacked the most important thing for revival— a vessel.

The vessel needed to be powerful enough to take on the power of a god. Most importantly, this person had to have the same blood as the god. This Raike was evidently Poison Scorpion’s vessel, and

someday in the future his father would break into his body and revive within to appear in the world once more.

It was not just demigods. In actuality, many true gods liked to use this method. Leylin had once even wondered whether Alustriel, the queen in the north, had been prepared for such plans by the Goddess of the Weave.

“There’s a contract between Poison Scorpion and I, to give each other all the help we can. Promises at our level cannot be broken.” Leylin answered in the affirmative.

“Many thanks, Your Highness!” Schliff bowed in excitement. Even he had not expected things to go so smoothly. However, after seeing Raike, Schliff hesitated before steeling the look in his eyes.

“Mighty master, this is a humble offering from us.” Meeting Schliff’s gaze, Raike gritted his teeth and pulled out the sparkling pendant from his neck, offering it up with both hands...

Once everyone left, Leylin focused on the necklace in his hands.

‘A divine weapon? And there even seems to be some force hidden inside...’ The A.I. Chip’s light flashed in Leylin’s eyes, and he nonchalantly threw the item into a semi-plane. As he was now, refining an origin force weapon, a divine weapon was nothing much. However, it wasn’t bad as a collectible.

“Raike... I sense a dense aura of deity blood...” Leylin looked in

the direction that Raike had left, eyes seeming to reflect scenes of what would happen after he left.

.....

Within the carriage, Raike seemed to have made up his mind before he asked Schlif, “Just now... what His Highness mentioned...”

“You don’t need to know about that, young master!” Schliff immediately put on a cold expression, his powerful aura preventing Raike from speaking further.

“All you need to know is that you were born for the sake of our master. Everything that is yours has to be sacrificed in order for the revival of the master...” Fervour glinted in Schliff’s eyes, the terrifying zeal causing Raike to shift his gaze down.

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Demigod as he was, it was easy for Leylin to peek on a high-ranked wizard without them even noticing. Many secrets revealed themselves before him.

Unfortunately, he felt no pity towards Raike, and he had no desire to help him.

“His blood is concentrated, so the chances of revival are greater... But that isn’t enough...” His divine sight seemed to transcend the

seas, locking onto the vast mainland.

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In the south of the mainland, within a dangerous marsh full of lush bushes.

A devil hunter with the crest of the Giant Serpent Church cautiously maneuvered past numerous assassins' territories as well as the tribes of barbarians and kobolds, arriving at the depths of the marshes.

This was an ultimate region of death. It was rumoured that there was a nine-headed monster dwelling here, and the poisonous fog it emitted could kill any living being. Even divine spells were useless in front of it.

However, few on the mainland knew that a tribe similar to humans lived deep inside.

Ooooo— Numerous humanoids gathered with the sound of a large cow bugle. These beings had a distinct physical appearance, looking like werejackals or kobols.

Some kind of shaman walked up to an altar. “Ukekelu, our Lord... We pray to you devoutly, and offer a blood sacrifice!”

A few sacrifices had their clothes stripped from them as the old man prayed, trembling as they were delivered to the platform. His

eyes bloodshot, he picked up an obsidian dagger and kissed it once in devotion before standing in front of the slaves. It looked like he was watching some lambs to be slaughtered.

The shaman dismembered the sacrifices easily, a technique passed down through centuries allowing him to keep them alive until he made the final cut. Only such a thing would please Ukekelu enough to grant them his favour.

Demigods, devils, and demons who were false gods were different from true gods. They could do anything for the sake of faith and power, seeking out new followers with greed.

Most of the time, Leylin believed that it was because there were people like these who were so shortsighted that the reputation of demigods was tarnished so badly. It made it such that his Giant Serpent Church could not operate well on the continent.

However, he was merely blabbering on. Without blood sacrifices, demigods would long since have died out with the bit of faith they obtained from their followers. Only Leylin, who took control over the Debanks Island and had nobody vying for faith with him could treat his followers so generously and give them more benefits. In the long run, this was the best method, but it was difficult for everyone to do this considering the circumstances.

As the shaman proceeded with his ceremony, the other worshippers quickly knelt in prayer. Blood poured everywhere, as if nurturing some horrifying force.

# Chapter 1116 - Alliance

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A large number of guards had been moved to watch over the ceremony. The lax guard allowed the devil hunter to sneak inside easily. When he saw the sacrifices on the altar, a disturbed look appeared in his eyes. ‘Blood sacrifice?’

‘Poor followers. Only our Lord truly cherishes us, even if we worshippers make mistakes he kindly gives us his guidance...’ A sense of superiority surfaced in the hunter’s mind as he compared himself to these people. Comparing this sacrifice with the methods of the Giant Serpent Church, his devotion actually grew a bit. His faith stat would’ve grown by a few points if such a thing existed.

Wooooo— The sacrificial ceremony reached its peak at that moment, the heart of the altar pooling with blood. An indistinct silhouette walked out of the boiling blood, with a human head but the body of a lion.

“Ukekelu! The mighty Ukekelu has descended!” The old shaman bowed in agitation as he started chanting prayers, followed by the other worshippers.

“...” Ukekelu lowered his head, looking at the shaman as he spoke in an unknown language. It caused the shaman’s expression to change immediately.

“The Lord says there is a spy here. Guards!” The guards that looked like ravenous wolves immediately howled out.

‘Not good, I’ve been found!’ The devil hunter squatting in the grove felt his heart freeze, and he prepared to break out and escape.

“Ugh!” However, bright light burst forth from the giant snake emblem on his body at this moment. He soon lost consciousness, his body taken over by a great will.

“Lord of Debanks Island, the Giant Serpent sitting upon the throne... Welcome, Your Majesty Leylin!” The human-headed lion hovered in the air, releasing a few howls. The old shaman retreated alongside his guards, leaving the place to the two.

“Mm. Long time no see, Your Highness Ukekelu.” Leylin found it sluggish to move around in this body, like a huge elephant who’d been squeezed into human armour. However, that didn’t matter much. His conscient was only borrowing this body, so even if it perished he’d only lose a vessel and some divine force. It wouldn’t be much.

The demigod in front of him was a part of Leylin’s alliance. Legendaries had their own circle in the prime material plane, and the same naturally held true for demigods.

Unfortunately, numerous demigods were placed in an awkward position. Not only did they have lack gods willing to protect and promote them, the divinity within their bodies clashed with specific other gods that caused delays in their ascension. They’d formed cliques of their own to help each other for this very reason.

Poison Scorpion was one such god, and so was Ukekelu.

“If you’ve come to the marshes yourself you must have important matters to discuss...” Ukekelu said as he sharpened his claws. He was quite envious of Leylin’s following and his distance from the mainland. Even more importantly, this person had begun preparing for ascension before even becoming a legendary; his schemes were shocking.

“Have you heard about Poison Scorpion?” Leylin directly revealed the purpose of his trip.

“The Church of Protection... Those lunatics!” Ukekelu’s face grew unsightly at the mention of the topic. Helm’s church was clearly the nemesis of all false gods; just its mention would be such a powerful deterrent.

“Poison Scorpion has already fallen. Either of us could be the next target...” Leylin’s soft words caused Ukekelu’s face to darken. Between the two of them, he was both an easier target and a closer one.

Looking at the other party becoming restless, Leylin revealed a confident smile. “We have to come up with countermeasures.”

“It’ll be easier to have Helm fall than have him abandon his duty, and both are impossible.” Ukekelu was clearly aware of his own position.



“Mm, but he’s only bound to slay false gods. What about true gods with their own divine kingdoms?” Leylin revealed the primary purpose of his trip.

“True god? You plan to ascend?” Earth-shattering shock rippled out from Ukekelu’s body of blood.

“Of course, there’s no demigod who doesn’t want to.” Leylin didn’t cover his intentions up in the slightest. Ascending was indeed the best solution against Helm’s Church.

“Pity... I haven’t accumulated enough faith to ascend. If I try now I’ll only face the backlash of the World Origin Force, falling immediately.” Ukekelu was indeed tempted, but he ultimately shook his head.

“Of course, if Your Majesty Leylin has such intentions, I would definitely fully support you!” On the other hand, Leylin didn’t trust such verbal promises.

“Your Highness is the oldest of us demigods, I believe there shouldn’t be a huge deficit for you... Would this be enough to bridge the gap?” Leylin seemed to see in Ukekelu a fish that wouldn’t bite without bait. He smiled in secret as he revealed a diamond emitting golden light, having it float towards the other.

“This... Divine force suiting my role, and experiences of ascension... Why do you have this, and why are you willing to give it to me?!” Ukekelu was obviously frightened by Leylin’s present.

“Your Highness doesn’t have to worry much about the source. However, I’m sure your chances of ascension will increase significantly with this?” Leylin’s secretive smile caused Ukekelu to think that a true god was supporting him. After all, a demigod couldn’t get a hold of such items.

However, this was enough for a demigod. As expected, Leylin saw greed and ambition rising within Ukekelu’s gaze. No demigod would be able to reject such temptation, even if they knew a trap lay in wait.

Ukekelu had been a demigod for a long time. If he didn’t advance soon, he would share the fate of Poison Scorpion. The Church of Protection wouldn’t ever let him off as long as he was a demigod.

Numerous expressions flashed past that face of blood, but ultimately Ukekelu still absorbed the diamond into his body, “I shall accept Your Majesty’s presents. What price do you require for them?”

“A simple agreement, and no matter which of us manages the last laugh we have to assist the other demigods...” Leylin faintly smiled.

“I’m going to the Sea of Death and the Dark Grasslands after this. They’ve been demigods too long as well...”

“You want us to advance together to reduce the attention?” Ukekelu wasn’t stupid, and he managed to catch Leylin’s intentions quickly. It was of benefit to him as well, so he naturally

didn't object.

“Thats right... We can also aid Poison Scorpion before that... After all, he's one of us.” Unknowingly, Ukekelu suddenly felt an extreme chill in his heart after seeing Leylin's smile.

.....

Within a city on the mainland, inside the huge Church of Tyr.

“Paladin Rafiniya!” An old warrior-priest walked into the room, unswerving determination on his face.

This room was largely unfurnished except for necessary supplies, with no extravagant furniture. The owner of the place was frugal.

“Cardinal!” Although Rafiniya looked the same as before, her body had grown more well-rounded, and her face was filled with more mature charm. Even though she still looked young, she knew everything had changed.

Years of experience had moulded the feeble-minded knight into a paladin of justice. She was now the legendary Holy Paladin, the Knight of Light! Her position had grown constantly inside Tyr's church, and she'd even amassed numerous followers.

“The Lord has a mission for you!” The old cardinal warrior passed a scroll to Rafaelia.

“The target is the Poison Scorpion Church. They intend to use their descendant to revive their fallen demigod. When he revives, the Poison Scorpion Lord will definitely bring suffering to the masses. Our Lord has decided to take action for the sake of justice!”

Looking at the sacrifices and consumption of blood as detailed in the documents, Rafiniya felt like she couldn't repress the anger in her chest anymore.

“To fight for justice!” She suddenly drew out her long sword and solemnly agreed.

“Very well! Another thing...”

“During this operation. Other forces like the Giant Serpent Church might be there to lend assistance, you'll have to be careful...” When the cardinal said this, it seemed difficult for him to speak.

# Chapter 1117 - Setting Up

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“Giant Serpent Church?” Rafiniya’s expression changed, as sealed memories came to light.

“Leylin, huh...” The scenes in her mind seemed fresh, and it caused Rafiniya to stagger a few steps. The youngest legendary wizard appeared in her mind once more in all his handsomeness, a memory of the shadow that had been cast on her entire life.

‘We’ll meet again...’ Rafiniya thought to herself. The last time she’d met Leylin, she invited him to the north to kill Malar. However, they’d separated on the issue of the sharing of loot, and she’d heard that he beat back several churches to emerge triumphant.

Even more shocking news followed afterwards— Leylin Faulen had taken an army of five thousand men to the natives’ empire, taking the place over completely. He’d advanced into a demigod, and built the Giant Serpent Church!

The news had made it clear that her former leader had already chosen a different path, and walked further down it than she had hers. Rafiniya gritted her teeth.

She was extremely aware that her current status as a legendary paladin was due to Tyr’s blessings. But why would Tyr give her his attention in a church filled with paladins? She hadn’t wanted to think of the reasoning and avoided the issue, but she couldn’t back down anymore.

“I must believe in justice, and fight for what’s right!” Rafiniya said out loudly, as if reaffirming her thoughts.

“Very well. Our Lord is watching you!” Having received the reply he wanted, the cardinal left.

However, Rafiniya clenched her fists tightly. ‘Demigods, blood sacrifices, and filthy transactions. Leylin... If you’re there, I won’t hesitate to pull you out and punish you in the name of justice!’

.....

With Helm’s support, the Church of Justice travelled extremely fast. It had only taken them three days to confirm the location of the Poison Scorpion Church. The two lawful churches gathered their warriors outside a small city.

“This is Cardinal Romese, of the Church of Protection. He’ll be in charge of this operation, we’re to assist him!” A priest on Rafiniya’s side pointed out.

Romese’s eyes brightened after he took a look at Rafiniya. “Lady Rafiniya, the star of hope for the commoners! Please accept our greatest respect for your love and protection.”

Rafiniya was an absolute beauty, and she possessed an aura of purity and holiness as a paladin.

“Your participation in this mission gives us more confidence.” Cardinal Romese expressed his heartfelt welcome to Rafiniya’s participation. This was extremely normal, as no one would reject the help of a legendary.

“Let’s skip the small talk. I will definitely comply with orders. I hope you don’t bear any grudges, eliminating evil is the foremost priority.” Rafiniya spoke icily and meticulously.

However, this attitude caused Romese to appreciate her even more. He waved his hand, and a priest moved forward to present her with a map written on parchment.

“Our intelligence says the Poison Scorpion Church is performing a blood sacrifice, using the bloodline and strength of a deity to revive their false god... The other false gods are supporting them, including the Lion-headed Golem, the Lord of Murky Darkness, and the Giant Serpent of the southern seas...”

Romese spoke briefly of the current situation, causing the expressions of those listening to turn solemn. Demigods were extremely powerful beings that had the blood of many on their hands. Many of their order had fallen to these opponents.

It was a pretty simple affair. Any demigod that was easy to deal with had already been executed by the lawful churches. If they could survive for so long, these false gods weren’t ordinary, possessing great strength and cunning.

“This is the place they chose for the sacrifice. The Tree Castle.”

The cardinal pointed to a red circle on the map, the wording extremely clear.

“The baron in the Tree Castle has been brainwashed by the Poison Scorpion Church, so the troops and civilians there are already under their control. We’ve obtained the decree of the royal family— All heretics in the area are to be executed immediately!”

No one objected to Romese’s words. Cultists weren’t human to those on the holy mission, only a group of creatures that had lost their sanity. They had to be purged!

“The garrison troops and the paladins will cooperate with us. Our target this time is the blood descendant of that false god, and the upper echelons of the Poison Scorpion Church.” Romese distributed portraits of Raike and Schliff. The drawing was extremely lifelike, and nobody would make a mistake.

“This is the descendant of the false god, the crux of their blood sacrifice. His name is Raike, and he’s our primary target.

“This wizard is known as Schliff, and he’s one of the church’s core bishops. He’s a high-ranked wizard, not legendary in any domain. He excels at instant teleportation and portals...”

“Our mission is simple. If there aren’t any false gods lending a hand, we can take care of it on our own,” Rafiniya concluded after Romese’s brief. However, they knew that demigods were possibly here, so nobody dared to let down their guard.



“Does everyone understand now? Set off immediately!” Romese got on his warhorse, and the tall, sturdy horse neighed loudly.

Thud! Thud! The warhorses bristled with energy as this small group of elites from the churches set off in the direction of the Tree Castle.

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The Tree Castle had turned into another wasteland. Black mist covered the area like a creature’s maw, gobbling up the entire region.

A large eye floated in mid-air. Romese seemed to obtain some information from his god, and he said with certainty, “This is the might of a false god... Their blood sacrifice is at its critical point.”

“May the Lord lead our way!” The other clerics prayed fervently, as a weak white glow appeared on their bodies. The black mist was soon dispelled, revealing a concealed path.

“Let’s go!” Romese took the lead, with Rafiniya following closely behind. The scenes she saw had caused her to tighten her grip on the reins. The crops in the area had already withered, and the farms were left empty and in a mess. It was as if the farmers were removed forcibly from the area.

“The castle is there!” Romese turned around and headed towards another direction.

The faint traces of blood told of the merciless situation that had unfolded in the area. Rafiniya gritted her teeth and made an oath, “Vile gods, I’ll never let you go!”

Castles often represented a long history, providing absolute protection to the inheritance that nobles were so proud of. However, the baron of the Tree Castle now stood at the corners of a wall, and his gaze was extremely strange yet fervent. The pride and reservedness that a noble was supposed to have, and most importantly the intelligence, had disappeared from his body.

‘Twenty thousand civilians, and aristocrats and nobles as well. I hope the Lord is satisfied with my offerings!’ The look of zealotry on the baron’s face was reserved for only the most pious of believers.

“The Poison Scorpion Lord will definitely feel your sincerity.” Schliff was carrying a large tome of the church, dressed up in papal attire inclusive of a crown.

“Enemy troops will be here soon. I hope you’ll be able to fight to the very end, all the troops of the church are yours to command.” Schliff handed a golden sceptre with scorpion carvings on it to the baron.

“All for our Lord!” The baron swore as he received the sceptre in a stately manner.

“Very good!” Schliff did not hesitate to leave the castle walls.

Why would he fear entrusting this task to such a zealous apostle?

Many of the Poison Scorpion Church apostles remained within the castle. There were many bodies of young ladies and masters of nobility that were strewn across the floor.

The reception hall of the castle had already experienced a huge change. Many items of the core infrastructure had been removed, replaced with a towering altar stacked with dead bodies and flowing with blood.

At the top of the altar was a throne made of white bones that also resembled a cage, locking a youth within it.

Seeing Schliff, the youth eyes brightened, “Schliff, save me! I don’t wish to die!”

“Nonsense!” The malevolence in Schliff’s voice as he berated the boy called Raike to grow breathless, “You’re the seed of the Lord. The purpose of your existence is to be sacrificed for his sake!”

Schliff’s icy speech broke every delusion the boy had had. “But... But I...” Raike’s face turned pale immediately.

“There’s no ‘buts’... The lord will definitely be reborn from your flesh. That will be great glory for you!” Schliff walked up to the pedestal which had many waiting apostles.

“Brothers and sisters. Our Lord hasn’t fallen, only left

temporarily.” Schliff opened his arms and decreed, “Now, as long as we chant the name of our Lord piously, he will gather enough energy to change the world and appear before us, leading us into bouts of victories ahead!”

“Lord, O’ Lord! You are everything, my flesh, my blood, my soul...” The apostles here were the craziest of the lot. They began to chant immediately, and even though there weren’t many of them the power of their faith had already converged onto the altar.

# Chapter 1118 - Resurrection

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Gods could not die. Even if they fell, as long as their worshippers chanted their truenames day and night they would one day rise up from the astral plane, returning to their former glory.

Now, under the fervent chanting of the Poison Scorpion Church, the altar seemed to light up with a strange flame. Flesh and blood began to fuse together, revealing faces warped with pain.

“Almighty Lord, the God of Scorpions— Chester Potter!”

“Chester Potter!” “Chester Potter!” The worshippers recited the name again and again, soon joined by the warped faces on the altar. Some mysterious force seemed to attract a conscient here, having it descend upon the place.

“O’ lord... Arise from your slumber!” Schliff’s hands and legs began to tremble with excitement...

“The false god’s ceremony has already started! Stop them!” The elites of the two churches had already reached the castle under Romese’s lead, a large number of soldiers following behind them.

“A fallen demigod has no need to revive!” Romese unsheathed an icy blue sword at his waist, and an icy gale began to stir. “All high-ranked Professionals follow me, the rest of you focus on the attack on the castle!”

No matter how tall and sturdy it was, a castle not protected by high-grade spells was but a joke to powerful Professionals. Romese wrapped his body with qi as the fight began, leaping upwards in a moment. He covered a dozen metres in a single jump, landing on the castle walls with a thud.

“Kill him!” An exasperated voice sounded out, and many warriors with black armour began to surround him.

“Know your place!” Romese harrumphed, and snow began to dance around his body. An icy gale instantly turned the apostles of the demigod into frozen statues, and they crashed down to the ground.

“Are you the baron of this castle?” Romese leapt again, flying past all obstacles to arrive before a man dressed in noble clothing. There was a sceptre in his hand, imprinted with a scorpion.

“You vile watchdog!” Flames seemed to spew forth from the baron’s eyes as he rushed forward with the sceptre.

“No traces of psychic spells or intelligence reduction...” Romese shook his head, “You are a true sinner, the apostle of a false god. Face your judgement!”

Blue light flashed, and the sword pierced through the baron’s chest. The man moaned painfully, looking at his chest in disbelief.

“Hng! You think the identity of a noble is your amulet? How

naive,” Romese said indifferently. However, as he looked towards the centre of the castle where the hall was, his brows furrowed.

A terrifying evil spirit had converged in that area, forming a powerful whirlpool.

“Chester Potter! Chester Potter!” “You are the Lord of Slaughter. In your left hand, you wield the Hammer of Annihilation, and in your right the Book of Judgment. Any enemies will turn into a quagmire of flesh and blood before your presence. You are the home for our souls, I am willing to...”

The power of worship of the apostles and faces combined formed a crimson glow that converged atop the altar, landing on the throne of bones. The crimson energy engulfed Raike, entering him through his skin pores as the boy howled without end.

Raike’s aura continually grew stronger and stronger, until eventually the energy beneath his skin began to surge and contort his body. It was like something was about to burst through his skin from the inside.

And still the boy’s body seemed like a bottomless pit, absorbing all the energy that came. The conscient couldn’t enter the body.

“There aren’t enough apostles,” Schliff muttered as he looked towards the castle walls, “Even with the sacrificial formation and twenty thousand souls we cannot revive our Lord...”

“Have they been breached already? They probably have some legendaries helping them!” Time had grown short.

“It seems like there’s no choice but to use this...” Schliff took out a golden crystal, shaped like a rhomboid. It was a gift from the Giant Serpent Church, but he didn’t want to use it unless all else failed. That Giant Serpent was not a simple person. There was definitely something concealed within everything he’d given them.

However, the current circumstances left Schliff with no other choice. “Lord! Please guide me and show the way!” He prayed for one last time, and his eyes filled with resolve. He then threw the crystal onto the floor.

Bang! The altar had a violent reaction to the golden crystal. A terrifying amount of power of faith and divine force was released, causing the whirlpool to spin a dozen times— no, a hundred times faster!

The crimson ball atop the altar suddenly blazed, melting off all the flesh and blood in the area to form layers of rippling energy.

“Argh!” Raike’s screams rose a few octaves within the cage, and his body began to bloat.

“Lord Chester Potter! Revive now!” Schliff roared in malevolence.



Rumble! The ground trembled, and the altar turned into a huge furnace as all the energy began to enter the throne of bones.

Bang! The cage above the white bones burst open to reveal Raike's figure. His body had grown a few times over, crimson energy filling every ounce of it. It suddenly seemed to light up on fire, as if something within had destroyed all of him.

"My Lord!" Schliff was happy beyond tears. During the explosion, he had sensed an extremely familiar conscient overcome the obstacles of the astral plane to descend into the hall.

The crimson light ripped Raike's body apart, and a middle-aged man walked out from within.

"My divine name is Chester Potter. I am the Lord of Scorpions, the Ruler of Slaughter!" Chester Potter waved his hands, and a surge of black gas formed robes that covered him. Blood red eyes opened up, and he roared towards the world, "HELM! I'm back, and I won't fail this time!"

Romese and Rafiniya had just arrived to witness this scene.

"Being reborn from his own blood descendant and using the descendant's life as a vessel, these false gods are so evil!" Rafiniya was extremely furious. She pulled out her sword, and holy brilliance filled the sky.

"I will purify you!" The light of the sword radiated out, carrying

a shrill roar as it swung towards Chester Potter.

“A legendary paladin? You belong to Tyr?” Fear streaked past Chester Potter’s eyes, but more madness overcame it. He pointed his right hand forward, and a terrifying explosion occurred as it collided with the holy sword. Shockwaves rippled into the surroundings.

Meteor Strike!

“Anyone who opposes me must die!” Chester Potter issued his decree as light from a summoning spell glowed from his body.

Rank 9 Spell— Extradimensional Summon!

Chirp! Chirp! Chirp! Many scorpion-shaped monsters moved out of a portal, their sheer number causing Rafiniya and Romese to change their expressions.

Romese moved between a variety of expressions, but he finally gritted his teeth and made a decision, “Let’s retreat first!”

Rafiniya’s lips moved, but she did not voice an objection. They were two legends pit against a demigod. They weren’t even on the same level.

Since the mission had failed, then protecting themselves would be the priority.

“Hurry and leave! I’ll bear all responsibility!” Romese’s blue sword released an icy power, forming walls of ice that blocked the advance of the scorpions. He roared at the scorpions behind his back.

Very soon, Rafiniya and the rest of the troops retreated to outside the castle walls. From this position, they could clearly see Chester Potter at the centre of the altar. Ominous crimson clouds circulated above him as the clouds seemed to form a funnel atop his head. The demigod gathered the flowing energy, his terrifying aura forming a malicious scorpion.

“All of you... Don’t think about leaving!” The malicious-looking scorpion chased after them, and the other summoned scorpions roared as they surged forth as well.

“My worshippers, do not panic, and do not be lost...” A gentle voice sounded out just then, carrying a mysterious soothing effect.

“It’s our Lord! Our Lord has descended!” Romese knelt in a certain direction, and Rafiniya bowed with respect as well. A strange rune in the form of an eye formed in mid-air, the void being ripped open as the avatar of a god walked out.

This avatar belonged to Helm, and it was the strongest power a god could muster in the prime material plane. With the ritual successful and Chester Potter revived, the God of Protection had descended to take care of the situation himself.

He first looked at the crimson clouds and the strange scorpion, and his expression turned solemn.

“A divine being obscured our prophecy, causing us to choose the wrong time. This was why Chester Potter could resurrect successfully.” Helm’s words sent shock through the hearts of the lawful.

“Obscured? Our divination?” Romese muttered, and his heart turned frigid.

His experience told him how scary such an opponent could be. Not only was he hidden in the darkness, he was a poisonous snake waiting for an opportunity to deal deadly damage.

# Chapter 1119 - Ascension

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“Helm... HELM!” A humanoid voice sounded from the giant scorpion, but Helm’s avatar looked at the ominous clouds instead. His face turned darker the longer he looked.

Rafiniya felt a surge of might descending suddenly, causing her knees to buckle as she almost fell to the ground.

Rumble! Rumble! Silver lightning streaked between the ominous cloud, snaking around ceaselessly.

“This... It’s the descent of origin force... Someone’s gathering divinity to ascend,” Romese muttered, looking at the sky above the castle.

The giant scorpion roared, as vengeful spirits floated from up from its body.

“It’s him! Is he preparing to transcend now?” Rafiniya’s voice was hoarse.

“What’s happening?” It wasn’t just the opponents that were flabbergasted. Schliff’s mouth gaped wide open, and his eyes almost popped out in disbelief.

This was but a resurrection ceremony. Why was more divinity gathering now? How was an ascension attempt occurring right now? This wasn’t right!

Schliff roared in his heart, but in the next instant he recalled something and a murky shadow was cast over his figure. ‘It’s that golden crystal! There was something else within it!’

.....

“Has it begun?” The consents of several false gods had gathered an unknown distance away from the Tree Castle.

A golden aura was shining on Leylin’s body. He smirked as he looked at the waves of origin force, “Chester Potter. You walked out of flesh and blood, and have the rights to ascend. However, you’ve slain many civilians and their vengeful spirits are now chasing you. This is your sin!”

Boom! Right after Leylin spoke, many vengeful spirits appeared from the void. Their clothing made them seem like commoners from the Tree Castle. Their faces were now wailing in agony, their blood-covered hands pulling down Chester’s body.

“Our Lord! We will be with the Lord!” A faint, hair-raising hymn sounded from the void, growing louder as time went on. The vengeful spirits seemed to have crawled out of the underworld, wanting to pull Chester down with them.

“A demigod cannot withstand such sin,” Leylin was extremely well versed in this area, “If Chester Potter does not want to fall again, he can only advance to become a true god, and use his divine kingdom to bear the hatred and send them away for good.”

Truth be told, this was all within Leylin's plan. However, Chester still had himself to blame. If he hadn't wanted to perform such a large blood sacrifice to revive himself, Leylin would've been unable to make use of this opportunity to push him down. As it was right now, Leylin was merely lighting a pile of firewood on fire.

'His divinity is in slaughters... This origin force will likely attract similar gods like Malar and Cyric who specialise in massacres... Chester Potter, I hope you can last a little while longer...' Leylin thought apathetically.

There were some other things in the crystal Leylin had given Schliff, including some of his own comprehension of the law of massacres and a large amount of divine force in the domain. It would be enough for the demigod to ascend, egging him into taking that final step.

"Your Excellency Leylin... Your schemes can even cause the devils of Baator to tremble in fear. It seems like we're lacking when compared to you..." Ukekelu said, and a puddle of black mud at his left shone brilliantly. All the demigods here were evidently fearful.

"This is something we decided on together," Leylin said. He discovered the fear and isolation, but didn't worry too much since he'd been open about this from the start. If these demigods wanted to ascend, they could only cooperate with him and bite down on the bait.

"I've already tested what I gave you multiple times. Are there any

problems?” Leylin’s rebuke caused the demigods to turn silent.

Very soon, their attention shifted to the Tree Castle once again. Chester’s ascension would give them great benefits. Not only could they use this as a learning experience, they could also see the reactions of the true gods.

As for the pitiful Poison Scorpion Church, they just abandoned it. Without Leylin and the other demigods, this church was destined to be doomed if it could not escape the attention of the true gods.

In fact, Chester Potter’s resurrection was the last chance that the demigods were willing to give him. In exchange for this chance, test being used as a guinea pig to test the response of the true gods was a reasonable bargain, was it not?

Crash! Boom! Pale green lightning struck the horde of summoned scorpions, wiping them out. Chester Potter’s scorpion phantom flickered under the pressure of the origin force, revealing his original black-robed form.

“Argh... I am the Lord of Scorpions! I control the law of slaughter, and I WILL become a true god!” Chester Potter waved his arms, and a dark gold flame blazed from his body to fuse with his comprehension of laws. This was his divine spark as a demigod, the quintessence of his form.

Threads of the law of slaughter converged on the divine spark, runes spinning around it in a sphere as they nurtured it. Chester had given his everything into ascension.



“Our Lord Chester Potter... You are a star in the skies, wielding the law of slaughter. The fear of humans shall become your strength...”

“Our Lord Chester Potter... You will sit on the throne of your divine kingdom, where our souls will nest...”

“Our Lord Chester Potter... I am willing to give up everything I have, and carry out my mission on this earth. I earnestly pray for your glory amongst the gods, and pray that you last forever!”

Schliff prayed fervently, and with utmost sincerity. The other worshippers followed his lead.

The high-ranked wizard knew quite clearly that the Poison Scorpion Lord could not overpower the remaining demigods, and had been caught up in their conspiracy. He was left without any choice but to transcend.

His other worshippers had also realised this point. Right now, the only chance they had to live was to pray and aid Chester Potter in his transcendence. The worshippers of this false god were thus literally praying for their lives.

A surge of faith converged around Chester Potter, absorbed by his divine spark and nurtured into power in his domain.

Chester’s personal comprehension of the law of slaughter wasn’t

great, and he lacked enough worshippers to ascend on his own. Even amongst demigods he wasn't the strongest.

However, none of that mattered with Leylin here. Chester's law of slaughter that had piqued Leylin's interest was quite close to his own law of massacre. Converting between the two had been extremely easy.

With Leylin's 'aid' from the dark, giving Chester some of his own comprehension of massacres, Chester had immediately met this requirement. He'd tried to smart, wanting to avoid Leylin's comprehension and the enmity of the massacre gods that it entailed, but his efforts didn't pay off. With the power of the lightning and origin force, and the prayers within, this event was made known to the entirety of the prime material plane.

Any existence that had crossed into the legendary realm fixed their gazes upon the area. They could see that a demigod was beginning to break through and become a true god. The sacrificial runes there told everyone of his identity.

The Poison Scorpion's truename was Chester Potter. No matter what the mortals had named him, once his ascension succeeded, this name would forever be attached to him. He would even be able to sense some of what was said whenever his name was mentioned.

His worshippers would also gain strength from his truename. By just whispering and chanting his name, they would be able to connect to their god.

Chester had seemed to choose slaughter as his divine domain. The sacrificial runes floating around him read ‘the fear of mortals will become your strength,’ a clear indication that he was of the evil alignment. Just this fact was enough for all good gods to oppose him.

Roar! Right at that moment, a portal opened in mid air. A giant golden ape came tumbling out, straightening to stand up in the void. Its blood red eyes were locked onto the demigod in the lightning, as if looking at prey.

The God of Hunt— Malar!

‘As expected... Anyone who tries to ascend into a divine position related to massacres will face the hostility of the gods who wield it.’ Leylin shook his head, but doubt and confusion filled his mind. ‘What about Cyric? He’s the God of Murder, and he’s even more closely attuned to slaughter...’

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At this moment, within the headquarters of the Church of Murder.

“Blasphemy! That false god is committing blasphemy against our Lord!” The pope roared at the surrounding slaves and clerics that knelt in a circle before him.

“Send out the orders: all legendaries are to cease their missions

right now and move to attack the Poison Scorpion Church. Behead them on sight, I want to see the heads of every one of their priests before me!” The pope’s face was filled with malevolence as he issued his order...

Once everyone left, the pope knelt before Cyric’s statue, his quiet prayers tinged with helplessness.

Only he knew that this powerful god, the God of Murder, had gone insane. He’d even issued orders for internal conflict, and the upper hierarchy of the Church of Murder had already fallen into disarray.

# Chapter 1120 - Annihilation

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There were many rumours surrounding Cyric, but the most popular one was that he was originally a mortal like them. He stumbled upon the inheritance of a fallen god by chance, soaring to godhood. It caused many mortals to worship him fervently.

However, many of those worshippers wanted the inheritance for themselves. If the chance befell them, they would gladly steal his luck.

Since Cyric was a mere mortal before he ascended, the huge leap of power, alongside his divinity and the power of his domain, had side effects. He grew selfish, prejudiced, and slightly crazy.

Exactly because of this, Cyric would definitely have reacted to a demigod ascending into his domain in the past. However, now he'd gone completely insane.

The pope looked at the statue that was wrapped up in a dark red energy, and the worry on his face grew heavier. It took a while for him to finally make up his mind, "Merrick!"

"The Lord is in a state of confusion, I think it's due to the influence from the Book of Cyric." The bishop's voice was extremely raspy and hoarse. He had also sealed the church before speaking.

Merrick knelt the moment he heard this news, cold sweat enveloping his body. He thought the pope was going to silence

him. After all, to blaspheme a god was utter disrespect and would be punished!

However, luck was on Merrick's side today. The pope had not planned to kill him, and continued talking on his own, "Our Lord might have read the Book of Cyric recently, which is why he isn't responding to our prayers. Holy decrees haven't been issued either..."

Merrick nodded his head in agreement, he'd actually been suspecting as much for a while. The Book of Cyric was a divine weapon that Cyric had created himself, containing the power to confuse even gods themselves. Any being that set their eyes on the Book of Cyric would believe the lies within— that Cyric was the one and only true god in the world!

The late God of Thieves was the former owner of this book. He'd succumbed to it and perished pitifully, allowing Cyric to steal most of his divinity and divine force. However, the power of the lies in the book was so great that even Cyric himself had fallen into a daze after reading it.

All this was just an assumption, but at the same time it was quite logical— assuming there was no information that he had not been privy to. The pope now thought he understood the truth of the situation.

"Can I trust you, Merrick?"

"Of course! I am willing to give up my life for the Lord, my

everything!” A fervent expression appeared on Merrick’s face. He was definitely a zealot.

“Very good. I’m handing you a mission.” With trembling hands, the pope handed over an ancient tome to Merrick.

“This is the Book of Truth. Our church spent great amounts of resources to obtain it from the Church of Truth.” The pope fixed his gaze upon Merrick, clasping the man’s shoulders with his hands.

“Merrick. As the favourite of the Lord, you have seen his true form the greatest number of times. I need you to hand this book to the Lord, and have Him see it.”

With Cyric having gone completely insane, even the pope’s words would fall on deaf ears. However, there were some other worshippers the Lord would listen to, and Merrick was one of them. The former merchant had rocketed through the church’s ranks, becoming a powerful phantom thief. At the same time, this had cemented his faith in Cyric. The pope believed his Lord was most likely to see the Book of Truth if Merrick delivered it.

“The future of the church is now in your hands!” The pope patted Merrick’s shoulders in encouragement, “Once our Lord reawakens, these thieving false gods will forever stay in the fallen river of the underworld, and wait for eternity.”

“Rest assured, Your Holiness. Even if I have to sacrifice my life I will complete this mission!” Merrick guaranteed. As if he had

found his calling at that moment, a mysterious force suddenly enveloped his body and allowed him to bristle with strength.

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In the Tree Castle.

Chester Potter was doing his best to resist the origin force lightning. His godfire had dimmed, seemingly about to go out soon.

However, a drop of gold had already been congealed, the runes of law combining into one as if nurturing something within. The droplet almost broke out of the ball of energy.

‘The six requirements to become a true god: divinity, the godfire and divine spark, divine force, the divine domain, divine essence, and a divine kingdom. Chester already has three of the six, and all he’s lacking right now are the domain, essence, and divine kingdom...’ Leylin continued looking over the region as the A.I. Chip’s light flashed in his eyes, storing the valuable information from the experiment.

In fact, if Chester Potter managed to obtain his divine domain today, he would have turned into a true god already. Establishing a divine kingdom was a painstaking process, and without a semi-plane already in hand one would need several hundreds of years to build one from scratch. Thus, the world viewed beings with godfire as demigods, and those with divine domains as true gods.



Only true gods had the right to form a divine kingdom, accepting the souls of their worshippers to form a sturdy fort.

“Lord Chester Potter... We pray that you hold the world in your hands, and your throne high up above the skies...” The prayers grew softer and fainter.

Chester Potter roared and his godfire blazed, almost forming the energy ball that would represent his divine domain.

‘Using the power of faith to hasten comprehension of laws... This is how things work in the World of Gods...’ Leylin sighed. The process was quicker than normal, but it also had its drawbacks. ‘Moreover, one law can only be enjoyed by a single entity. The other gods in the domain of massacres will immediately become Chester’s enemies...’

Roar! Seeing that Chester had a chance to succeed, Malar took action immediately. He unleashed his powerful massacre domain, one tempered by time. Even if Malar was a beast god, so many years of accumulation had given him greater comprehension of massacres than Chester Potter had.

Crash! Rumble! Boom! The origin force lightning was about to dissipate, but it converged once more. This time, there were even streaks of crimson within the lightning, carrying the power of massacres.

‘This is massacre lightning, an attack by Malar...’ Leylin sighed upon seeing this scene. Chester would definitely be done for if he

and the other demigods did not help. A false god just couldn't resist true divine might, even if that might came from a lesser god.

Malar wanted to let Chester bring out his law of slaughter and steal it, but many gods had fixed their attention on this area so he attacked immediately.

Leylin had felt several powerful divine conscients eyeing the place, several familiar auras among them. The group of false gods had huddled up together in front of these powerful presences, masking their presence. No one would jump out to save Chester at this point.

Despair appeared on Chester's face before the crimson lightning hit, and his godfire dimmed.

"Chester Potter!" "Chester Potter!" "Chester Potter! We will be forever with the Lord, and live together with you!" The vengeful spirits on the ground grew even larger in number, and they reached out their bloody hands and grabbed Chester Potter's body.

These crazed spirits had enough hatred to cause a demigod to fall. Over time, their pulling force had turning into a whirlpool, consuming Chester Potter within.

"Argh...Noooo..." The maniacal roar of despair did not overturn Chester Potter's fate. He was dragged away by the spirits from his divine spark, and grew even further from his divine domain. Finally, a streak of crimson lightning struck the drop of gold.

Rumble! The lightning wreaked destruction, and the golden barrier that protected the divine spark dissipated to reveal the content within. A dark golden flame within flickered out.

Rumble! Chester Potter who had lost his silhouette, and his true body was exposed to the lightning. The vengeful spirits around him were turned to dust as it struck.

“Chester Potter! Come with us!” “Come with us...” Even if they had been destroyed by the lightning, there were no pain seen on these vengeful spirits’ faces. Instead, glee had filled their expressions.

Once the lightning demolished his body, Chester’s soul was exposed, seeming extremely pale and weak.

“Come with us...” These vengeful spirits moaned, and bloody hands dragged this soul into the underworld.

“Argh...Nooo...” Chester Potter’s final plea of sorrow caused even the gods that were watching to tremble. He would become one of the vengeful spirits of the underworld, entering its darkest depths. Tens of thousands of souls would chew and feed on him until the end of the world...

A violent gale suddenly whistled past, and the ominous clouds disappeared to leave Schliff and the other worshippers gaping in disbelief.

“My Lord... Chester Potter...” Schliff muttered, and immediately wept. The other worshippers were also filled with distraught, and some even wished to commit suicide.

These survivors would not meet with a good end. After confirming that the false god had fallen, the paladins and Helm’s knights charged forward and killed these evil zealots.

# Chapter 1121 - Unrest

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“Tsk... Chester really is pitiful...” Ukekelu, the lion-bodied demigod, shook his head.

“If my ascension fails, I won’t end up any differently either...” A mass of black mud issued this thought, but while the demigods continued their discussion a rain of blood enveloped the Tree Castle. Any survivors believed to worship Chester Potter were sent to burn at the stake.

On the other hand, Schliff faced much better treatment. His head had been chopped off directly by a legendary paladin.

Leylin looked around and asked, “How is it, everyone? After witnessing this scene, what do you think of my idea?”

“With the obstruction of a true god, our chances of advancing will definitely be reduced... Your suggestion is worth considering...”

“I’ll answer you before the time limit.”

The other false gods gave a reply one after another.

“Very well. I believe that, as long as we work towards a common goal, becoming true gods isn’t just a wild hope for us. We’ll definitely succeed!”

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Once the other demigods left, Leylin looked towards the forest with an imposing look.

‘Vengeful spirits will arise during ascension, causing a tide of pollution...’ Although Chester Potter’s situation was a unique case, Leylin did not completely overrule the possibility of the same happening to himself.

‘Experimental results show that negative energy easily attracts such mutations, and also results in powerful magnetic fields that distort space...’ He stroked his chin.

If one spoke of karma, Leylin’s kill count almost equalled that of the Poison Scorpion. Even in the World of Gods alone, the number of people who had fallen at his hands was an astronomical figure. Countless natives had fallen at his hands, and numerous high-ranked Professionals. If even 1% of those vengeful spirits moved during his ascension, it would land him in a very tricky situation.

‘I need to thoroughly bid farewell to my past before I ascend? Moreover, only true gods of the World of Gods can bear the weight of the vengeful spirits...’ His understanding of deities had increased.

‘That’s not everything I gained from today,’ Leylin’s eyes shone, ‘The descend of the World Will allowed me to distinguish between the strengths of the different camps. Malar was a live example, the same kind of thing will definitely happen to me!’

Chester Potter could be called a test subject for Leylin's own situation. The A.I. Chip had gathered a lot of valuable information from this live experiment, information that would be vital to Leylin's advancement.

‘Once all the preparations are complete, I shall immediately return and ascend!’ Desire and thirst revealed themselves in Leylin's eyes, and his confidence peaked. Who other than him could start the war on the gods once more?

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‘May your soul be at peace.’ Rafiniya prayed silently inside the Baron's household. Those that had survived the sacrifice sympathised with evil and there was no need to let them off. She'd undertaken the task, purging the entire residence with her holy sword.

Rafiniya felt like her own heart had been stirred up by that bloody altar. Twenty thousand innocents had died, and even their corpses hadn't been spared. Their only remnants were traces of wetness and ripped clothing.

‘Those evil and false gods are the greatest stain on the cause of justice!’ Rafiniya felt a burning flame within her chest, about to break out of her body.

“Holy Knight!” A priest of Tyr ran over, bringing over a mirror of water. An image formed on the mirror, showing an old priest that

resembled a warrior. The man had a kindly face and thick eyebrows, his expression filled with determination.

“Cardinal!” Rafiniya immediately saluted to the old man. Her actions weren’t just due to a difference in status and strength, instead a respect born from her heart.

“Rafiniya! I’ve learnt that the false god has been eliminated. You’ve done well,” the cardinal praised.

“All is due to the Lord’s protection. Under the guidance of our Lord, those evil and false gods only received their just punishment.” Rafiniya pursed her lips, seeming very obstinate.

Seeing this scene, a kind smile surfaced on the Cardinal’s face. He then turned serious, “Rafiniya, I have another task for you.”

“Please.” Rafiniya did not want this tragedy to repeat itself. She was in a hurry to set off, slicing the evil zealots apart to save innocent civilians.

“Very well,” A trace of unwillingness appeared within the elderly cardinal’s eyes as he looked at Rafiniya’s current state, but he soon suppressed it. “A number of demigods backed the resurrection and frenzy of the Poison Scorpion Church this time...”

The cardinal’s face was exceptionally serious, bemoaning the state of the universe and pitying the fate of mankind.



“These false gods greatly disrupt the peace of the continent. The Lord has decreed that we investigate the parties involved in this incident, and work together with the other churches to eliminate those false gods.”

“As the Lord wills.” Rafiniya knelt down on one knee and agreed. “Where am I to investigate?”

“The southern seas, Debanks Island. Specifically, the Giant Serpent Church.” The moment the cardinal revealed her destination, Rafiniya’s body quivered.

The cardinal spoke slowly, “I know you had a good relationship with that demigod wizard. If you’re unwilling—”

“No! I accept this task.” The Holy Knight looked up, incomparable resolution on her face.

“It is true that Leylin and I were friends. However, he’s threatening the peace of the continent! It’s my duty as his friend to pull him off the wrong path!”

“What if he exceeds his limits?” the cardinal asked indifferently.

“In that case, I shall end his mistakes once and for all.” Rafiniya’s body radiated justice with her reply.

“Very well! The Lord has seen your determination!” The cardinal nodded in satisfaction, stopping communications.

“Holy Knight Rafiniya! The cardinal commanded us to follow you.” A team of powerful paladins and priests approached Rafiniya. This was only the investigation team. Once she sent confirmation, high-ranked legendaries and even gods’ avatars would be dispatched there.

“I didn’t expect us to end up like this, Leylin...” Rafiniya looked towards the setting sun, faint regret in her eyes. She seemed to recall their first meeting, a time when both of them were of similar strength. Leylin had shaken her off quickly, becoming a high-ranked wizard, then a legendary and ultimately a demigod. She could only watch his distant back, unable to even shadow him.

‘I’m so stupid! Really, with his thirst for power and his attitude of safety over principles, it should’ve been clear from the start that we’d end up on opposite sides!’ Rafiniya withdrew her sword, the regret replaced with resolution. ‘You have your path, and I shall insist on mine. From this day forth, we are enemies!’

The Holy Knight pointed her longsword towards the south, setting into an unshakeable determination, “Let’s set off. Our target is in Debanks Island, the Giant Serpent Church!”

A large number of mounted troops filed out of the Tree Castle, leaving dust on the road.

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“Romese!” Helm’s avatar called out to his own cardinal in

another camp.

“My Lord! You are the guardian and defender of the true gods...” Romese knelt down, his face full of sincerity.

“Although we won this time, things won’t remain so simple...” The avatar’s eyes shone with foresight.

“Head towards the south, and assist the troops of justice in eliminating the Giant Serpent Church entirely.” Helm decreed, “The church will exert pressure as needed on the coastal nation, having them form a sea expedition.”

“I understand! Your will is my command!” Romese respectfully agreed, but great shock entered his heart. ‘Not hesitating to gather secular forces in an expedition? This breaks custom... Has our opponent reached such a terrifying level?’

The church and state had certain tacit understanding. This action would throw the gods’ might around the secular world; such an action would attract a great deal of negativity.

There was only one reason Helm would shoulder this— the danger of allowing the Giant Serpent Church to continue developing greatly exceeded the danger royalty posed towards them. It could even threaten Helm himself!

Having thought of this, Romese suddenly felt the weight of the task that had been placed on his shoulders...

The situation in the continent hadn't calmed after the Poison Scorpion Church was eliminated, instead growing even more strange. Numerous demigods began to stir, and dense clouds began to shroud the prime material plane. It was in such a turbulent environment that Rafiniya's party arrived in the southern seas.

# Chapter 1122 - Rebellion

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Faulen Island.

Rafiniya had a nostalgic expression on her face as she stepped onto the dock once more. The last time she'd come here, it was to congratulate Leylin on advancing to the legendary realm. She'd then entreated him to take part in the operations of the Silverymoon Alliance in the north.

It seemed like that had happened just yesterday. However Rafiniya clearly knew that nothing was the same as before.

"There's news, my Lady. All transport to Debanks Island has stopped." A paladin arrived by Rafiniya's side.

"I've seen them," Rafiniya looked at Port Venus. The originally flourishing port had now become rather desolate. With the loss of the hugely important Debanks Island, a majority of the ships had left. There were only two or three boats here, a rather pitiful scene.

"They've pulled back their forces, did they discover something?" Rafiniya gritted her teeth, "Even if we have to find our own ships, we must hurry onwards to Debanks Island!"

Bang! Just at this moment, the earth suddenly shook beneath them. The skies rippled with a powerful aura and turned dark.

“What’s happening?” “Help!” The port was in an uproar.

Rafiniya looked in the direction of Debanks Island with an experienced gaze. Strong origin force undulations were spreading from that location, and faint sounds of prayer could be heard even here. Her expression grew grave, ‘Too late!’

In the next moment, origin force from ascension spread towards them. It wasn’t only from the southern seas, gods seemed to be ascending everywhere. Rafiniya’s face paled instantly in response.

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Within the swamp, many natives had come together and knelt in prayer. “Ukekelu... Almighty Ukekelu, you are our master...” The power of faith converged into a sweeping tide, completely enveloping the sphinx.

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A clump of murky mud suddenly spread across the grasslands, expanding to the size of several cities as sparks of golden flame began to seep out from its body.

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Rumble! The tremor of origin force spread across the multiverse in a moment. Many gods turned their gazes to the prime material plane, shock clear in their eyes.

“So many demigods are ascending...” “This is a conspiracy!”

Many divine wills flowed together in the void. News of this activity even spread to the demons and devils.

Many leading existences of the World of Gods focused their attention on the prime material plane, hoping to preserve themselves or gain something from this occasion.

In the outer planes, Mystra’s avatar arrived outside a divine kingdom filled with divine light.

“Mystra, I’ve waited a long time for you to come!” Origin force roared outside the divine kingdom, congealing into an elderly warrior who had lost both his eyes.

“We have another slip-up in our plans. Elminster had stayed in hiding and not acted all this time, but now he has already begun his ascension to become a true god...” Mystra was very gloomy, “And with that demigod’s ascension, great changes have occurred in the path of fate.”

“You still care about that prophecy?” Tyr straightened his back, “In this world, only justice and fairness can be eternal.”

“The snake that will destroy the world...” Mystra’s wry smile soon grew serious again, “I have never before felt as I do now, that his footsteps are imminently drawing closer and closer...”

Tyr could not overlook the powerful premonitions of so great a god. He grew silent, and the divine kingdom nearby seemed to grow suffocated as well, “It’s not so easy to ascend to godhood. Since that person is ascending in the domain of massacre, he’ll suffer great hostility from Malar and Cyric...”

“Let’s wait and see. My premonition is far from reassuring...” Mystra looked into the distance. Her starlike eyes seemed to cut through everything, and see directly into the future.

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The ninth level of hell, Nessus.

“Father!” The current ruler of Malbolge, the Erinyes Queen Glasya who possessed unimaginable charm, bowed in front of an old devil.

Having entered the realm of laws herself, Glasya could sense the incomprehensibly formidable power that Asmodeus possessed. In spite of the primordial contract in his hands giving him natural authority over Baator, the other Archdevils had been resisting his rule. However, his innate control could not be changed...

“I sense the undulations of Baator’s origin force...” Asmodeus took the form of a mountainous devil, his black goat horns slightly pointed and his eyes filled with immeasurably profound evil.



“A Lord of Baator is currently trying to ascend to godhood.” Asmodeus’ words made Glasya cry out in shock.

“Ascension? Who? Which devil dares to renounce.... Hmm? Don’t tell me it’s the Lord of Dis...” Glasya’s thoughts seemed to turn very quickly to the ruler of Dis. Leylin was still a mystery to her.

Of course, after many years of investigations, Leylin’s true identity was not a secret to the Lords of Baator. They had even formed a unanimous pact and set plans to invade and overturn Dis in motion. Had Leylin not left Baator to reside permanently in the prime material plane, he would perhaps have been ambushed and killed already, his authority divided up among the other lords.

“Baator was never his goal... He pursues only the everlasting radiance of godhood...” Asmodeus said with great accuracy.

Asmodeus had to thank Leylin. The demigod had been a conspicuous target to date, attracting considerable ire that let his own plots play themselves out in the shadows. Asmodeus hadn’t attracted any violence yet.

With Leylin’s ‘contributions’, Asmodeus would have been willing to spend some time crafting a devil’s form for him if he wished to completely depend on Baator in the future. He would even bestow a false reputation and glory upon him. However, all of this had now changed.

“The integration of a god and a ruler of hell will no doubt give

rise to many unimaginable consequences...” A poisonous worm crawled out from Asmodeus’ beard, and was tossed into his mouth. The Archdevil’s evil eyes were filled with resolution, “We need to overthrow the Lord of Dis, and sever his ties with Baator.”

“The pit fiend Azlok is ruling over Dis in his place right now, and is quite satisfied with his current positions. Even if we use the people we placed amongst their ranks and add the power of the other Lords, it’ll still be difficult to topple his rule. Even if he isn’t a true devil,” Glasya bit down on a scarlet lip, “I need a lot more time...”

The Erinyes Queen had taken several thousands of years to seize Malbolge, accumulating a large rebel army in secret before taking advantage of the upheaval in the Second Hell to succeed. Had she not first stripped the Hag Countess of her origin force and forced her out of the realm of laws, she wasn’t likely to be the final victor.

That showed the power a Lord of Baator held over their subordinates. However, Leylin being human caused many devils to feel dissatisfied, and his rule hadn’t been too long either. It wasn’t a particularly favourable situation for him.

“No buts! Go and notify Mammon and the others. I’ll need their help to overthrow Dis. Even if we have to leave Avernus for it and give them that authority, I’m fine with it. You’ll be in charge of accepting and signing the contract,” Asmodeus flipped through his enormous tome of contracts before tearing out a piece of black parchment.

“Understood!” Glasya accepted the agreement. She saw her

father's resolution, and knew that with Asmodeus' wisdom and foresight in addition to her decisiveness, their interests in Leylin could not be held back.

‘An existence which my father is willing to sacrifice profit to defeat, what sort of schemer is he? I really look forward to this, haha...’ Devils were a bunch of fast-moving creatures, especially when it came to the formalities of contracts.

In order to save time, Asmodeus had even directly opened up the network of authority, allowing several Lords of Baator to contact their moles in Dis.

The entirety of Dis was soon embroiled in war. Powerful explosions resounded, as armies of armed devils rushed forth to burn the Iron City. Their primary target was the official residence of the highest-ranking devils, the core of the city's rule—the Iron Tower!

At this moment, pit fiend Azlok was surveying the scene of the city with taunting eyes.

“Mm, Dir, Modiklo and Hessas, all of you betrayed us...” Looking at his city falling into enemy hands, Azlok's expression did not hold the slightest trace of regret and or rage. He looked at these devil rebel armies as if he was looking at a bunch of clowns.

“You lot have never tasted our master Kukulkan's power...” Azlok turned and moved to a conference hall, where the old devil that Leylin had subdued appeared.

“Haha, all the preparations are complete. We have our people guarding all the nodes, the devil hunters are all in position!” Borke cackled, radiating primordial evil. His power caused even Azlok’s heart to skip a beat. Only Leylin with his superior power and plots could subdue such a creature.

“Very good, let’s go out and receive them! I’m impatient to see the despair on those traitors’ faces, haha...” Devils were most fond of using schemes to get rid of those more powerful than them.

“I can’t wait either!” The old devil followed behind Azlok like a butler, and they slowly left the Iron Tower.

Many great devil armies had already surrounded the region around the Iron Tower, held back by their fear of the tower’s defences. They were late in mounting their offensive.

# Chapter 1123 - Shock

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Seeing Azlok and Borke walk out, the traitorous devils all took a step back.

“Surrender, Azlok. You don’t have to work so hard for the sake of an outsider!” A pit fiend dressed in barbed black armour stood out, “We’re backed by the Lords of Baator, including Supreme Asmodeus himself. This is the will of the Nine Hells!”

“Even the Nine Hells must submit to our master!” Borke stepped forward, emanating vile, devilish soul light.

“This... Primordial power... Who exactly are you?” The pit fiends were stunned. This old devil was almost as strong as the Supreme.

“Keke... My name’s long since been buried in the long and deep river of history. On the other hand, you shall become the dust and decay of yesteryear... You shall be buried in history, remembered as foolish and inferior...” Borke snickered, and a terrifying wave of origin force suddenly descended upon Dis, accompanied by some unresigned, enraged howls.

“It’s beginning!” Borke and Azlok exchanged a glance and knelt down, beginning to pray.

“Our master, Kukulkan. You are the master of Baator, the Nine Hells. You are the Lord of all devils, the personification of order, the speaker for evil. You are the maker of laws and rules, holding power and authority!”

“Our master, Kukulkan. You control the power of massacre. The blood and terror of your enemies shall turn into your strength. Death shall accompany you wherever you go. You are the master of the end!”

“Our master, Kukulkan! Your will extends across the earth. Your divine kingdom shall protect our souls, and the souls of all your worshippers shall gain new life within!”

“Our master, Kukulkan! Your name shall become sacred. May your throne remain tall and turn into the stars in the skies!”

“This is... an ascension ceremony! A Lord of Baator is about to become a god!” Dir, Modiklo, Hessas and the other pit fiends all exclaimed at this moment.

The slight sounds of prayers could be heard from all directions. All the devils that Leylin had subdued now knelt piously, their fervent prayers gradually filling the entirety of Dis with a holy golden lustre.

Horridifying origin force howled out, and with the zealous power of faith crossed the obstruction of space and dimensions to arrive in the prime material plane.

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Debanks Island.

At this moment, all the natives had abandoned whatever they were doing. Those of higher status gathered at churches, while the rest turned to statues or even the sky to pray.

“Our master, Kukulkan! You are the protector of natives. We natives exist because of you. You lord over our souls and protect us after death in your heavenly kingdom. Your name shall become holy amongst all natives!”

“Our master, Kukulkan. You control the power of massacre. The blood and terror of your enemies shall turn into your strength. Death shall accompany you wherever you go. You are the master of the end!”

“Our master, Kukulkan! Your name shall become sacred. May your throne remain tall and turn into the stars in the skies!”

For some reason, all the natives felt a hot rush in their hearts that they could not get rid of. Only praying allowed them to feel peace. The prayers that were similar yet different from those in Baator grew louder and louder, until they were suffused with the faith of the world to gather in the capital of the Faulen Empire.

Upon the holy mountain, the skies were already filled with terrifying dark clouds. Lightning flashed and thunder boomed from inside, as if numerous thunder dragons were roaring out from within. Golden power of faith converged to form a funnel, pushing all this power right on top of the holy mountain into the shrine Leylin was in.

This was just the start, and the intense whistling of origin force far exceeded how things had gone with Chester Potter. Tiff and Isabel stood together outside the headquarters of the Giant Serpent Church, gazing up at the origin force lightning above them. There was a look of obvious worry on their faces.

“Ascension... Our master has the accumulation of faith from an entire empire. He definitely will succeed!” Tiff’s eyes showed a crazed fervour. Over all these years of serving him, he’d developed an absolute trust in his god.

“With his accumulation of divine force, I’m not worried even with the backlash from origin force and malicious spirits...” Fine dragon scales appeared on Isabel’s body, emanating the aura of an ancient dragon. This was a form ready for battle at any time. “What I’m worried about is him being targeted by those gods...”

““Whatever it is, we will serve as a fort for our master, firm and solid!”” Tiff looked solemn, speaking in unison with a circle of powerful members of the clergy.

“Be it god or devil, anyone who wants to interrupt the ceremony will have to do it over my dead body!” Isabel gripped the Red Dragon Sword’s hilt tightly, the look of resolution in her eyes like ice that would never thaw.

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WHOOSH! The origin force lightning in the sky seemed to have



reached the limit of what could be amassed. With what sounded like the enraged roars of primordial dragons, the sounds of explosions seemed to tear the skies apart.

Rumble! The roof of the shrine was cut through. If Leylin hadn't sent a decree to evacuate the slaves and weaker clergymen, there would've been heavy casualties in the Giant Serpent Church.

The lightning, with all its boundless destructive force, was stopped by a golden palm. Numerous prayers had formed a surge of faith that lingered around Leylin's godly body.

"All these years of planning... Today is the day they come to fruition!" Leylin floated in the skies, dazzling golden light emanating from all parts of his body. Golden godfire revealed itself, using massive amounts of divine force to resist the heavenly lightning.

Numerous chains of laws flickered around Leylin. Pure runes of massacre were already beginning to enter the godfire unceasingly, terrifying power that only belonged to true gods growing within.

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ROAAAAR! In the hunter's wasteland that was Malar's divine kingdom, the main body of the God of the Hunt began to howl. The ape could sense that someone was eyeing its massacre domain, that thief that had once stolen its divinity!

Malar left his divine kingdom without hesitation, moving towards the boundary of the prime material plane.

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“Another false god eyeing our master’s domain!”

Deep inside the marshes and ravines, within in the headquarters of the God of Murder’s church. An aged pope rapidly turned red, and even began coughing out large amounts of blood, “Let them work on their own...”

He feebly waved his arms, his crooked body seeming to hold an endless amount of fatigue. The pope stared at the statue of Cyric, eyes holding a last bit of hope.

“Our master still has yet to respond at all... Hopefully Merrick can get the Book of Truth to him as soon as possible, or challengers like these will only increase in number in the future...”

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On Debanks Island, Leylin now reached a critical moment in his ascension.

Rumble! Rumble! Destructive lightning rained down, dying out to large amounts of divine force.

“The Feathered Serpent God, Kukulkan!”

“Our master, Kukulkan... who exists with us!”

“Who exists with us...”

In the meanwhile, a river of death formed that extended through multiple worlds. Numerous illusory souls crawled out of the river, holding the power of blood and vengeance. They tried to contaminate Leylin’s pure body.

These vengeful spirits were mostly natives, and Isabel could even recognise high-ranked Professionals who had died at Leylin’s hand. Even the late demigods of the native empire were here!

“A divine soul is the sublimation of a life form. Before this can happen, it is necessary to put an end to all sins of the past...” Tiff mumbled.

Numerous vengeful spirits pounced forth, pulling at Leylin’s holy lustre with hands stained with fresh blood. It was like they were trying to put out his godfire.

The origin force lashed back with lightning, and these vengeful spirits shot forth with hatred. If a demigod could not hold up, they would end up like Chester Potter, pulled down to the depths of the underworld to be tortured for eternity.

With the number of lives Leylin had taken, the backlash and

hatred were abnormally terrifying, exceeding the destruction wrought on the average demigod significantly.

However, just as Tiff and Isabel were starting to feel their hearts clench in fear, Leylin made his move!

“I am the master of the law of massacres. All of your pain shall become my power!!” He suddenly took a step forward, his powerful massacre domain quickly spreading out. Bloody light radiated out, and the vengeful spirits’ cries disappeared. Hundreds of thousands had been absorbed instantly, forming Leylin’s strength.

“Even if enemies that have died can be revived, none can escape the fate of death once more!” Leylin seemed to be chanting a prayer, at the same time making a prediction. Even the spirits of the demigods paled with terror, and they were immediately annihilated alongside all the other powerful enemies Leylin had killed in the World of Gods.

Lightning dissipated in the skies, and the vengeful spirits of the Styx seemed to lose all their strength in front of their master. Tiff and Isabel clenched their fists in anticipation, this was a moment they would never forget in their lives!

The godfire stabilised, surging with the power of laws.

[Beep! Host is beginning ascension. Being amplified by power of faith, comprehending law of massacre!]

[Beep! Host's comprehension of the law of massacres is at 67% ... 80%...]

The A.I. Chip's prompts were refreshed continuously.

The laws of the World of Gods were different from the Magus World, and the gods could use faith to comprehend laws. The process of solidifying one's divine domain was, in fact, the process of comprehending that law. Leylin obviously would not let this hard-to-come-by opportunity slip past him. Great amounts of divine will rushed forth as he recorded all his realisations about massacre.

Boom! Boom! At this moment, the power of the Weave went berserk above Debanks Island. Mystra's figure revealed itself, dressed in splendid clothing. Tyr's avatar showed itself as well, holding a large blade with both hands. The avatars of two greater gods had arrived here, and they obviously harboured terrible intentions.

Some demigods obtained favour from certain gods. During their ascension, these gods would especially show themselves via their avatars and protect them. However, Mystra and Tyr were obviously not about to do this.

# Chapter 1124 - True God

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A huge monster made of sludge roared out over the spacious grasslands, a small godfire emerging to meet the pale-white lightning in the sky. Bolts of lightning crashed down like raindrops, the power of annihilation they carried destroying the surrounding landscape.

Ooo! The silhouette of the river of death appeared once more, and vengeful spirits reached out towards the monster with their bloody hands, climbing on top of its body to pull it down into the underworld.

“No!” The monster released a loud roar, and its godfire burst forth. However, its divine spark was eventually extinguished. Losing its divinity, the monster’s body was dragged down into the Styx, and it completely disappeared...

The southern swamp.

“Lord Ukekelu!” “Ukekelu!”

With the pious prayers of numerous worshippers, the lion-bodied demigod Ukekelu managed to survive the thunderstorm and the resentment of the vengeful spirits. Twisted runes of law gradually formed within his godfire, about to propel his breakthrough.

“You sinner! How dare you commit such heresy on my law of savagery?” A huge figure emerged in the sky just then, carrying the imposing aura of a true god. Scarlet lightning crashed into

Ukekelu's godfire, causing it to tremble. Space rippled at the edges of the divine spark, and power of law collided with the runes to form such chaos that it eventually just exploded.

"Damn that true god!" Ukekelu looked up into the skies, snarling and roaring as the radiance in his eyes gradually dimmed.

"My Lord... NOOO!" The priests on the ground bellowed, soon finding the divine power in their bodies ebbing like a tide. The suffering that came with such a thing was more painful than if all their bones had been pulled out.

"Pu!" All the members of the clergy spat out blood and fainted under the horrifying attack, while some of the old and weak met their deaths directly.

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In the skies above Debanks Island, the Goddess of the Weave and the God of Justice were standing side by side.

"Two of those false gods have been defeated by Gruumsh," Mystra said with conviction as she looked towards the horizon.

"In comparison the serpent's accumulation is terrifying. To directly overcome the vengeful spirits and the origin force... It looks like his comprehension of his law is extremely deep as well, and it won't be a problem for him to enter his divine domain..." Tyr looked at Leylin surrounded by origin force, the evil energy

making him furrow his brows. How had they not noticed this huge tumour that had been hidden in the prime material plane before?

“He’s currently protected by origin force, as a matter of law we cannot interfere...” However, Mystra faintly added another word to this statement, “Unless...”

“Unless it’s by a god in an identical domain, who can devour the power of law.” Tyr looked at the primate that appeared in the sky.

Malar’s avatar bellowed with rage, its huge claws pulling back as the law of massacre descended upon the World of Gods. It caused Leylin’s divine domain to grow unstable, and scarlet lightning struck his divine spark.

“This damned monkey. I’ll kill it one day!” Isabel suddenly gnashed her teeth in rage.

“We’re not strong enough yet to deal with the avatar of a true god...” Tiff held Isabel back, “However, it’s not a problem to deal with the rest.”

He hinted for Isabel to look down, and she saw some sneaky silhouettes lurking towards the holy mountain.

“Those damned things!” Isabel snarled as two huge draconic wings burst out of her back. Her transformation only took an instant before a legendary Dragon Warlock pounced towards the silhouettes. The land was bathed in a sea of blood.



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Leylin had sensed the lightning strike down on him from the sky.

“Malar,” he laughed coldly, “How could I forget you?” He’d seen the beast god use this move on Chester Potter but a short while ago, how could he not be prepared?

“It’s time to use you. Go!” Leylin’s hands suddenly opened up, and surging divine force mixed with the power of faith isolated the scarlet lightning for a moment. Leylin fished out a crystal ball with a huge amounts of blurry spirits inside it, directly transforming them into soul force that was absorbed by the godfire.

These spirits had been stored by Akaban, the emperor of the former Sakartes Empire. A small number of them had been used for tests in Baator, but now Leylin had cast most of them out. His godfire rumbled as it absorbed so many spirits, its power skyrocketing as a sparkling translucent crystal emerged, the depiction of his divine domain.

This crystal was flawless, a hint of blood to its colour indicating that it belonged exclusively to a God of Massacre.

“Such a pity. Malar is only a lesser god in the end. If Cyric was here, this demigod could only fall...” Mystra’s face was full of doubt, “Why exactly is Cyric sitting back and watching others take over his domain?”

“There’s no use guessing right now!” Tyr shouted from beside her, his huge sword in hand. “All we can do now is wait. The power of laws and the prime material plane will stop protecting him once he ascends, and he’ll be thrown out. A lesser god has nowhere to run facing my true body...” As a greater god, Tyr was confident in himself.

“That’s the only way,” Mystra sighed. Her heart was filled with anxiety, but she had no other choices.

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Leylin currently wasn’t in the mood to care about the outside world. Once the crystal appeared in his godfire, it commanded the entirety of his focus.

Buzz! The crystal radiated the power of laws, trembling as it fused together with the godfire back into Leylin’s divine body. It seemed tailor-made for him, no longer able to be split apart.

At the same time, Leylin saw a vision. A powerful god was screaming from within dark shadows, holding his head as a force instantly tore a crack into his throne of massacre.

The image faded quickly, replaced by the AI Chip’s prompt:

[Beep! Host has obtained the divine domain of massacres. Comprehension of the law of massacres has reached 100%.] [All

conditions have been met, host is now ascending...] [The host comprehension of Massacre rule: 100%! All the conditions have been met! Advancing true god!"] [Beep! Host has automatically been classified as a legendary priest. All spells unlocked.]

All of Leylin's followers seemed to sense something at this moment, their eyes brimming with tears of excitement as they started praying.

"Kukulcan, my Lord, you are the lord of our souls. You shall shelter us in your kingdom after death, for you are the ruler of all!"

"Kukulcan, my Lord, you wield the power of massacres. The death of your enemies shall bring you power, and you are the end of everything!"

"Kukulcan, my Lord, your will shall shape the earth. We wish for your throne to join the stars in the skies!"

Devout prayer spread across the prime material plane, followed by Baator, the Abyss, the heavens, and even the entire astral plane. Those of legendary might, devils, demons; they all shifted their attention to this location. A true god had been born, recognised by the world to stand at its peak!

If someone were to ascend to godhood, even if they fell the very next moment they would leave an indelible mark on the history of the World of Gods, one that would be hard to forget. Numerous existences saw this moment as an opportunity, making their

moves while Leylin was experiencing drastic changes to his body.

The terror of the law of massacre was enough to support a powerful god. Furthermore, Leylin hadn't comprehended the law step by step, instead having it all thrust upon him through faith and the power of the World Origin Force. It caused him to feel bloated in an instant as the terrifying energy mixed with faith was spreading around his body. If not for the divine body he already possessed, Leylin would have exploded due to the enormous force.

With such terrifying energy, his godfire and divine force seemed to fuse with his divine domain, ultimately forming a true god's body. In that split second, Leylin Faulen had entered the realms of rank 7 and become a true god!

Buzz! The whole world started to roar, and the space around Leylin began to shatter. The world was beginning to suppress him, the prime material plane unable to accommodate the body of a true god. It was urging him on, to move into the endless void and establish his divine kingdom.

'Establish a divine kingdom? I'm not that stupid!' With his ascension, Leylin had an understanding of the process of establishing his divine kingdom that was almost second nature. It was so much so that, with the favour of the origin force, the construction of his divine kingdom would far surpass normal domains and save a great amount of divine force.

However, two greater gods were waiting to ambush him the moment he left the protection of the prime material plane. Only a fool would choose to do so.

“Haha... Mystra, Tyr, I’m sorry to disappoint...” Leylin laughed wildly. This was only the tip of the iceberg.

“A divine kingdom? My choice is— here!” Leylin floated up into the sky, suddenly pointing towards Debanks Island. Golden divine force whizzed out, instantly surrounding the entire island and changing the laws of space and time within.

The sea origin force attracted during his advancement had yet to disperse, giving Leylin a large reserve of energy that allowed him to cause drastic changes to the large island.

Rumble! Earthquakes and tsunamis rocked Debanks Island, but all of Leylin’s worshippers were sheltered by golden divine force. Large traces of divine power caused many natives to start kowtowing in a frenzy.

# Chapter 1125 - Divine Kingdom

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“Has he gone crazy? He actually wants to build his divine kingdom in the prime material plane?” Mystra was flabbergasted.

“We can think about that later. Let’s leave now!” Tyr retreated very quickly, moving above the oceans in an instant. He distanced himself from the island that had been enveloped in golden light. The two greater gods were only here through avatars. If they recklessly entered Debanks Island which was in the midst of becoming a divine kingdom, the only outcome would be death.

Mystra retreated miserably as well, but Malar’s avatar had been trapped by the golden light of the divine kingdom. It was rapidly consumed, and could only release a final cry of anguish before it perished, boosting the creation of the divine kingdom.

Avatars themselves had been reduced to such a state, so the elites that had been sent their definitely met with misfortune. Even those with legendary strength were rendered as helpless as normal human beings, killed mercilessly by the holy crusade of Debanks Island.

Golden threads of law energy appeared in the void, forming an intricate pattern above Debanks Island that was a scene to behold. Now that Leylin could exercise his will in control of the law of massacre, he combined the threads of law into one that was meant for his divine kingdom.

“No, we can’t let him continue this! Let’s rally our troops

immediately, and transfer the units and paladins in the Silverymoon Alliance. No matter how high the price is, we have to kill him!" Mystra's voice had grown extremely shrill, "He's only building his divine kingdom right now, it will take but a few avatars to destroy it. If we give him time, I'm afraid..."

Tyr nodded his head solemnly, acknowledging Mystra's judgement, "Such pure evil should not be allowed to exist in this world!"

It took several hundreds of years to build a divine kingdom. Only after that could the realm be called a safe haven for its creator, amassing large numbers of elite troops and powerful Professionals. These places had holy spirits and valiant spirits, with such strength that even a greater god wouldn't want to engage in so large a battle.

Leylin's divine kingdom lacked the time it would need to strengthen him. Without enough worshippers, guardians, and spirits, as well as a lack of churches and spell formations and the weak foundation of laws, his defences were at their weakest right now.

What's more, once Leylin established his divine kingdom in the prime material plane, his true body would no longer be able to leave. He would have to remain there, stuck as a Saint.

Many gods had once chosen to descend into the prime material plane as Saints and Saintesses, but they had perished. A god in such a form was just a big gift to those powerful legendaries. Mystra had no doubt that Debanks Island would turn into a haven

for adventurers in the future.

If one managed to kill a true god, the god's divinity, divine domain, and all their accumulations would become their own. Even some demigods wouldn't be able to resist such temptation.

“He's seeking his own death!” Tyr concluded.

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‘Building my divine kingdom in the prime material is just courting death... Don't you think I know that already?’ Leylin mocked the thoughts of the two from within Debanks Island. He was almost done with his ascension now, but it wasn't quite done.

His many worshippers were praying, “Kukulkan, my Lord, your seat is royal and divine, like the stars in the skies!”

““Your seat is royal and divine, like the stars in the skies!””

Truth be told, even if all ascension ceremonies had this line in them that was merely a wish of the gods. The establishment of a divine kingdom wasn't something one could do overnight, not to mention that a throne among the stars. Such a thing would deplete several centuries of accumulation of a lesser god instantly!

However, Leylin was different. He'd still held onto the origin force sea that had helped him ascend, and he had a trump card.



“My ascension ceremony is far from being over!” Leylin exclaimed loudly, and the entirety of Debanks Island began to tremble. The light of the divine kingdom enveloped the entire region, separating the outside space from the island itself. The ocean separated from the land, and Debanks Island had turned into a semi-plane in an instant.

“A royal seat? How?” Mystra felt like all her knowledge and expertise with the divine had vanished today. She was unable to comprehend Leylin no matter how much she tried. ‘Even if he still has the origin force from his ascension, it’s definitely not enough!’

The World Origin Force began to surge wildly. The entirety of the southern seas roared as the miniature continent that was Debanks Island was removed from it. This was an extremely big chunk of the world being taken off the map, so the repercussions of such an act were unimaginable.

Of course, Leylin did not give a hoot about such things. If not for his limited divine powers, he would gladly remove the entire southern seas from the prime material plane. After all, the size of a divine kingdom was directly related to the power of its god.

At this moment, all intelligent creatures in the prime material plane noticed a brand new star shining atop the southern seas.

“This... is a royal seat! The evolution of a divine kingdom!” Many gasps sounded throughout the prime material plane.

However, they were soon replaced by cries of disbelief. Instead of rising up into the skies, this new star had actually fallen down! What did they just see?

“Haha... Why would I want to evolve it and enter the higher planes? I can do the same in the lower planes!” Leylin laughed maniacally. It was much easier to have his divine kingdom descend than rise

Of course, either option would require a great deal of energy for any other god, but Leylin was different. He had his authority as an Archdevil of Baator, and the doors of the Second Hell were forever open to him. With his status as the Lord of Dis, Baator would not reject the descent of his divine kingdom. Moreover, he could even use the power of Baator’s origin force to help his divine kingdom evolve at crucial times!

Indeed, Leylin’s goal had been the Second Hell of the Nine Hells. He’d made the entirety of Dis almost a part of his divine kingdom! If he combined Debanks Island with the Second Hell, it wouldn’t be far fetched to make the entire plane his divine kingdom!

With the unlimited space in Baator, and the laws of Dis alongside his divine kingdom, Leylin’s powers immediately surpassed that of lesser gods to enter the rankings of intermediate gods. His divine kingdom was equivalent to ones that intermediate gods would put painstaking effort into building!

At this point Asmodeus’ schemes and Mystra’s hostility could all be thrown to the sidelines. Dis would eventually become a strong fort for him.

“The destination is Baator. Let’s go!” A phantom of Leylin appeared in the skies. At the borders of the world, one could see the giant turn its head towards Baator.

Boom! A fist comprised of immense, endless origin force broke free of any obstructions posed by the prime material plane, beginning to sink down...

The Second Hell of Baator, Dis. The origin force of the world began to smoulder as an infinite power of law moved out to link with Debanks Island.

“Kukulkan, my Lord, you are the marshal of all devils, the Lord of Hell! The entirety of Dis shall become your divine kingdom!” In the innumerable space nodes within Dis, the devils that were dispatched from Debanks Island had begun to pray in unison.

Dis trembled violently, as if welcoming a newborn child. Many devils of Baator sensed the change, and began to turn uneasy. However, even the highest level of their hierarchy in the Lords of Baator couldn’t do a thing about it!

“NOO!” An extremely unwilling roar rang out from the Ninth Hell. The deep valley of Nessus was split open to reveal the massive body of a devil. This was the true body of Asmodeus, the Supreme of Baator. It had been recuperating from serious injuries all this while, leaving all matters to be taken care of by a clone.

Right now, however, Asmodeus could no longer tolerate Leylin’s

actions. He'd always wanted to unify the Nine Hells, and now that Leylin wanted to take the entirety of Dis for his own, never to leave, he couldn't stand it anymore.

A primordial contract appeared in Asmodeus' hands, causing the origin force of Baator to whistle in rage. His body expanded to nearly cover all of Baator, blocking the arrival of Leylin and his divine kingdom.

"I hereby invoke the primordial contract, exercising my right as the sole party allowed to collect souls. I have the authority to unify all of Baator. You, get lost!" As Asmodeus roared in rage, a massive wave of hell's energy surged towards Leylin.

"You pathetic existence! You want to stop me, a true god?" The same origin force congealed behind Leylin, "As the overlord of Dis, I now proclaim that Dis is no longer a level of Baator."

With Beelzebub's authority in hand, Leylin used it to the utmost. It took only a few moments for a huge chunk of the origin force behind Asmodeus to be ripped off.

"In my name as Kukulkan, Dis now has the authority to collect the souls of my worshippers. The primordial contract shall be rendered void!" Leylin immediately used his godhood to counter Asmodeus.

Asmodeus was aided by Baator because he had the authority to harvest souls on its behalf. Now, however, Leylin removed this right by law! Such an attack hurt Asmodeus even more than just

the loss of Dis.

“You actually dare...” Asmodeus seethed with venom.

“There’s no use in making any noises, get lost!” Dis rumbled, and Asmodeus’ figure immediately turned smaller. As Leylin activated the onslaught of his divine kingdom, the devil was sent flying back to Nessus.

Boom! Debanks Island had immediately merged with Dis, and radiated with a holy light!

# Chapter 1126 - Divine Domain

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“Kukulkan, my Lord, you are the Creator of Order, the Overlord of all Devils. You are the Wielder of Massacre, the Lord of Dis!”

Prayers resounded as the two planes experienced a perfect fusion. Leylin had prepared for this, remodelling Debanks Island to be similar to Dis so they could draw closer.

A golden glow spread across the former Second Hell. A large region around the middle of the Iron Tower in the middle of Dis had been evacuated, and Debanks Island fit into the place like a tile of a puzzle. The laws of the two began to blend together, eventually forming a divine kingdom that belonged to Leylin alone.

With the accumulated area of Dis, Leylin instantly overtook all lesser gods in the aspect of his divine kingdom. Golden light shrouded the heavens and the earth, and all of Leylin’s believers regardless of race obtained an enormous boost to their power.

On the other hand, the rebel armies were dumbfounded. Entire batches of their elites started to melt under the divine light, nourishing the growth of the divine kingdom.

“Haha... Dir, Modiklo and Hesas... Dis is now the Lord’s divine kingdom. Can you even run away now?” Azlok roared. With the power of the divine kingdom he was close to rank 7, and the other pit fiends couldn’t even unleash the strength of intermediate devils. They were easily tortured to death.

With his divine kingdom in tow, Leylin could suppress the rebellion with ease. In fact, just his subordinates were enough to settle this problem.

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“So he was also a Lord of Baator... We’ve failed completely this time...” Mystra laughed bitterly.

“The entirety of Dis as his divine kingdom, and an endless army of devils... He really is hard to handle...” That evil forces were thriving caused Tyr to furrow his brows. No matter how much thought he put into it, he never would have been able to guess Leylin’s plans. Even after Leylin’s success, his insane approach was still unbelievable.

“Such a large divine kingdom... Once it’s completely built up he’ll definitely be even harder to kill...” Mystra sighed. “With such resources, even as a lesser god I’m afraid his power is—”

“He’s started to raise his divine essence,” Tyr interrupted at that instant, causing Mystra to calm down and begin sensing the movements in Dis.

Divine essence was the proof of a god’s strength. To an extent, it was even more important than their position in their domain, giving them their divine rank. Some ordinary true gods, if they accumulated divine essence the moment they advanced, would just be jokes at divine rank o.

To be at divine rank 1 just as one advanced to become a lesser god could be considered very good, while rank 2s and 3s were rare geniuses. Of course, this didn't count those like Cyric, who had the fortune to inherit the divinity of powerful gods. Those were special cases, and could not be compared to the rest.

“He's begun... Did he break through to rank 3 directly? He really is a genius!” Just as Mystra was speaking, the two gods' eyes suddenly bulged.

They sensed Leylin's divine rank rising rapidly, not slowing in the slightest after he reached rank 3. He broke through rank 4 and 5, slowing down only when he reached rank 6. He'd become rank 7 in a flash.

“Divine rank 7, near the peak of the lesser gods... His talent is really—” Tyr laughed bitterly.

“No, it's still rising!” However, Mystra's face changed. She sensed Leylin still growing after rank 7, breaking through to rank 8 before he stopped. He was now at the pinnacle of lesser gods!

“Divine rank 8, the pinnacle of the lesser gods... Just one level away from being an intermediate god... He's a monster! A monster!”

Tyr and Mystra discovered that they had nothing else to say. One's divine rank represented their power, and was the most direct way of determining a god's battle capability. Those upto



rank 8 were lesser gods, 9-17 were intermediate gods, and those at 18 and above were categorised as greater gods.

The higher one's rank, the greater their power. As well, the abilities their divine spark granted them also grew more terrifying. Leylin was currently at the pinnacle of lesser gods, only one breakthrough away from being an intermediate god!

.....

Leylin was currently focused on his own transformation, the A.I. Chip frantically updating his status as many prompts surfaced.

[Beep! Host has ascended to godhood, divine rank 8.] [Beep! Host is affected by divinity, all primary stats +8.] [Beep! Arcanist rank has been supplemented by divine rank, level +8. Host is currently a rank 35 arcanist.] [Beep! Host has obtained the divine abilities— Warp Reality, Epic Massacre.]

Leylin instantly felt his own power evolve greatly. Unlike the rest of the astral plane, even one stat point in the World of Gods caused a drastic change. Even those with powerful divine force only had their stats floating around the fifties.

“No wonder demigods can't contend with true gods... So advancing causes such terrifying changes...” Leylin muttered.

[Host attributes have changed, refreshing status.]

The A.I. Chip soon projected the new statistics to Leylin. His status had experienced a heaven-rending change, and the new additions due to his godhood attracted his attention.

[Leylin Faulen:

Race: Human(Lesser God).

Divine Name: Kukulkan, the God of Massacre.

Alignment: Lawful Evil.

Divine Domain: Massacre.

Divine Kingdom: Dis.

Divine Rank: 8.

Worshippers: Natives, Devils, Adventurers, Clerics.

Worshipper Alignments: True Neutral, Neutral Evil, Lawful Evil.

Arcanist Rank: 35. Strength: 29. Agility: 29. Vitality: 29. Spirit: 29. Arcane Energy: 350. Divine Force: 800. Status: Healthy.

Feats: Herculean Strength, Master of Knowledge, Dreamscape Vision, Epic Adaptability.

Divine Feats: Origin Force Detection, Arcane Art Amplification, Illusions.

Divine Abilities: Warp Reality, Epic Massacre]

“There’s a separate divine name?” Leylin’s eyes stopped at his divine name for a moment. He’d chosen that instead of his original name because of some plans for the future.

Skimming through his new status, Leylin’s attention fell to the abilities granted by his divine spark. The A.I. Chip showed him the explanations of the two:

[Warp Reality: Anything can be changed in the presence of a god. Host can consume divine force to change the laws in the material planes, Hell, Heaven, the Abyss, and even hostile divine kingdoms. Range is limited by divine rank.] [Epic Massacre: Host can obtain divine force by conducting massacres. Any gods killed by the host’s true body will have their divine spirits thoroughly exterminated.]

Although the explanations were simple, they caused Leylin to suck in a cold breath, ‘Such formidable powers of massacre, this is what true gods rely on!’

Even though he’d skipped right to the peak of lesser godhood, Leylin didn’t have the slightest amount of doubt. After all, a god’s strength was directly connected to their divine kingdom.

Take Avernus for example, the First Hell. There were two gods within it, the God of Kobolds Kurtulmak and the God of the Sahuagin Sekolah. Still, a vast region of it remained unoccupied. Leylin, on the other hand, had swallowed the entirety of the Second Hell, the lands he possessed far surpassing the two

combined.

Moreover, he had built a perfect divine kingdom without having to waste the slightest amount of divine force, and this in spite of only being a lesser god. Even compared to the gods, the word genius wasn't enough to describe him. Instead, he befit the title of monster!

With the sheer size of Dis, Leylin didn't have to spend much effort perfecting his divine kingdom. He'd even acquired a great number of devil hunters. Besides, he himself had advanced to the peak of lesser gods, with abundant divine force.

More importantly, the cards he had prepared for his ascension had been hidden away, and not all of them had been revealed.

'This is much better than what I anticipated. The worst case scenario didn't come into play.' Leylin had been prepared to reveal his identity as a Magus if worse came to worst, falling out with the gods and killing Mystra directly as he restarted the Final War. Right now, however, time stood on his side. He could spend his time accumulating power, to great effect once the war did come back.

'It's not good to leave my cards hidden... I should at least reveal my power and determination!' Resolution flashed across Leylin's eyes, and Thultanthar glowed with a chilly radiance inside his semi-plane. It was like a ferocious ancient beast, ready to devour its prey.

All of Dis was now under Leylin's control, having become his divine kingdom. Just a thought caused space to flicker as a few silhouettes appeared in front of him.

"My Lord!" Two devil hunters saluted obediently the moment they saw him.

"Tiff!" Leylin instead called out to his pope, "You shall spread my glory around the world."

Leylin waved his hands, and a surge of divine power gushed out of them. A golden radiance fell upon Tiff's body, and the original papal symbol that was a demigod weapon cheered as it entered the ranks of true divine weapons.

"Your will shall spread through the entire world, my Lord!" Tiff piously got on his knees to pay his respects.

# Chapter 1127 - A Divine Battle

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Tiff's transformation didn't end there. Leylin had showered the man with divine grace, raising him to a legendary priest immediately.

This ability was unique to true gods. Demigods could only give their priests rank 0 to rank 5 divine spells, while true gods could go all the way up to rank 9, even legendary divine spells like Revive that only existed in rumours!

This was also the basis of the influence of true gods' churches. In the past, Leylin was limited to guarding his worshippers on Debanks Island, but now he could move outside and attack like any other god.

Tiff knew this, and it naturally caused him to be flooded with emotion. He was on the verge of tears.

"Return and placate the worshippers on Debanks Island. Their lives will remain like they were on the prime material plane, maybe even better." Leylin waved a hand, and space fluctuated once more as Tiff was returned to his original location.

Truth be told, although fusing Dis with Debanks was good for Leylin, this was not necessarily so for the natives of Debanks Island. They were residents of the prime material plane, and being told that their lands had fallen down to the Nine Hells could terrify them to death. Some might commit suicide, or just go mad.

After all, the churches indoctrinated the prime material plane with Baator being a synonym for the evil devils. Thankfully the natives weren't as affected since they knew little about Baator and the propaganda around it. They put their faith in the Giant Serpent, and with the pope personally telling them that their lives would only be better, they would likely settle down.

“Isabel, Azlok, Borke!” Leylin turned to his cousin and the two other large devils.

“You did well!” He started with expressing his approval, then moved on to the main question, “How are the war preparations?”

“The devil hunters are ready and waiting,” Isabel said with a bow. “The flame devils and armies of gluttony are prepared to receive your orders.”

Azlok and Borke bowed elegantly as well, their eyes full of a thirst for battle and unification. Devils liked order, and unification and laws were a representation of that. All the Lords of Baator were unsatisfied with its current segmented nature, and now these two believed they'd found a chance to combine the Nine Hells once more!

“Good. Begin operations immediately,” Space flickered, and the three figures disappeared. Dis began to make an abrupt move.

All higher existences shifted their attention to the Nine Hells once more. The Second Hell glowed with divinity, causing all the divine conscients watching to be filled with suspicion and

confusion.

In their view, Leylin should have kept a low profile as a newly advance god, amassing his strength. Instead, he was doing something so eye-catching right after his ascension!

[Beep! Host body has created an avatar. 100 divine force consumed.] [Beep! Host body has created an avatar. 100 divine force consumed.] [Beep! Host body has created an avatar. 100 divine force consumed.]

Three bright balls of golden light separated themselves from Leylin, warping in the air to three doppelgangers that looked exactly the same as him.

They were avatars, something every god acquired the ability to make after ascension. However, Leylin had been exceptionally quick in this, and that was thanks to the A.I. Chip.

These three avatars all possessed a holy lustre, their golden pupils radiating the cold dignity of the divine. Leylin didn't have to give them any commands, they already knew what to do.

Rumble! The three avatars left instantly. Reappearing in front of Isabel and the army of devil hunters.

Isabel raised the Red Dragon Sword high up, announcing, "The



Lord has sent us a decree. The target is Minauros. In the name of the Lord, ATTACK!”

“In the name of the Lord!” “The mighty Kukulkan is watching us!” Huge portals opened up, and the devil hunters called out Leylin’s true name as they marched into the battlefield.

In front of them was a nasty, loathsome marsh. There were numerous imps and lemures here, stunned to see this large army all of a sudden.

One of Leylin’s avatars walked to the head of the army, body suddenly radiating an inexhaustible light, “Begin the divine battle!”

Rumble! Dis began to emanate bright light that corroded Minauros unceasingly, fusing with the light from Leylin’s avatar.

Divine light shone to quickly neutralise Minauros, and what had been a filthy marsh dried up, congealing into solid ground.

“Go!”

The devil hunters charged forward, a great battle was about to begin!

“Our mission here is just to control the battle. With the two avatars and the help of my divine kingdom, there won’t be any issues with keeping the frontlines of the battle here for a while.”

Leylin's two remaining avatars were in deep discussion with Isabel at the heart of the army.

“If it's necessary, sacrifice the avatars. That should be enough to hold Mammon back for a while...” Leylin's avatar glimmered with golden light, smiling gently as he spoke.

“You mean this attack is a feint? Then your true motive...” Isabel's eyes went wide.

“This place is one of my targets as well. But before that...” Leylin chuckled.

The earth rumbled, as even greater power radiated than before. Divine light filled the First Hell, and in that moment the laws of Leylin's divine kingdom fused with the original laws of hell to begin remodelling everything.

Those gazing upon Baator from the outside would see an extremely interesting scene. Avernus and Minauros, as the First and Third Hells respectively, had originally been sandwiching Dis between them. Now, Dis began to emanate a bright lustre that was corroding these two Hells of Baator.

Minauros was only slightly affected, but Avernus was taken over completely. Under Azlok and Borke, large numbers of devils had broken through into Avernus from Dis.

Numerous powerful conscents arrived in the place in a moment,

filled with anxious questions and terrifying roars. Nothing could exceed this situation in its abruptness!

‘So what if you’re true gods? What if Mammon is a Lord of Baator? If I don’t do this now, there won’t be a better chance in the future!’ Leylin was incomparably calm at the centre of this storm. He seemed extremely resolute, ignoring the intent of the two gods of Avernus to negotiate. Once he made up his mind about something, he would never change.

Amidst the army at Minauros, Leylin’s avatar was still speaking to Isabel.

“There’s three reasons I want to seize two of the hells immediately,” he said frankly, “First and foremost, my divine kingdom is but one of the Nine Hells. If I don’t occupy more and gain the upper hand, the other Lords will definitely unify to resist me. While I’m not afraid of them, I’d lose the opportunity to grow further.

“However, if I can fuse the first three layers, I’ll immediately have the power to choose between attack and defence. The rest of the Lords aren’t of one mind, and I’ll be able to rope them in or attack them individually.”

“Ah. Since Asmodeus was gravely injured by the origin force during the descent of the divine kingdom, he can’t come out anymore. The rest of the Lords are leaderless, so they can’t work together now?” Isabel seemed to understand.

“Yes. Making use of the momentum of becoming a true god, I’ll suppress them and give them no chance to react or establish ties with me. In the future we can learn of each other better, then it’ll be even more difficult for them to reach an understanding amongst themselves. Instead they’ll serve me... After we take these two Hells, we’ll be stronger than them. We won’t be afraid of being overthrown!”

“The second reason is for the other gods to see,” Leylin’s eyes glimmered with wisdom.

“The other gods?” Isabel exclaimed in surprise.

“I am one of the gods, after all. They see me as an enemy and want to beat me down, so I need a reason to do this. If I attack the devils and conquer Baator, won’t that be a great pretext? I’m sure it’ll garner support from some of the good gods. More importantly, even the gods that detest me will be happy to see me expend my energy on fighting the devils, so they’ll lower their guard...”

“Making use of this time to lower their guard...” At this point, Isabel was beginning to understand Leylin’s overall strategy, and she respected it a great deal.

“But...” She bit at her lips, worry evident from the crease between her eyebrows, “Two Hells... Even if we catch one by surprise and the reinforcements can’t come in time, two true gods and one Lord of Baator... Can we really take them down like this?”

“That’s the third point,” Leylin lifted his brows, looking decisive

and unyielding, “We won’t just win, we’ll do it beautifully! That way, we can completely terrify everyone who’s unsure!”

This was Leylin’s main intention, and after thinking it through properly even Isabel had to admit that as long as Leylin’s plan succeeded he would truly be able to stand on his own two feet amongst the gods. He would no longer be afraid of any uprisings against him.

Even after understanding all this, Isabel still watched Leylin with worry, “Are you confident?”

“A 100%!” Leylin’s boundless confidence was evident in his smile. His divine body took one step forward, and arrived inside his concealed semi-plane.

““Master!”” Shaylin and Ilyo appeared atop the flying city, “Thultanthar is ready for launch!”

# Chapter 1128 - Shadow

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The ancient Netherese had established the splendour of the arcanists. In the period of darkness after the dusk of the gods, the arcanists had saved the commoners from savagery and foolishness, building a civilisation the gods themselves feared!

Combined with their flying cities, ancient great arcanists had the power to kill gods themselves! The gods would not stand such an affront to their existence, and the arcanists who coveted origin force and touched on several taboos were exterminated.

However, that very war that had destroyed the Netheril Empire had also gravely hurt the gods. Many had fallen, and the numbers of gods decreased without end.

Because of this painful lesson, the arcanists became taboo and were annihilated by numerous churches. All tomes related to the Netheril Empire were destroyed, creating another era of savagery.

One flying city of the arcanists had managed to survive that period, and at a specified time it had returned to the prime material plane. It was in the western desert the Thultanthar fell into Leylin's hands.

Having obtained such an instrument of death, Leylin had left it alone. Even though he'd met some crises before he hadn't allowed the City of Shadows to reveal itself.

Firstly, he'd been waiting to use this card at the best possible

moment, and secondly he was working on understanding everything about it and remodelling it to his desires. If it had to do with Distorted Shadow, Leylin would not let his guard down.

Right now, the Adept Scepter of the Monarch of the Skies, the elemental radiation of the Magus World, Dreamscape, and the Shadow World, and all sorts of other high-energy sources had been piled into Thultanthar, giving it a great boost in power. It had grown to become the ultimate slaughter machine!

As well, Leylin was currently a rank 35 arcanist. The power that would result from him working in conjunction with the city was something even the A.I. Chip could not calculate.

“Master! Thultanthar heeds your call!” The city’s fairy Shaylin and the skeleton lich Ilyo knelt before Leylin, awaiting orders. Leylin had now become a true god, and his imposing aura far exceeded that in the past. These two beings were filled with reverence.

“Mm, I sense that.” Leylin had now been in possession of Thultanthar for a long time, and was naturally attuned to its changes. It was no exaggeration to say that the City of Shadows had experienced a complete transformation, the city’s primary material becoming silvery-grey metal. The primary cannons had been restored completely, and the diamond golems were fully armoured, awaiting orders.

What Leylin found most satisfying was the addition of the Shadow Weave. How could he have let the information he got from Shar go to waste? He’d obviously used it to immediately

remodel Shadow City.

[Beep! Connected to Thultanthar's core authority. Shadow Weave construction at 100%. Overall performance estimated to have been raised by 37%.]

The A.I. Chip loyally sent information regarding the City of Shadows.

As long as the A.I. Chip was around, Leylin had no need to fear betrayal by Shaylin and Ilyo, even at the same time.

‘With the Shadow Weave built, not only can I obtain power from the outer Weave directly, I’m immune to all offensive magic from rank 0 to rank 9. Most importantly, I don’t need to care about Mystra’s interference.’

This was easy to comprehend. The Shadow Weave had been created specifically by Shar to steal Mystra’s power. How could she have any control over this?

‘With the A.I. Chip’s analyses of the true Weave extending the Shadow Weave, I can now steal Mystra’s divine force directly... Of course, that can only be used as a way to kill her...’ Leylin’s figure instantly appeared in the control room of Shadow City, where he sat at the throne high up and above.



“How can the birth of a true god not be built on the ichor of the other gods?” Leylin snickered, while the A.I. Chip’s prompts continued to show.

[Beep! Systems launch complete, beginning spatial jump!]

Rumble! Terrifying spacetime undulations erupted out, and the huge city disappeared in an instant. When it appeared once more, its surroundings had changed.

This was a deep blue sea that spanned as far as they eye could sea. Sharkmen could be seen on occasion, and numerous petitioners were resting on a beach. The lustre of valiant and holy spirits brightened the skies.

Shrines filled the scattered islands, and there was a huge feeling of pressure in the skies. A great amount of divine lustre seemed to be on the verge of seeping into Thultanthar, filled with the great suppression from laws.

There was no question about it. This was the divine kingdom of a true god!

Bzzt bzzt! The appearance of the floating city caused great distress to the surrounding petitioners. Numerous sharkmen roared, hissed, and had various other reactions. Some fled, while others gathered around.

“Who is it that dares encroach upon our Lord’s divine kingdom?” A few powerful holy spirits approached from the skies, yelling out loud.

Indeed, they were in the divine kingdom of the god of the Sahuagin, Sekolah. A long period of accumulation had turned this place into a sturdy nest, and Leylin could currently see a dozen holy spirits around him, all powerful beings comparable to rank 6 Magi!

However, in Leylin’s eyes, they were merely trying to do something impossible.

“Little worms shouldn’t try to speak here. You don’t even meet the requirements for me to use the main cannons on you.” Leylin waved his arms around casually, and Thultanthar’s auxilliary cannons shot out a malicious light. A powerful web of energy formed a black hole that melted away the surrounding holy spirits.

Just one move decimated the surrounding space, and Thultanthar had only revealed one part of itself.

Numerous petitioners cried and yelled as they fled. When had they, who dwelled in the divine kingdom, ever seen a battle at this level?

“Sekolah!” “Sekolah, my Lord!” The pious worshippers shouted out in prayer, the power of faith filling the skies above the ocean.

Rumble! Lightning appeared on the blue horizon, and a terrifying suppressive force lowered the flying city's strength.

An avatar walked over, radiating golden light. He looked like a sharkman, his eyes filled with a cold ruthlessness, "God of Massacre, Kukulkan, why do you invade my divine kingdom?"

Although Sekolah was merely a lesser god, and this moreso was only an avatar, it held power akin to that of a true god with the help of his divine kingdom.

"Protector of the Sharkmen, God of the Ocean, Sekolah!" Leylin's figure appeared outside Thultanthar. In front of a true god, he still needed to be polite. "I wish for you to move your divine kingdom away, so there won't be any pointless conflict between us."

Leylin had been serious with his conditions, but it left Sekolah feeling extremely enraged.

"Greedy god, you must pay for what you did today!" Asking a true god to move their divine kingdom was an absolute insult. It would have been strange if Sekolah agreed.

The ocean seethed with his rage, turbulent storms appearing in the skies. The weather within a divine kingdom indicated the god's mood, and having stayed in Baator for a long time Sekolah obviously possessed the malevolence of the devils as he snarled.

"I knew this wouldn't work..." Upon seeing this, Leylin sighed.

“You gave up your last chance, Sekolah...” His figure gradually dissipated.

“This isn’t a negotiation but an obvious challenge. I’ll satisfy you!” Sekolah waved his hand, and powerful sharkmen armies appeared from the depths of the ocean. They radiated with energy, power gathering at their hands to form mottled attacks.

“Ready. Shoot!” A holy spirit waved his arm, and numerous bows thundered as they shot a rain of arrows onto Thultanthar. On the other side, a barrage of magic attacks drowned out the flying city.

When fighting in the divine kingdom of a god, one had to face the frightening attacks of an unending sea of people.

“Face my fury!” Sekolah snarled as well, the terrifying pressure of his divine kingdom appearing once more as lightning crashed down on the City of Shadows.

Gods, in their divine kingdoms, possessed unimaginable might. Even greater gods had to pay a terrible price to slay one, requiring several centuries to recover.

[Beep! Launching Shadow Weave.]

With the A.I. Chip’s prompt, a translucent layer of the Shadow

Weave appeared and protected Shadow City. Any attack, be it physical or magical, lost all form in front of the Weave as long as it didn't possess legendary might. In fact, the energy of such attacks was actually absorbed by the Shadow Weave.

[Beep! Divine kingdom laws analysed. Counter field prepared, launching...]

A tremendous stream of data entered Thultanthar, and the city seemed to spread its wings. The invisible Shadow Weave spread out, emitting unfathomable spatial undulations.

The Netherese Core of the flying city began to roar violently, transmitting terrifying energy to all parts of Thultanthar. A power of law radiated out that was tailored to counter the laws of the divine kingdom, and a hazy fog melted the lightning in the sky away.

“This is... Flying city!” Sekolah exclaimed in shock. The flying cities of the arcanists could contend with divine kingdoms, and they naturally had techniques specifically to destroy them.

‘The construction of this divine kingdom... I can see how the Magi from then failed...’ Leylin sighed, appearing in front of the Netherese Core in an instant.

“Let me see the power of the arcanists to kill gods!” Heat radiated from Leylin's eyes. The Shadow Weave allowed him to connect to

the core, and his power as a rank 35 arcanist was emitted without reservation.

[Beep! Antigod network prepared. Primary cannon 2 charged.]

the A.I. Chip prompted robotically.

Afterwards, incomparably terrifying energy arose from Thultanthar, attracting the attention of all beings high above.

Rumble!

# Chapter 1129 - Fall Of A God

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Light!

White light!

A scorching, dazzling brilliance that seemed to come from multiple worlds radiated origin force as it was launched from Thultanthar's primary cannon. This was a fusion of a great arcanist and a flying city, possessing the power to kill gods! Such might showed itself once more in this world, causing many existences to cry out in alarm.

Rumble! Space shattered in the divine kingdom, and the avatar melted away under the white light. The light cut a path of destruction through the ocean, eliminating anything in its way. Shrines, holy spirits, or obstacles, they were all reduced to dust under the light, before even that dust was reduced to nothingness.

Boom! The white light finally burst through the divine kingdom, breaking through the confines of the First Hell to disappear into the endless void.

“AAAAAHH!” Sekolah's divine kingdom had received a massive amount of damage. Numerous petitioners perished in an instant, and many more valiant and holy spirits cried out in pain.

[Beep! True body discovered, sniping down.] The terrifying City of Shadows swept through numerous churches

immediately, the powerful Shadow Weave spreading its tendrils to form Sekolah's true body out.

The true body of the Sahuagin God was much larger than his avatar. He looked to be made of gold, but he'd already lost an arm, the area around him horrifyingly translucent. This ease evidently due to the main cannon firing just now.

"Wait... I'll admit defeat and leave Baator!" Sekolah yelled loudly.

"Too late. I need the fall of a true god to pave my path to victory. This will intimidate the other gods as well..."

Leylin expressionlessly sent down the order., and the terrifying cannon rumbled once more...

On the prime material plane, in a hidden church in the ocean.

"Sekolah, my Lord, please protect us and ensure our victory in battle..." Guided by a priest, a group of sharkmen piously knelt down before a statue of the Sharkman God. As the Lord of the Sahuagin, Sekolah was the protector of the entire race. Without him, they would instantly lose 90% of their territory in the ocean!

"Sekolah, my Lord... You are the Lord of the Ocean, the Protector of the Sahuagin..." Devout power of faith gathered in front of the statue, glimmering with traces of light.



Ka-cha! However, at this very moment, slight shattering sounds could be heard from the statue.

The sharkmen below exchanged glances. Finally, someone gathered the courage against the danger of profaning a god and looked up. Afterwards the poor man gaped, his mind going blank.

“The... the statue...” The other sharkmen looked up, but were alarmed to find that the glimmer on the statue was dimming without end.

Finally, with a loud crack, the holy light of the statue disintegrated. The entire statue began to fragment, and turned into little piles of dust.

“Priest...” The sharkmen desperately looked for their priest, but found that he was now lying on the ground, the holy light leaving his body. He was twitching uncontrollably, a look of pain on his face as he lay unconscious.

All the sharkmen cried and yelled, feeling that the mighty existence had completely cut off all contact with them and left them feeling empty inside.

“Our god... Our god, Sekolah...” An elderly sharkman knelt on the ground, large drops of tears flowing from his eyes and turned into beads of pearls that fell to the surface of the ground, producing crisp sounds.

“God... our true god has fallen...” The rest of the sharkmen cried out, moving around helplessly like headless flies. The fall of their god was a calamity!

Without Sekolah’s protection, the sharkmen would lose all their priests, met with challenges that could wipe out the entire race. Mournful wails sounded as a bugle horn resounded in the seas. The Sahuagin Emperor had sent down an order. The entire race began to grieve, while remaining on their guard.

Unlike the prime material plane, the changes in the divine kingdom were far more terrifying. Layer after layer of chains undid themselves, and terrifying destructive storms poured in from the outerworld, causing great disasters. The petitioners and valiant spirits fell without the ability to resist, while the other beings and holy spirits didn’t fare much better.

Wide expanses of space crumbled. If nothing went wrong, the laws of Baator would enter and remodel the place once more, restoring it to the wasteland of bloody streams that was Avernus.

Bzzt bzzt! Thultanthar rumbled violently as it moved about the divine kingdom, bringing ruin and destruction everywhere it went. The city steamrolled all resistance.

[Beep! Treasure trove discovered, energy undulations at grade C.]

A dazzling shrine opened up, revealing a treasure trove filled with gems and other precious materials that contained energy. This was something Sekolah had accumulated after he ascended, but the City of Shadows took it all without reservation.

As a time-space fort, Thultanthar was essentially merged with the semi-plane it was created in. It had near endless space, and it would be no problem for it to store hundreds of such treasure troves.

Leylin was currently standing atop Thultanthar, allowing Shaylin to sweep through Sekolah's divine kingdom in her excitement. He was paying attention to the greatest harvest of the battle.

[Beep! Law of devouring has been activated, 80% of the target's divine force has been absorbed. Obtained divine domain: Sahuagin. Comprehension of the law of the ocean now at 17%.]

‘As expected of a god of the World of Gods. Just killing one can give a Magus so many benefits...’ Leylin looked at the golden crystal in his hand and sighed. One could gain less than 10% of the accumulation of the opponent in a battle between Magi of laws, but that number rose to above 60% in a battle between a Magus and a god. With his law of devouring, Leylin could even go as high as 80%. It was no wonder that the gods and Magi were so envious of each other, and the Final War was without end.

“But... Sharkmen and the ocean? It looks like Sekolah is only the God of the Sahuagin, only understanding a little about the ocean. Who knows, he might not even have a minor domain in the ocean... But then again, there’s the Goddess of the Ocean and the Master of Storms who are both more powerful than him, how would he dare to dip his finger into the laws of the ocean? This bit of comprehension was likely because of natural accumulation as the God of a marine species...”

Leylin shook his head. He had no interest in the law of the ocean, much less the narrower domain of Sahuagin. Being the god of such a race was worthless to him, and it didn’t even qualify to be branded into his origin force weapon.

“I’m afraid I can only gift or trade...” Leylin stowed the crystal away, “The ocean gods should have a bit of interest in the faith of those sharkmen. More importantly, they’re aligned to chaos and evil so it doesn’t go against my interests. They wouldn’t see me as an enemy...”

Since he’d chosen to side with evil, Leylin naturally wouldn’t help the good gods. He could still find a few allies amongst them.

Whoosh! Currently, the destructive storm had swept through the divine kingdom and eliminated all traces of Sekolah. Few even survived. In contrast, Thultanthar stood tall in the heart of the storm, the object of everyone’s terrified gazes.

This move had allowed Leylin to show the terror brought about

by an arcanist using his flying city to the higher existences. They couldn't help but recall the brutal memories of their war with the Netheril Empire.

Rumble! Just at that time, violent tremors swept through the Nine Hells. One could see a divine kingdom glimmering with gold as it left Avernus, moving towards the boundless void. The God of Kobolds slowly appeared behind the translucent divine kingdom.

Seeing Sekolah's fate, Kurtulmak had wisely chosen to escape. After all, his strength was about the same, so if Leylin could kill Sekolah he would face no trouble in killing him.

Moving one's divine kingdom wasn't similar to the situation after Leylin ascended to godhood. At that point in time, Leylin had the support of the origin forces of the prime material plane and Dis, reducing the energy required for movement. It was different for a realm that had already settled down. If it moved again, it wouldn't just use up a lot of divine force but also cause great turmoil within the realm itself.

In spite of all this, Kurtulmak chose to leave. This meant only one thing: he was afraid, terrified of Leylin! If a true god took the first step to withdraw, Leylin's reputation would definitely spread through the worlds.

With Kurtulmak gone, nobody could stop Leylin from expanding into Avernus anymore. Under Borke and Azlok, the army of flame devils purged all resistance. With the descent of the floating city, the Bronze Citadel was taken over without any issues. The pit fiends who had been guarding the area had their heads thrown off

the city walls.

The brilliance of Leylin's divine kingdom finally spread all over Avernus, and the two planes slowly began to fuse.

“Damn it... He's remodelling his divine kingdom too quickly... Is this because of the momentum from his ascension, or because he's a Lord of Baator?” Glasya watched Thultanthar from outside Avernus. Seeing the city that looked like a heavenly country, she gritted her teeth before leaving, choosing not to attack.

Glasya had no confidence of victory in front of a true god's divine kingdom. More importantly, her father's main body was grievously injured, and their allies had become unreliable. She did not have the energy to waste here.

The laws of the devils were much more cruel than those in the mortal world. Asmodeus, who was seriously injured, had become prey to many of the Archdevils. This included even her, a Lord who had risen from his shadow.

# Chapter 1130 - Expansion

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It wasn't just the archdevils watching the changes in Baator. High up in the skies, Mystra looked away.

“What a pity... if the archdevils of hell were more united, this would definitely cause a huge blow to the God of Massacre...”

“Wanting those sly devils to work together is like wanting them to abide by the rules...” The God of Justice Tyr spoke up at the side. Due to the nature of his domain, he felt no goodwill towards these evil beings.

“That's true!” Mystra laughed wryly. She obviously knew what the devils were like. Every second was spent hating on their superiors, as well as scheming to obtain greater status.

Things would've been alright if Asmodeus wasn't injured, and with his prestige he would have been able to construct a joint army, however he'd been smashed back into the depths of Nessus when he was trying to stop the divine kingdom from descending. This injury arose from going against a sea of origin force, and even Asmodeus would have to spend a long time recovering.

Would Leylin let a chance like this slip by? Worry was evident in Mystra's eyes.

“He's now unstoppable,” Tyr stated. His voice was full of helplessness, and he seemed to see how troubled Mystra was. “If it was just a lesser god at rank 8, we could've launched a holy war

against him. As long as we didn't mind the consumption of energy, we would've been able to knock him off his throne in a few centuries... Unfortunately..."

Mystra looked at Thultanthar that was within Leylin's divine kingdom, knowing what Tyr was afraid of. They wouldn't be scared off by a divine kingdom, nor by a great arcanist and a flying city. However, if the two were to be fused together, the power boost wasn't just additive.

A flying city supported by a divine kingdom? Even the great arcanists of Netheril hadn't considered such a thing!

On top of that, Leylin's arcanist ranking was 35! Even in the Netheril Era he would've been at an unstoppable peak. He was an existence able to kill gods! Such a high-ranked arcanist and a flying city was a nightmare to all the gods.

Divine beings had enormous calculative abilities, and Mystra understood the price that had to be paid to wipe Leylin out, "Even a greater god will face destruction of their divine kingdom, and their divine force will be weakened to the limit. They'll enter a coma, and who knows how many tens of thousands of years it will take to recover..."

For the gods, a greater god on the verge of falling was the tastiest prey. So here came the question. Which greater god would be so selfless as to give up their lives in order to exterminate Leylin?

Gods were all selfish. As long as they predicted any loss, they



would immediately give up. This was why Tyr felt that Leylin was now unstoppable.

“Thankfully... Much of his power is caught up in Baator. With Asmodeus and the archdevils around, he’ll be stuck in a standoff for a long while. It wouldn’t be a wonder if it took thousands or tens of thousands of years...” Clearly deluding herself, Mystra could only let things go according to Leylin’s plans and lie low.

“In this time, we’ll definitely find a way to stop him!” Tyr expressed his approval of this plan. The battles of gods were always very long, and there was nothing strange about them taking millennia.

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Third Hell, Minauros.

The intense battle had been going on for a long time. The devil hunters of the Giant Serpent Church had easily suppressed the devils, but the devils in turn possessed astounding numbers and numerous powerful beings. The battle was at a standstill.

The city of Jangling Hiter that hung above the marsh with chains had now been ruined. Countless kyton and devil hunter bodies were strewn all over the lands, quickly being devoured by the swamps.

The commander of the kyton legions, Lord Mammon’s most

trusted subordinate Quimas, had already had his head cut off by Isabel, a prize of war for the devil hunters. Unfortunately, even with the help of a Dragon Warlock and a god's avatars, their advance had been stonewalled.

That was because the Lord of Greed himself had descended in front of them, his serpentine lower half resting above the devil armies. Terrifying poison radiated from the trident in his hand, obstructing the path of the devil hunters.

If not for the holy light from Leylin's avatar protecting the army, all the devil hunters would be dead by now, contaminated by toxins.

"The fires of greed shall burn you, and your souls shall fall into the marshes of corrosion..." Mammon waived the trident around, speaking a fatal curse.

"There's too much nonsense from you!" Leylin's avatar floated in mid-air, and a portal appeared just then.

Rumble! Spacetime fluctuated, and Thultanthar cast a massive shadow as it appeared overhead Minauros.

"Hss... Master of Gluttony, God of Massacre... Leave, or you shall be punished by the Lords of Baator!" Mammon stuck out his forked tongue, obviously frightened by the flying city and Leylin himself.

"Devil whose eyes are deceived by greed... have you not noticed

yet?” Leylin descended from the flying city to look down on Mammon, “The reason I only come now is because I’ve reached an agreement with the remaining Lords. You... are to be abandoned.”

“No! No!” Mammon’s body twisted in unease. Evidently, as those lords had yet to send reinforcements after all this time, a great amount of psychological pressure and discouraging thoughts were already in his mind. Now that Leylin had uncovered them, the anxiety in his mind became more apparent.

The flying city extended the Shadow Weave, counteracting Mammon’s authority as an archdevil. Divine light invaded the area.

“We’re now on equal terms, with our main bodies against each other. The winner gets everything, while the loser shall turn into sludge!” Leylin’s main body walked down from above the flying city, looking like he had a cloak of golden light around him.

A Targaryen appeared in his eyes, hissing at Mammon. Its pupils betrayed a terrifying intent to devour its target, as if it had found prey it’d been hung up on for a long time.

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Rumble! Not long after, the entirety of Baator was met with a horrifying change.

The light in Dis moved to the Third Hell of Minauros, and the

first three Hells began to merge into a single body that was Leylin's divine kingdom. Besides those immediately having faith in Leylin, the devils living in there and very much against him turned into soil. The power of evil was converted into fertiliser for his divine kingdom.

A few archdevils watched these changes from the lower Hells, fear evident in their eyes but unwilling to do anything to stop it.

None of them was a match for Leylin alone, and they didn't have someone to band around. Asmodeus was gravely injured, his coma causing intense unrest in Baator.

However, Leylin's divine kingdom had also reached its limit after taking over three hells in total. His divine force was at a critical point, so he halted his movements. The divine light faded, allowing the many archdevils and higher existences to heave a sigh of relief.

Within the divine kingdom, Leylin who was standing on top of the flying city was clearly thrilled. Though this operation was extremely risky, he had succeeded! From hereon, even if the other Lords were to band together and resist him, he now had the means to contend with them! He also had no need to fear other gods interfering!

[Beep! Primary body's law of devouring is in action. Comprehension of law of greed: 100%. Divine domain condensed: Greed.] The A.I. Chip's prompts came to view.

‘It’s actually 100%... Is it because he’s a devil and we’re essentially the same, and also that the law of greed is compatible with me?’ Leylin stroked his chin, looking to his refreshed status.

[Leylin Faulen:

Race: Human(Lesser God).

Divine Name: Kukulkan, the God of Massacre.

Alignment: Lawful Evil.

Divine Domain: Massacre, Greed.

Divine Kingdom: Avernus, Dis, Minauros(Merged)

Divine Rank: 8.

Worshippers: Natives, Devils, Adventurers, Clerics.

Worshipper Alignments: True Neutral, Neutral Evil, Lawful Evil.

Arcanist Rank: 35. Strength: 29. Agility: 29. Vitality: 29. Spirit:35. Arcane Energy: 350. Divine Force: 200(800). Status: Healthy.

Feats: Herculean Strength, Master of Knowledge, Dreamscape Vision, Epic Adaptability.

Divine Feats: Origin Force Detection, Arcane Art Amplification, Illusions.

Divine Abilities: Warp Reality, Epic Massacre]

‘No rise to my divine rank?’ Leylin closed his eyes for a long while and sighed. However, he had expected such a result. He was

now already a peak lesser god, and if he were to raise his rank slightly, he would become an intermediate god!

An intermediate god in the World of Gods was akin to a rank 8 Magus, grasping multiple laws and nearly immortal. The Snake Dowager, Trial's Eye, Nefarious Filthbird and other great existences that had their names spread far across worlds were only average. How could they have advanced so easily?

“Three levels is enough. I need to keep a certain amount of divine force in case of any surprise situations. The newly-merged planes of hell and the devils also need to be reorganised...”

Leylin looked underneath Minauros, where a few archdevils looked at the divine kingdom up ahead cautiously, eyes showing their fear.

“Let's leave things like this for now...”

Leylin smiled, and then drew up an armistice for a hundred years to the bottom layers of hell. Those devil archdukes must be eager for that.

# Chapter 1131 - Touring

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The waves from the ascension of numerous demigods soon died down. While most of them had failed, the one who had succeeded managed to spread his name across multiple worlds.

Even the most ignorant and ill-informed of people who stayed in labs all day long or liches deep in sleep heard of the God of Massacre, the Ruler of Devils. The golden light glimmering from the divine kingdom that spanned the first three levels of Baator was enough proof of Leylin's unmeasurable strength.

The Nine Hells had, because of Leylin's arrival, undergone a massive change. Souls that fell to Baator now moved along the Styx to reach the Fourth Hell Phlegethos, governed by Samuel. Only his own worshippers would enter his divine kingdom.

In other words, Leylin had used the souls of his own followers to replace the primordial contract that governed the harvest of fallen souls. With this foundation overturned, Asmodeus could no longer control the first three levels of Baator.

However, Leylin still had very few worshippers when compared to the number of souls that used to fall to the three Hells. Even with the faith of the natives, these numbers did not measure up to the original harvest of the first three Hells.

However, Leylin did not mind at all. His divine kingdom needed to be reorganised, and having too many devils was nothing good. Asmodeus might have dreamed all his life of becoming the lord of

all devils, but that was not what he was pursuing. Few of his worshippers in the prime material plane wished to become lemures...

The burning Iron City at the core of Dis was long gone, in its place a region with birdsong and fragrant flowers that looked like utopia. A holy mountain made of white jade towered into the clouds, with a huge shrine atop it.

Countless petitioners piously prayed and thanked their god for the favour, and golden power of faith illuminated the skies.

“My Lord!” Tiff entered the shrine quickly, bowing to Leylin who was on his throne, “The flame devil army and other devils have been reorganised. Of them, a total of...” Tiff reported the number of devils willing to serve Leylin. Leylin lifted his brows, making an inference based on the information in an instant.

The first three levels of Baator were now entirely Leylin’s territory. Those who did not submit would either be expelled or killed, becoming fertiliser for his divine kingdom. Those able to live up to this point were naturally all his followers.

Of course, it was hilarious to expect faith from devils.

“Mm, you did well!” Leylin nodded, acknowledging Tiff for his work. “Bringing the church to Baator was just a plan of convenience. Be prepared. We can’t give up the intelligence network we’ve established on the prime material plane either...”



All gods treated the prime material plane as the biggest cake, as it was their main source of faith. While Leylin had moved Debanks Island and the native empire to the divine kingdom to be used as his own territory, the faith in the prime material plane could not be abandoned.

He was now a true god! He had nothing to fear when up against the other gods' churches, and could grant his priests spells up to rank 8! This was the largest difference between a true god and a false god. This was the best time to spread faith.

“Understood! Your will is our command!” Tiff respectfully accepted Leylin's order.

“Mm. Also, I'll personally bring you to spread faith and describe my divine kingdom...” With a thought, the space transformed and he and Tiff arrived high in the skies. In the divine kingdom, Leylin was everything! Nothing could halt his will.

Describing the divine kingdom of a true god was an important mission for Tiff, the pope, who had entered the divine kingdom before.

“In general... all living beings wish for something better. Even gods cannot stop their desires...” Leylin spoke.

Tiff looked around. The treacherous environment of Dis had turned to grasslands, with bright green shrubs everywhere giving it some vitality. Avernus and Minauros were undergoing the same changes, the soil becoming more fertile as regions of danger were

wiped out.

In terms of the image, this was like turning hell into the mortal world, and perhaps someday, transforming it into heaven.

“Those who have faith in me wish to reach heaven after death and get a better life, which is why they’re willing to give me faith. This is a contract between them and the gods. Even greater gods can’t stop this...” Leylin waved his hand, and several scenes appeared.

A few native petitioners were diligently farming some fertile land. Since it hadn’t been a long time from Leylin’s ascension, he had few dead followers. Dis could contain all of them, and there was a lot of space for more.

Leylin had partitioned out large areas for agriculture, and with just some work from the followers, heavy rice plants and fruit trees grew from the soil. Numerous petitioners prayed towards the holy mountain with their eyes brimming with tears, thanking Leylin for this miracle.

“This...” Tiff stared at Leylin in amazement.

“A petitioner doesn’t just pray all day long. This will only cause them to become rigid and rot away, or perhaps perish...” Leylin laughed, eyes glimmering with wisdom, “I’ve given them the opportunity to work, so that they understand the concept of obtaining things after putting in effort for it... Of course, this is my kingdom and I control the soil. They can put in less than a tenth of

the effort and obtain tenfold or even hundredfold what they would have before... Even the laziest person can live comfortably...”

Tiff listened closely. When it came to the construction of a divine kingdom, it included Leylin’s understanding of the path of faith. As a pope, he needed to be on the same page as his god!

“Also... the feeling of superiority comes from comparison. In order for followers to understand how difficult it is to lead better lives, I’ve provided this...”

Leylin brought Tiff along and moved away. This time, they were at the boundaries of the divine kingdom, where some of the treacherous characteristics of hell remained.

Many lemures, soul shells, imps, and even chained evils, bone devils and other higher devils had chains around their feet as they moaned and shrieked. They were like slaves as they transported blazing rocks, constructing a fort and a better landscape.

“These are the devils who went against me. I’ve especially kept a few of them here...” At this moment, an imp cried out and fell down after being burned. The supervising devil hunter moved forward expressionlessly, lashing out with a whip filled with holy power.

Pak! The cleansing force from the whip was a punishment even more terrifying than barbs and poisonous hooks. Blood and flesh flew everywhere from the imp who had been hit, and it began to cry out. This caused the surrounding devils to tremble in fear.

“These devil slaves are in charge of the basic infrastructure in the divine kingdom. They don’t have much power... Every time a new follower’s soul comes to the divine kingdom, you can bring them here to take a look...” A barely detectable smile appeared at the corner of Leylin’s lips.

In the divine kingdoms of other gods, all worshippers were treated equally, gaining eternal life. They did nothing, not living up to their true potential.

However, things were different here. With these lower devil slaves as a comparison, the followers would realise that the place they were living in was indeed heaven, which would give them motivation and increase the power of faith. That would be a huge profit for Leylin.

When it came to the suppression of these beings, Leylin and Tiff were expressionless, as if they had seen nothing. They were all unwavering people, and had seen more than their fair share of these happenings. As long as it was useful to them, they would never withdraw.

“I’ve prepared two choices for the new followers’ souls.” Leylin brought Tiff back to the shrine atop the holy mountain, beginning to state his plans.

“The common idea is to live in the divine kingdom as a petitioner, becoming immortal as I am... On the other hand, they can turn into devils if they wish to, entering the army. Then they’ll

follow the laws of Baator. This is very simple.”

“Also... I wish to for the original devils to be dealt with this way...” With a wave of his hands, Azlok, who had been a pit fiend, appeared, causing Tiff to exclaim.

He had obviously seen this devil commander before, but there was now a huge change to his form. He now had a translucent body that was glimmering with gold rays, causing Tiff to feel like he was approachable. He knew that the essence of this devil had undergone a change.

“Master...” Azlok’s eyes were full of fervour as he devoutly bowed to Leylin.

“Discovered anything yet?” Leylin glanced at Tiff.

“This is... a holy spirit!” Tiff muttered.

“Mm! I’ve altered the form of the devil legions such that they have the characteristics of petitioners. From hereon out, they shall be the guards of my divine kingdom... If followers wish to turn, they will also achieve this form...”

There was no point in keeping the devils of the past. However, if he turned them into petitioners, that could increase the might of Leylin’s subordinates by a large extent, while providing him with some faith.

Leylin, who had three forms as an archdevil, true god, and Magus of laws, could make use of his own knowledge and the help from the A.I. Chip to transform devils into devil petitioners. This way, he could adequately make use of his resources. There was also no issue of estrangement between the two groups now.

“Hence... after coming to the divine kingdom, followers will still be in the form of petitioners. These devils are a personification of strength, akin to the emissaries of heaven...” Tiff’s eyes brightened as he quickly thought up a line.

“Mm! Let’s do as you deem fit...” Leylin waved his hand and let Tiff be on his way.

# Chapter 1132 - Paying A Visit

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Telling him about the essentials of his divine kingdom and worshippers, Leylin left the responsibility of allocating duties to Tiff. The pope made preparations to take some people back to the prime material plane.

Leylin paid little attention to all that, instead shifting his attention to the spoils of war. He had taken three of the Nine Hells in one move, alongside a chunk of the prime material plane. It had given him great profits, and the resources, treasures and the like couldn't escape Leylin's checks after Avernus and Minauros had been converted to his divine kingdom.

Unsurprisingly, the greatest profits were from the Sahuagin God Sekolah. He was after all a true god, and his accumulations over tens of thousands of years were definitely something. Just the treasure trove Thultanthar had found could fill up the greatest of warehouses, filling up a not insignificant portion of its dimensional space.

Shaylin and Ilyo spent their time doing inventory. With their knowledge, they probably wouldn't let any valuable item slip by.

It had to be said that after conquering a true god's kingdom, Leylin was instantly much wealthier than before. He greatly increased his own resources, and was even regretful that he had let Kurtulmak go.

With the flying city having shown itself, the remaining gods

definitely would be on their guard against such surprise attacks. It wouldn't be so easy to kill gods anymore.

“But... the greatest harvest is this!” Leylin turned his palm over, and a golden crystal appeared. It undulated with powerful laws, and just its presence caused small streams to appear in the surroundings. The sound of the ocean rang forth from the crystal, and the figures of numerous sahuagin, the sharkmen, could be seen living within.

Sekolah's divine domain was that of the Sahuagin, and this was Leylin's greatest harvest from killing him. It represented a complete law, able to cause other Magi of laws to go crazy. Even the gods that were interested in the faith of the Sahuagin, those related to the ocean, would be willing to pay a huge price to make an exchange with Leylin.

“It really isn't very useful...” Leylin had no interest in a domain pertaining to a specific race. No god or demigod not related to the seas would be interested in it.

However, if he could condense the divine domain of the ocean instead, probably all of the gods would be in a hurry to obtain it. After all, much of the prime material plane was water, and the ocean was a source of faith able to support a greater god.

“There's few able to make an exchange with me. If I were to choose... Umberlee and Talos?” There were many ocean domain deities, but even as a lesser god Leylin wouldn't consider most of them. Those gods weren't even comparable to him, and there wasn't much use in getting them on his side. The only two choices



were Umberlee the Intermediate Goddess of the Ocean, and the Greater God of Storms Talos.

‘Talos is obviously the better option when it comes to power, but it’s not always about power with allies. Besides, he’s of the storm domain and his faith is concentrated around the natives of numerous islands. He wouldn’t be as interested in beings of the ocean...’ Leylin’s eyes flashed with thought.

Just at that moment he sensed divine force approaching him, and he involuntarily revealed a smile

Whoosh! The seas surged outside Leylin’s divine kingdom, and a god’s avatar stood upon the ocean spray.

She was dressed in flowing blue, the bottom of her clothing merged with the endless waves of the sea. Her look was one of divine dignity as she held what seemed to be a golden trident with endless waves rippling forth from its tip.

The lady did not advance, waiting outside his divine kingdom. The avatar of an intermediate god would still just be free food if they entered a lesser god’s divine kingdom. Instead she sent out her energy undulations, like an identification used when knocking on the door.

“Umberlee?” The unique nature of the divine force allowed Leylin to identify it in an instant.

“Welcome, my Lady!” He moved to the boundaries of his divine kingdom instantly, golden light opening up a path to enter. “I am the Master of Massacre, the Ruler of Devils. I express my goodwill to the Goddess of the Ocean.”

Umberlee squeezed out a slight smile and entered his divine kingdom, her fearlessness causing Leylin to nod to himself.

‘Rumours say Umberlee is a moody goddess, even capsizing a few ships at sea for fun and using such fear to obtain faith... It looks like she’s rather intelligent.’ This goddess had made quite a name for herself on the waters. There were many of the Scarlet Tigers who worshipped her.

Leylin was currently seeing another side of this goddess. She seemed calm and wise, ascertaining his goodwill with one look as she entered the divine kingdom of an unknown god without fear. She was both gutsy and scheming.

The two of them arrived at the huge church of the holy mountain. Watching Umberlee, Leylin suddenly revealed a smile, “Lady Umberlee, may I know why you’re here today?”

“I’m here for the divinity of the sahuagin.” Umberlee had a hoarse voice, but there was a magnetic feel to it, sounding rather unique. She didn’t beat around the bush at all.

“Oh? While this divinity is indeed useless to me, why are you so sure I’d trade with you?” The smile about Leylin’s lips widened, “I have more than just one choice. There’s Talos as well, the God of

Storms would probably want the faith of an ocean race. After all, the sharkmen are quite large in number...”

“Talos would just kill you and take all your divinities away,” Umberlee fiddled with the golden trident in her hands, “But I’m different. We’re close to each other in power, and without any conflict of interest we’d make for strong allies...”

“Haha... well said!” Leylin applauded, throwing the golden crystal over.

“Hmm?” Umberlee seemed slightly confused, evidently not expecting Leylin to be so generous. The crystal buzzed with excitement the moment it reached her hand, glowing water rippling around it as proof of the compatibility. Fusing with it wouldn’t require much effort.

“Aren’t you afraid I’ll just leave?” Umberlee looked at Leylin, as if trying to see through him.

“I believe in your reputation, my Lady, you’d treat another god with respect.” Leylin was very confident, not the least bit worried that she would not pay him back. Such self-confidence obviously came from his own strength, which caused a myriad of emotions to flash in her eyes.

“I came here for a trade. However, it seems I can’t quite satisfy you!” Umberlee laughed wryly, a similar golden crystal appearing in her hands. The faint sounds of blades clashing sounded from the crystal, full of the taste of blood and murder.

“Divinity in weaponry... While it’s incomplete, it’s more compatible with your massacre domain. It shouldn’t take much divine force to mend it, this is one of my prized possessions...”  
Umberlee introduced.

“Not bad Those battle gods should like this... Unfortunately...”  
Leylin shook his head. Having chosen his path, he had no plans of lusting after other laws.

“Alright... well, what do you need?” It was obvious that Umberlee valued this divinity greatly. After all, the sahuagin were a huge race in the ocean, and obtaining this would allow her to consolidate her power in her own domain. There was no substitute.

If this crystal fell into the hands of another, they could make use of the sahuagins’ faith to have designs on her ocean domain. This was something she definitely couldn’t tolerate.

“An alliance, a single instance of help— with certain conditions of course—, and you need to guide me into the Celestial Hall.”  
Leylin stated his demands. Forming a so-called alliance and guiding him into the Celestial Hall would take Umberlee no effort at all. However, that one instance of assistance was somewhat useful.

Umberlee was rather surprised by Leylin’s lenience. It took her a long period of silence before she nodded.

“In my name as Umberlee, I swear to uphold a single request of the God of Massacre Kukulkan as long as it is within my capabilities...” The Styx materialised itself. An oath made to the abyssal river under the truenname of a god was quite restrictive, and even greater gods wouldn’t be able to wriggle their way out of the situation. Leylin naturally eased up.

“The first time a new god enters the Celestial Hall, the palace of ten thousand gods, they need someone who’s already a god to lead their way. As your ally, I’m willing to be your guide.” Umberlee’s grim face seemed to loosen up, revealing a flowery smile.

.....

At the highest point of the World of Gods, its core, was a boundless sea of origin force. A golden shrine floated within this sea.

The doors held the power of spacetime, and the history of the entire world was engraved into the walls, detailing the rise of the many gods. It was filled with a sense of archaic wisdom. With just one look, Leylin felt his mind blown by the vastness and magnificence of the palace.

‘Spacetime strength... A domain only rank 9 Magi can touch upon...’ Leylin sighed with awe in his mind.

Umberlee continued speaking to him. “The Celestial Hall was created by the Overgod, and only true gods qualify to enter it. It will remember your aura the first time you walk in, and a pedestal

that is uniquely yours will be erected...”

‘Mm... Only legendary World Wills like those of the World of Gods and Magus World can imbue a place with spacetime powers...’ Leylin naturally knew that World Will of the World of Gods was referred to by the gods as their Overgod. It had incomparable strength, and even set up all of the gods’ laws. Its influence spanned across the various worlds that formed the cluster.

However, the World Wills of both the World of Gods and the Magus World had been greatly injured in the Final War, pushing them into a deep sleep as they recovered from the damage. The Overgod had sealed the World of Gods within the crystal sphere, resulting in the current situation.

# Chapter 1133 - Celestial Hall

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“The Celestial Hall, once ruled by the Overgod, was where all conflicts would end. It was known as the palace of a thousand gods, a place where all the deities would meet and discuss issues with other gods before presenting their case to the Overgod for judgement. The god in question would then be promoted or removed. Under the radiance of the Overgod, the many smaller worlds in the World of Gods had been operating smoothly.

However, the Overgod has now fallen into a slumber now. This place has lost its original purpose and prestige, instead turning into a place for gods to converse.”

Umberlee seemed to be reminiscing about the past.

“The gods are now divided into different camps, each taking up laborious schemes and plots as they wildly amass wealth and power. They eye the seat of the Overgod.” Her voice grew fainter the more she spoke, and became ever more distant.

The doors of the Celestial Hall seemed to buzz with the hymns of the gods and the law of spacetime. Umberlee motioned like she was unlocking them when she arrived, and they sensed her and opened up.

Holy light radiated out of the Celestial Hall in an instant, shining brightly with the dignity that came with power.

‘The World Will of the World of Gods, their Overgod... So it’s

been sleeping within the Celestial Hall...' Leylin immediately recognised this aura, it was similar to the one he'd experienced back in the Magus World.

It was like the Overgod was the entirety of the World of Gods. Even if he'd only come into contact with the World Will of the Magus World and that too when it was in deep slumber, he couldn't be wrong about this. Leylin seemed to feel an affinity to the World Will, wanting to submit himself to it.

'It really is an overgod, so frightening in spite of being deep asleep. If not for that baptism I experienced in my transmigration, and my essence being that of a Magus, this influence would've been even greater...'

"Pass the doors, and the Celestial Hall will affirm your position as a deity."

Umberlee entered the hall first, and when Leylin went in he felt numerous piercing gazes on his body. The gazes of the divine beings within contained hostility, hatred, curiosity, apathy, and a myriad of other emotions. The gazes of the greater gods in particular could even annihilate someone with legendary might instantly.

However, Leylin was one of them now, and he was only here with his avatar. He had nothing to fear. Thus, he entered the Celestial Hall with extremely light footsteps.

Boom! At this instant, a will that carried the changes of time



peered into his soul. If not for him being reborn once into the World of Gods, his identity would have been exposed. Even then, Leylin had to frantically protect his secrets, the A.I. Chip's light flashing continuously in his eyes.

‘A final confirmation of my identity, huh? So strong...’ Leylin smirked deep down, but he put on an expression of comfort. The Celestial Hall rumbled as a new divine pedestal rose from the ground. Leylin had passed the inspection, confirmed to be native to the World of Gods before he ascended.

Only after the terrifying inspection was over did Leylin look around the Celestial Hall in peace. Powerful energy waves were radiating from the pedestals with golden seats on them, carrying an imprint of origin force. Leylin could tell the identities of each with just a glance.

Greater gods, intermediate gods, lesser gods... Good gods, neutral gods, the wicked and the chaotic... The seats were arranged irregularly, but it was a picturesque sight that seemed to hold some order to it. The greater gods held the seats up front, their pedestals more than tenfold as large as those of the lesser gods. As well, the gods of the same alignment were seated together.

As a mere lesser god, Leylin's pedestal rose up at the back of those with the evil alignment. Umberlee's own seat was a fair distance away, close to those of the chaotic alignment as well. Her strength as an intermediate god radiated out, pushing the seats of lesser gods away from her.

She sent Leylin a message just as he took his seat. “You can see

the laws the Overgod set up here. Even the greater gods cannot do anything about it... Also, we usually leave an avatar in this place to make it easy to contact each other.“

Leylin nodded in understanding. He shot a casual glance at Tyr and Mystra in the good and neutral camps, their gazes upon him carrying great hostility.

Of course, Leylin wasn't afraid at all. After all, the Overgod itself had set up the laws in this place, and even if an avatar died it was no big deal.

‘So the Celestial Hall lost its original purpose once the Overgod entered its slumber, turning into a place for conversation and arguments, huh?’ Leylin stroked his chin, as he felt the obvious glances of the gods around him.

Most of the gods in the evil alignment looked at him gleefully, as if they were dying to know what would become of Leylin after facing the wrath of two greater gods. It was basic instinct for them to plot and scheme against each other, and they were giving Leylin some respect by not participating in the battle. It was extremely normal for them to look at him in schadenfreude.

There was a gaze of fear amongst the many that contained mockery, and it was especially familiar to Leylin. He turned to the source of this gaze, finding the avatar of Kurtulmak the Kobold God. His divine radiance seemed rather dim, likely the after-effects of having to move his divine kingdom.

With both of them in the same camp, Kurtulmak was seated close to Leylin. However, his seat was behind Leylin's own, seemingly because his divine rank was lower than his.

Leylin smiled as he met the respectful and fawning gaze of this Kobold God, but deep down he was contemptuous. The Kobold God was now scared of his prowess, but if there was a day that Leylin met his demise, this god would be the first to jump out manically and rip off a huge chunk of flesh from his body.

However, Leylin would never give him this chance. Kurtulmak was destined to live under his shadow his entire life.

With fights banned and only avatars present, the atmosphere in the Celestial Hall was extremely relaxed. There were even many gods conversing in groups at the corners of the hall.

“It is indeed a good place to talk...” Leylin's gaze swept past the gods, and he immediately noticed the centre of the hall. A massive throne was erected in that place, to be used by the leader of the gods. It seemed to unify all the deities, as if it was the core of the world.

Leylin's astuteness told him that a powerful being was currently deep in slumber on that throne. The radiation of laws from the place was evident, similar to what happened in the Magus World. There was a layer of origin force crystals sealed around the throne of the Overgod, forming a mountain of origin force.

‘This is... world crystal!’ Leylin immediately recognised this

crystal. However, it seemed even more useful than in Shar's case, able to protect and not just seal. The throne was sealed within the world crystal, and the Overgod was within, deep in slumber.

World crystals were tens of thousands of times more powerful than origin force, and even the greater gods would not be able to break it apart even if they joined forces. It was this layer of protection that allowed the Overgod to unify the gods, and remain safe up to this day.

‘However...’ Leylin looked at the seats of the greater gods in front, his face filled with ridicule, ‘The World Will obviously sealed itself to protect itself from these greater gods... It seems like it already detected that it was at a disadvantage when it entered its sleep...’

This was a matter of course. Now that the greater gods stood at the apex of the World of Gods, a few would definitely want to take that last step to become the new Overgod. This desire would only be amplified by the World Will's current slumber. The only reasons the Overgod had survived to this day were that the world crystal was protecting it, and the greater gods were being suppressed by each other.

‘In fact, the World Wills of the World of Gods and Magus World were the most powerful in the Final War. Looking at the setup here, it seems like the World Wills were either completely in the realm of rank 9 or quite nearby, incomparably close to immortality...’

Even with his divine gaze Leylin could only see a shroud of light

within the world crystal, unable to view the original appearance of the Overgod. The laws around the crystal seemed to be greatly beneficial to all deities, so they would leave their avatars here.

It was just like Magi observing the laws in the origin force sea. The affinity the gods had for origin force would increase in the Celestial Hall, making it easier for them to generate more divine force.

Leylin saw several avatars sitting quietly in the area, some even turned to stone. They were apparently in the middle of comprehending some laws, and were possibly only a step away from ranking up.

‘I should think of a way to launch a devastating attack on it before the Final War commences...’ Leylin looked at the overgod’s royal seat, his eyes seemingly filled with reverence. Even greater gods who excelled in prophecies would never discover his true intentions.

‘I should probably use the ambitions of these greater gods. It won’t be such a bad idea...’ Leylin’s thoughts were as fast as lightning, and he immediately came up with a plan that was likely to succeed.

The greater gods wanted the throne for themselves, so he could just fan the flames at the side and reap the greatest benefits with minimum effort. Pitting the gods against each other before the Final War was the best way to wear them down.

‘No matter how high and mighty you are, when the overgod returns, what will you guys become? One that does not become eternal is just an ant...’ Leylin’s eyes held a chilly apathy as his gaze swept across the Celestial Hall. When the Final War resumed, how many of these deities would fall?

With just a thought, Leylin’s interest was piqued. He left his avatar in the Celestial Hall, shifting most of his attention to his main body in his divine kingdom.

# Chapter 1134 - Dark Clouds

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With their calculative nature, a god wouldn't easily leave their divine kingdom once it was created. The kingdom served as the best of defences for their true bodies. Even if any avatars they sent out were killed they could be made up for with time, but the death of their main bodies would be a true death.

Naturally, Leylin had learnt of this method as well, stationing his true body in his divine kingdom as he started on the endless task of developing it and his resources.

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The hubbub over Leylin's ascension died down after a while, but there was still some turbulence in the dark. Pope Tiff of the Giant Serpent Church infiltrated the prime material plane with a group of elite priests, beginning to publicise Leylin's deeds.

Tiff was a legendary priest himself, and the ability of the numerous priests to cast spells up to rank 9 symbolised the power of a true god. With such backing, the Giant Serpent Church developed rapidly in the prime material plane.

It started with the southern seas, as a large number of sailors, pirates, and adventurers began to embrace the new God of massacre. From there it spread to the mainland, unimpeded by the Church of Protection that now recognised Leylin's divinity.

The duty of Helm's church was to strike against false gods and

protect the churches of the true ones. Regardless of their indignation, they could only give up their hostility to Leylin. A god's domain and duties imposed great limitations on them, and most times even they themselves couldn't break through those barriers. Violating his own laws would cause Helm's rank to drop, and he could even lose his position and fall.

Of course, the God of Protection not hindering them didn't mean other gods weren't either. Tyr decreed that Leylin was a Lord of Baator, stating that it would be his mission to bring down the evil God of Massacre.

Mystra did the same, and to much greater effect. With the power of the Weave in hand, she had a great amount of influence over wizards that caused the Giant Serpent Church to be unable to obtain any powerful ones. This trend would definitely continue.

Luckily, devil hunters had magical abilities themselves, allowing the church to move along for the time being. If any problem did arise, their clerics could still play the role of magicians. Just like how battles between gods were long and protracted, the secular world was the same.

Under their god's chosen pope, the Giant Serpent Church worked tenaciously to expand in the prime material plane. They fought Mystra and Tyr with wit and courage, the situation likely to remain in a stalemate for a long time unless something big were to happen. On the surface, the prime material plane was gradually calming down.

Numerous gods had ascended over the ages, and the appearance



of another lesser god only caused the denizens of the World of Gods to be a little surprised. The influence of his ascension was actually rather limited. As well, the upheaval in the north had greatly attracted everyone's attention.

As the greatest source of faith and souls, the prime material plane had numerous powerful existences eyeing it. Disaster after disaster occurred, and war was never absent from the mainland. Another round of battle had been ushered in after the period of calm.

The war this time was launched by the orc empire. Having spent the winter accumulating resources, they managed to mobilize their troops and materiel as they got ready to rid the world of their nemesis the Silverymoon Alliance.

The Alliance in return rose up in resistance. Headed by Alustriel, they were also actively preparing for war. Rumour had it that they'd even obtained the support of the Old Mage, Elminster.

More importantly, the Goddess of the Weave and the God of Justice had now officially united, Tyr's backing giving Alustriel the foundation to fight the orcs with. A number of aristocrats who had lost their fiefs banded together as well, giving her reinforcements.

Many aristocrats in the north had ended up miserable after the war, being annexed by other nobles. Now, everyone desperately hoped for the Silverymoon Alliance to regain its original territory, taking revenge on the orcs. If Alustriel still couldn't obtain a decisive victory, the Silverymoon Alliance would likely be buried in the pages of history.

Thus, with nobles fighting for land, commoners fighting for vengeance, and Alustriel fighting to restore Silverymoon to its glory, the fog of war shrouded the entire prime material plane. With divine strengths being pit against each other in the north, the incident of Leylin's ascension was further suppressed...

The new Silverymoon was the core of the alliance. With its neat, spacious streets and the magical lights on either side of the road, the place seemed to be just like the one in the past. The old Silverymoon was currently serving as the capital of the orc empire. For Alustriel to construct a replica showed her determination.

Unfortunately, the newer city was somewhat smaller and more jammed up due to limiting conditions. Only a few pedestrians were on the street, and the occasional guards and knights could be seen rushing about. Quite a number of shops had closed down, the clouds of war affecting everything.

Clang! Thud! In this situations, a team of knights dressed in heavy silver armour with the emblem of the God of Justice were currently sealing the entire streets.

"Holy Knight, Lady Rafiniya! The troops are ready!" A paladin saluted to Rafiniya. It seemed like her rank in the Church of Justice had risen once more.

"Mm," Rafiniya nodded indifferently, looking at the familiar buildings around her and seemingly recalling her past in Silverymoon.

‘It really is similar... Such a pity that we can’t possibly go back in time...’ Rafiniya bitterly lamented in her heart.

Her mission had ended in failure, and only afterwards did she learn that she’d only been bait. While she was out on the surface, a real team of elites had been sent out with Elminster to conduct a secret operation.

The lack of trust had caused Rafiniya to feel angry in the depths of her heart. However, she couldn’t do anything about it and it was this arrangement that had allowed her to avoid the deathtrap that was Debanks Island. Elminster’s team had suffered heavy casualties, and he himself had died once. The man had managed to resurrect himself with a clone he’d kept prepared, but it was still basically total annihilation.

‘The Giant Serpent Church certainly found out about us then. So they treated us like insects and didn’t pay any attention to us... Isn’t that why we were able to leave?’ Rafiniya was filled with bitterness. When had that back she’d been chasing grow so powerful, and yet become so evil and terrifying as to look upon her as an ant whose existence was to be dismissed?

Adding insult to injury, Rafiniya hadn’t been punished upon her return, instead actually rising in standing. She knew this wasn’t due to any merit on her part, just some consideration for the future.

“What... What’s happening?” She bit her lip, feeling an intense

emotion corrupting her heart.

If Leylin or Tyr were present, they would notice that she was experiencing an extremely unique change. Leylin had deliberately messed with her before, causing the now legendary paladin to slowly question her own faith as she drifted from her original alignment. A glimmer of dark red power developed in Rafiniya's soul, hiding this from Tyr.

“Justice, and faith. My Lord... please forgive my lack of conviction, I will persevere on my path in the future!” She finally stabilised her soul after a long period of struggle, “Announce it to every businessman and shop owner. Do it perfectly, these are orders from the church!”

Several paladins took her orders, rudely knocking on tightly shut doors to display notices stamped with Silverymoon's crest to every shop owner. The faces of the merchants turned pale, sweat covering their fat and greasy foreheads.

“The Queen of Silverymoon has ordered thus— For the sake of life and war preparations of the citizens, all stores are to continue operating as per usual. Prices shall not exceed twice their original value, and an overseeing group under the Holy Knight has been formed. This order was issued on...”

The paladins smacked the store owners' faces with the notices, ignoring any entreaties as they continued their operations. They held no favour for these greedy merchants, seeing them as synonymous with greed and evil.

These men hoarded supplies in the lead up to war, dropping supply in the market and profiting from their actions. Basically every merchant had blood on his hands, and if the alignments of those here were to be tested likely more than half of them would face immediate death. To tolerate their existence and a doubling of the price was already great grace!

Because of all this the paladins could be said to be behaving roughly, the disgust evident in their eyes. Numerous anguished wails sounded out in New Silverymoon.

# Chapter 1135 - Neon

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On a platform within the city hall of New Silverymoon, Alustriel was dressed in a beautiful cloak and a small crown as she leaned against the railings of a balcony overseeing the bustling city. There was a bitter smile on her face.

“Do you hear it, Your Highness? Do you hear the city mourning?” A scholarly old man adjusted his spectacles beside her.

“I hear it... But apart from this, what other ways do we have?” Alustriel turned around and the bitter smile on her face vanished, now replaced by a solid determination. “Our people fear the ferocity of the orcs, and my backers have been unable to gain the protection of the northern kingdoms. We even have to take on their troubles instead, those merchants want to sell at ten times the cost in this kind of time! Heavens... I even pawned the jewels of my crown for such a low price, what more do they want?”

Alustriel sounded exasperated the more she went on. Although she had the support of two greater gods in Tyr and Mystra, Tyr’s church had never been a wealthy one. Besides, Mystra had to cater to the rest of the world as well, so her support was limited. Even if she managed to latch onto the church, the Silverymoon Alliance was facing the assault of the orcs. Having lost everything, even with the help of the northern lords she wouldn’t be able to afford the resources of this war.

From the beginning, the war had been one between Mystra and the orcs. However, the Goddess of the Weave wasn’t particularly either, and without enough krona mercenaries and adventurers

wouldn't take the risk to participate. They couldn't even equip or feed their own soldiers!

In a sort of silver lining, some 'generous' people had been moved and were willing to donate their money, items, and even food for the war. Still, Alustriel's heart only felt a chill when faced with the sheer enormity of her foes.

The old scholar hesitated before speaking his mind, "But Your Highness... If you behave like this, won't you offend the Goddess of Wealth? The church of Lady Waukeen supports the merchants..."

"I am left with no other choice..." Alustriel waved her hands in exasperation. "Waukeen is a goddess who stands in neutrality. Besides, rumour has it that she conducts some business within the orc empire, so we cannot rely on her help..."

"Furthermore..." Alustriel blinked her eyes, "The ones executing the operations are the paladins of Tyr's church. We should be rest assured of how they conduct their business, shouldn't we? They wouldn't treat a good person unfairly..."

'But... They will also never let any bad people go, yet the merchants are filled with such people...' The old scholar sighed, yet he did not dare speak his mind this time.

As Alustriel's right hand man and her consultant, after such a long period of time working together he had understood some things perfectly. While Alustriel seemed to have matured after the annihilation of the previous kingdom, her original naivete was still

very much there.

“Sage Elminster has already arrived here. I hear he’s come with a good plan...” The scholar looked through his records and reported to Alustriel.

“That old pervert?” Alustriel said in disdain.

The scholar’s face turned beet red in embarrassment, but he corrected his facial expression and reminded Alustriel, “Please refrain from such words, Your Highness! You must watch your image and conduct yourself appropriately in a public place. Moreover... He is your foster father!”

“Alright alright, help me send him away on my behalf... Tell him I’m not around!” Alustriel waved her hands, and immediately opened a portal and stepped into it, leaving the old scholar smiling wryly...

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As this unwelcomed guest of Alustriel’s came, the conversation between Alustriel and the old scholar had ended abruptly.

However, they’d missed one point. Despite how they’d planned some actions, the ones executing them would change it completely.

Although Alustriel had told Rafiniya to have a certain tolerance for the merchants backed by the Goddess of Wealth, who were the



paladins? If their thick heads made of granite would know how to adapt then there was something seriously wrong here!

One of the paladins searched the warehouse of a priest belonging to the Goddess of Wealth, acting out of order to cast an appraisal spell. He discovered traces of evil, and once the clues led to the capture of a devil everything grew irreversible.

As a torrential wave of 'justice' swept past New Silverymoon, the ones who suffered the most were the merchants under the Goddess of Wealth. In order to obtain higher profits and margins, these unscrupulous merchants had been willing to do anything, including bartering with the devils. There was no better way for the paladins to deal with them, and with Alustriel's authority they began to cleanse the city.

In the process the paladins had captured several merchants that had connections with the devils, sending them to be burnt at the stake. There were even more found guilty of corruption.

Very soon, the citizens of New Silverymoon were greeted by a different sight. Most of the shops had reopened, and the shopkeepers had bright and friendly smiles on their faces as they treated every customer with respect. They were afraid of complaints or criticism, something that would cause the paladins to come looking for them once more.

Deep down, these merchants who had suffered heavy losses cursed the paladins, especially Rafiniya who was at their head. The commoners went to sleep early at dusk, but even more schemes were happening in the dark.

The priests of wealth seemed unaffected by all this, and with the Goddess Waukeen backing them, they did have the right to feel that way. As long as Alustriel had an iota of intelligence she would repay them for their losses. If not, they could immediately seek the orcs and support them with materiel.

The ones who'd suffered the greatest losses were those merchants who peddled on the small and medium scales. The violent purge had put them on the verge of bankruptcy, and the unlucky ones without any backing suffered great losses. Some of them had been gobbled up by larger merchant groups...

A dim oil lantern flickered in the room, reflecting the pale faces of the leaders of the Neon merchant group.

"Someone say something! What's wrong? I specifically rushed here for this meeting today!" A loud voice sounded. It came from a lady sat at the middle, a ravishing woman in her twenties seated on a leopard pelt.

The leaders' bodies shuddered, and they did not dare to lift their eyes to meet her gaze. It was as if a threatening beast or poisonous centipede was in front of them. A leader gritted his teeth before speaking, "Those paladins want us to keep to the same prices as before. We already lost about 1500 gold from the frenzied buying, and the losses will only rise..."

This loss was extremely alarming for a medium-sized merchant group like theirs. "Moreover... Once the paladins discover out

dealings in the dark..." Another leader's teeth clattered, before he collapsed to the ground, "Big Miss... We beg of you to let us leave first..."

"Dream on! Do you think you can still run away? Once our deals are discovered we won't be able to escape those paladins at all. It might even bring your families to harm..." The harsh truth was spoken in an icy tone, condemning these people to damnation.

"Relax, it's not like I don't have my own preparations. The family dispatched its elites, and as long as you hide well and take the chance to send the next batch of goods you'll be able to leave. If we succeed, the profits will be large enough for you to buy a huge villa in the south, and even marry the daughter of a noble. Who knows, you might be able to start a noble family of your own after a few generations..."

With such guarantees and temptations, the leaders' faces grew better as the look of suffering went away. However, a shadow appeared on the lady's face when they'd left.

After waiting a while and confirming that nobody had remained, she went to the corner of the warehouse and fumbled around for a hidden mechanism. A wall opened in the corner to reveal an underground passage, and she took up an oil lantern and walked into a narrow basement.

There wasn't much stored in the basement, and in fact there was steam rising from the ground that caused the lady's clothes to grow damp. There was a spell formation at the centre, shining with mysterious light.

Inserting two powerful energy crystals into the spell nodes, the woman took out a silver mirror and placed it in the middle of the spell formation.

Tss! Light flashed, and a middle-aged man dressed in silver robes appeared in the mirror.

“Anya!” the white-haired man began, “How’s the situation there?”

“Thanks to the Lord, our deals haven’t been discovered yet. We only incurred some superficial losses...” Anya frowned, “I’ve put the leaders at ease, so we won’t be discovered for the time being. However, there isn’t much time left, Father!”

“This situation is far worse than we had imagined...” The middle aged man’s face turned dark, “Blake isn’t giving us any more updates, he’s likely met with mishap. He had a lot of information on hand, and we could be exposed at any time. The God of Justice and the Goddess of the Weave definitely won’t let us go if we’re found out...”

“The orcs can’t be trusted, nor can the Blackblood Tribe... Are we going to become a common enemy?” The resolute front that the lady had put on was broken. She almost crumbled to the floor, her face filled with despair.

# Chapter 1136 - Decree

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“Don’t despair, Anya,” the middle-aged man put on a fierce expression, “The prime material plane is vast, we can definitely find a way out... It’s not just Silverymoon and the orcs here...”

“I’ve already made some contact with some other channels, we can discuss the details later. The shadow mirror seems to be waning... Your only mission is to stabilise the situation, it concerns the life and death of our family...” The image grew blurry as time went on, the voice getting cut up.

Just this short period of communication required a spell formation and several expensive energy crystals. Anya could only smile bitterly and shake her head.

“Other channels... Is Father prepared to seek out other factions? But the ones who would accept us at this time... Are they demons or devils?” Anya smiled sardonically, “Forget it... As long as we can live, I wouldn’t mind help from the Abyss itself...”

The actions of the Neon Merchant Group had reached their crescendo. Anya dreaded the thought of the consequences of them being outed now. She rubbed her temples as determination flooded her face once more, before she lifted her dress and walked away.

As she was moving out, she sent out a silent prayer from her heart, ‘Any god out there, please, protect me and my family. I’m willing to give you my faith, my life, and even my soul after this passes...’

.....

“Neon Merchant Group? A prayer for our help?” Tiff rubbed the glasses that gave him a scholarly appearance. “What do you think, Moena?”

“They’re a medium-sized merchant group in the north, mainly trading in leather and medicine. Their current leader is Fagus Bane. We performed some investigation after receiving their prayer, and they’re not as simple as they seem on the surface. Not only are their relations in the north complicated, they seem to be in contact with the orc empire,” A high-ranked priestess said from the side.

“So that’s how it is...” Tiff suddenly laughed. “That is to say, they’re currently in a dangerous situation and if their secret is revealed they’d be exterminated by Tyr and Mystra? There aren’t many influences willing to protect them and incur the wrath of those two... Just nice, since we’re one of them!”

‘They’ll be helpful when we’re trying to expand in the north...’ Light flashed in Tiff’s eyes, ‘We need more detailed information.’

Tiff still hadn’t been enticed by what he was shown. He needed more information, to be able to weigh the pros and cons to come up with the correct decision. This attitude was also why Leylin chose him to be pope.

“You can leave for now.” Tiff waved his hands, sending the

priestess away. He soon followed her out.

The entire church was filled with a festive atmosphere at this moment, numerous priests busy as they rushed about to arrange for a great amount of food and drink.

“Everyone, continue the hard work for the Lord’s birthday.” A few officers were urging everyone on, sweat beading on their foreheads.

Tiff was deeply moved by this scene. ‘Has it already been a year since the Lord ascended, detaching himself from his past to sit on his throne? The Neon Merchant Group will make a good present for it, he’ll definitely be pleased...’

Year 27945, Calendar of the Gods. The Giant Serpent Church celebrated the passage of one year since the birth of their god.

Even adding his mortal life Leylin was currently only 300 years old, quite young. However, such things as age held no significance for the gods. Still, Leylin made time to descend for the sake of his worshippers, performing a miracle that caused many of them to be moved to tears.

The holy mountain within Leylin’s divine kingdom was piled up with jade, bright light pouring out of the huge church to penetrate the first three Hells. The light dispersed suffering and evil, bringing about hope and beauty.

Leylin's true body was sat down on his throne within the church, heavily protected by guards and enchantments as his body radiated immortal light. The theatrics done, he was turning to a report from Tiff.

An endless stream of prayers came to Leylin every day, originating from his divine kingdom, the prime material plane, and even devils from the depths of Baator. Tens of millions of prayers were received, and Leylin responded in accordance to the importance of each.

Even though gods had powerful minds, they still weren't capable of dealing with such hard work. Many gods assigned the task of responding to prayers to a few demigods or lesser gods, helping reduce their workload.

Leylin had just established his divine kingdom, and he didn't have as many capable and trustworthy subordinates. Instead, he'd had the A.I. Chip handle a huge portion of this task. With all the upgrades it had received over time, it was better than him at such mechanical task.

[Beep! Pope Tiff's prayers have been found, beginning transfer...] Tiff's report came in the form of a prayer. The man was extremely pious, and given that he was after all the pope of the Giant Serpent Church his thread of faith was thick and dazzling. He was given great importance in the A.I. Chip's programs, allowed to speak directly to his god.



A great amount of images and information entered Leylin's eyes in an instant, detailing the Neon Merchant Group, Fagus, and Anya... Almost instantly he completely understood Tiff's prayers.

'The Neon Merchant Group, in the north...' Leylin stroked his chin... He himself had much wider and more detailed channels of information passing Tiff's own, and it took but a thought for him to gather more intelligence. 'They're sending firearms to the orc empire, and their main channel of trade is with the Blackblood Tribe of the Moonwood?

'On top of that, they have a batch of important goods sealed within New Silverymoon right now. If they're discovered they'll be tried for treason, the profanity causing the entire group to be destroyed...'

'Blackblood Tribe... Malar!' Leylin laughed.

The Lesser God of the Hunt had joined hands with the orcs once before. However, Mystra and Tyr had supposedly taught him a ruthless lesson, taming him after an attack on his avatar.

Unfortunately this didn't cause the slightest of changes to his nature. It seemed like Malar was colluding with the orcs once more...

Within the prime material plane, the Giant Serpent Church was a sea of celebration. There was unlimited food and drink, and for many worshippers it served as an opportunity to gain trust and make a favourable impression.

Churches that provided the material comforts and positivity would always be far more popular than the churches of evil. Even if Leylin was a true God of Massacre, he was actually gaining faith unlike Cyric who just liked to scheme, plot, and conduct sacrifices.

At the core of the church, Tiff was currently praying to a statue of Leylin. He'd reported on the Neon Merchant Group, his Lord being aware of everything even more thoroughly than him by the time he was done.

A golden light descended upon the statue, and Leylin's imposing voice sounded out, "Tiff..."

"My Lord!" Tiff was the pope of the Giant Serpent Church, and his prayers were treated with great priority with them still being developing. It was quite common for the Lord to descend for important affairs, and this was just a conscient. He wasn't in the slightest bit surprised.

Of course, this was still the conscient of a true god. Even he didn't dare be negligent as he saluted in accordance with teaching.

"Kukulcan, my Lord... You are like the stars in heaven, wielding the power of massacres, the Ruler of Devils..."

"The prime material plane has been developing well, and the celebrations went well.." The dignity of a deity was transmitted with this thought.

“The glory is mine, and the land belongs to you.” Tiff’s eyes couldn’t help but shine when he heard this, but he still didn’t dare to reveal a trace of carelessness...

The birthday celebrations left a deep impact on Leylin’s worshippers. However, they only knew to enjoy the shelter and glory of their Lord, not realizing that a team of high-ranked devil hunters had secretly left the headquarters to head north. They weren’t just going to assist the Neon Merchant Group...

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The North.

Numerous horses neighed as a caravan with completely covered carriages slowly left New Silverymoon.

‘We’re finally out...’ It was only after they moved their path until New Silverymoon’s outline disappeared that Anya loosened up and relaxed.

At the same time, she almost felt depressed enough to puke blood. She’d paid a lot for this permit to live, transferring all the profits of her merchant group and even having to pretend to compromise with those paladins that had rocks for brains. It had caused her to be neurotic for a long time.

‘Whatever... As long as we can take care of these things,

everything will be worth it.' Anya looked at the fleet behind her, nodding towards the person in charge.

He immediately shouted with understanding, "Everyone, work harder! As long as we reach Donnie before dark, Big Miss will give us a huge reward. We've also prepared fragrant barbecue and bread, along with warm beds and hot water..."

# Chapter 1137 - Leaving The City

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The promised rewards of dinner and good accommodations were enough to cause the caravan servants to exert all their strength. Their eyes reddened with the exertion as the caravan sped up once more to the tune of numerous shouts.

“Faster! Hurry up...” The anxiety that she couldn’t display on her face made Anya recall the most dangerous deal she’d made— when she’d entered the endless wilderness to negotiate with those stinking orcs.

‘The crisis this time far exceeds our transaction with that tribe...’ Anya’s face was unchanging as she faced those orcs, but this time she was really starting to get nervous. After all, if her actions this time were discovered her entire clan would land in deep straits! Unrest and fear had tortured her so much these past few days that there were now more wrinkles above her eyebrows.

The front of the caravan suddenly stopped, causing a great disturbance behind it as some carriages were toppled directly. The scene caused Anya to be filled with anger.

“Whats happening? Why did you stop?” She called out to her personal servant, holding back the urge to use her horsewhip. “Head to the front and check what’s happening!”

However, before the maid even went out, a servant dressed in military clothing rushed over with a face full of sweat.

“Miss, it’s the paladins! There’s a whole team of them blocking the path!”

“Those damned official dogs...” A few servants grumbled in a low voice. In their point of view, the paladins had taken most of the profits from the Bane Family, leaving them with little of the profit. Even when they risked leaving New Silverymoon in the middle of the war they still chased after the caravan. Those paladins really were extremely hateful!

However, the news only brought terror to Anya when she heard it.

‘Did they find out?’ She felt her heart fall, feeling a chill like she had been dropped into an icy cave. Sadly, her subordinates were here. Anya had no choice but to put on a bold front and hurry forward.

She soon saw a team of paladins dressed in silvery armour standing ahead of the caravan, dazzling emblems of the God of Justice on their chests. The determination radiating from their eyes caused her unrest to intensify to the limit.

“Captain Elric...” she said as she stepped forward, barely forcing a smile as she found a familiar face among the paladins. “The Neon Merchant Group has always abided by the law. We even sold 80% of our goods in New Silverymoon, and you granted us the clearance to leave...”

Anya was speaking in a thick nasal voice, the trace of

coquettishness in her tone a habit learned from her line of work. It was unfortunate that this approach had no effect on the paladins, and Captain Elric's eyes were instead filled with disgust.

However, he didn't say anything. He stood down respectfully, giving way to a female paladin standing behind.

'The Holy Knight!' The moment she recognised Rafiniya Anya felt despair well up in her heart, as if the bones had been pulled out of her body.

"Looking at you, I knew there wasn't an error with our intelligence! Sinner Anya, are you still unwilling to admit your sins?" At the legendary realm, even simple questions from Rafiniya were terrifying. The power behind them pierced through to Anya's heart, the horror almost causing her to collapse and confess.

"It was all arranged by the captain. Do you think I'd abandon a paladin's honour just for your worthless dirty tricks?" Elric pridefully raised his head while, disdain filled his eyes. "Exterminating you within the city would be too conspicuous... However, it is different here. Surrender obediently, and you shall receive a fair trial. We never let villains go, but at the same time we won't treat any good person unjustly."

Elric was naturally confident in his team. They were composed of multiple high-ranked paladins, and their leader was the legendary Holy Knight! They could clear away all evil!

"In the name of Her Majesty, I request to search the caravan!"

Rafiniya declared loudly. With Rafiniya and the paladins representing both Tyr and Alustriel, a majority of the people in the caravan started wavering. Many of them had been kept in the dark, and even the expensive mercenaries seldom knew the truth.

Standing against the Silverymoon Alliance and a greater god's church, Anya was skeptical of who would be willing to stand along her regardless of how much she she offered.

“Captain Rafiniya, you have always been my idol... I believe in your personal integrity, but I am sure that there is some sort of misunderstanding...” Anya dismounted and gave Rafiniya a ladies greeting. Afterwards, she walked to an overturned carriage and tore the tightly wrapped oilcloth off.

“Please take a look... These are all common leather and majority are empty boxes...” Anya tried to show Rafiniya her transported goods. “Everything here is approved goods, there's no contraband.”

“Your little tricks are nothing in the face of justice. Stop showing them off, it just seems ridiculous...” Rafiniya replied with a cold face, flipping over some of the leather.

Clank! The scabbard on her waist released a crisp buzzing sound, and a ray of dazzling bright light drew a beautiful arc mid-air.

Kacha! The axle of the carriage was broken, and the wood cracked apart. The horses ran away in fright, whining as they'd been broken out of their shackles. Their escape caused dirt to stain



Anya's beautiful skirt, but she didn't seem to mind in the slightest.

Only one thought was cycling through Anya's mind right now... They'd found out!

Crash! Splintered wood flew into the sky, revealing a layer of storage between the carriage's storage and its bottom. A few pieces of dark red crystals emitting a bloody glow fell out. Even the merchants standing far away could smell the stench of blood.

"A blood sacrifice... For the blood essence to be this pure, just how many souls would it take?" Rafiniya's hand trembled as she held onto the hilt, "You bear to sacrifice your own kind for those murderous evil gods?"

"Your sins have been determined. The entire Neon Merchant Group and the Bane Family shall be punished for your sins!" Rafiniya announced loudly.

The paladins behind her unsheathed their longswords at the same time, their eyes filled with disgust and determination. The terrifying atmosphere caused those who hadn't been aware to collapse suddenly.

"Dear Lord... This has nothing to do with me, I'm only a hired stable boy! Please forgive me... forgive me..." The legs of the coachman who was wearing a straw hat and coarse linen clothes gave way, and he directly fell to his knees with his whip still in hand.

Others reacted similarly. With both the monarchy and the theocracy against them, not many were courageous enough to fight back.

“Retreat!” The mercenaries employed by the caravans were more quick-witted than ordinary people. Sensing a bad situation, their leader immediately shouted as he fiercely whipped his horse. They intended to fall back.

The mercenary leader obviously knew the severity of this incident. Even if he was unaware of it and was innocent, the church would rather kill the victims than let a sinner go. He wouldn't be able to prove his innocence! And with high-ranked paladins on the opposing side, there was no way for them to win the fight. Fleeing was the only choice.

“A vain attempt to escape punishment? Fools!” Rafiniya evaluated indifferently.

Even without her acting personally two of the paladins beside her rushed out. Summoning light flickered as several celestial horses emerged, the devoted comrades of pure paladins.

With the paladins being so strong, how could mercenaries on ordinary warhorses escape?

“Wait... I can testify... I didn't...” The mercenary leader did not manage to escape far before he was caught. His face was in despair, and he went out screaming. Unfortunately, the cold-looking paladin did not utter any superfluous words and directly pierced

his heart with a longsword.

Numerous paladins riding on their celestial horses surrounded the caravan, and sealed off all possible escape routes. Everyone was left trembling on their knees.

“Sinners! How much harm is done to the world because of your greed and evil?” Looking at Anya’s pretty face, Rafiniya’s flushed red with anger. “A source of evil like you, should not exist in this world... In the name of Justice, I shall judge you!”

Milky white light condensed on Rafiniya’s longsword, and Anya sent a meaningful glance to a trusted aide that was preparing to dash forward.

“These servants are innocent and unaware, please bestow them mercy and forgiveness....” She said at the end.

“Cunning evil sinner, are you still trying to display your hypocritical kindness?” A callous murderous spirit could be seen within Rafiniya’s eyes.

# Chapter 1138 - Letting Go

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The world rumbled as a purifying sword of light crashed down, but it futilely swept through the air.

‘Hmm? Someone who could penetrate my ability to lock spacetime... Is that a legendary wizard or sorcerer?’ Rafiniya turned very serious, looking at the uninvited guest.

“Priestess of the God of Massacre, Barbara, greets the Lady of Hope. This person is a follower of our master, so please hold back...” A native maiden wearing the robes of a priest appeared in front of Rafiniya, the holy light from a legendary priest exceptionally obvious as it emanated from her.

Beside her was a devil hunter with thick chains wound around his arms. The man with a dark aura had already caught Anya’s arm; he was the one who’d saved her from Rafiniya.

“You... you’re from the Giant Serpent Church...” Anya immediately realised the identity of the person who had saved her, a look of hope rising on her face.

“A person who makes use of the evil power of devils...” Rafiniya gazed at the devil hunter next to Barbara. He had numerous little plaits in his hair, and his tan, yellowish skin identified him as a native.

More important was that she couldn’t ascertain the strength of his aura. It seemed like she was actually looking at hell when she

looked at him!

‘A legend! A legendary devil hunter!’ Rafiniya realised the identity of this person in an instant. Only someone of such strength could cause her to feel such fear.

Legendary strength, especially with devil hunters, was a qualitative increase in power. Devil hunters needed to seal legendary devils to reach that level of power! This person had legendary power himself, and on top of that he was supplemented by equivalent magic ability! Just having ascended he was equivalent to centuries-old high-ranked legendaries!

Such devil hunters were new to Leylin’s armies, having appeared after he took over three of the Nine Hells. Leylin had grabbed a bunch of devils who’d opposed him, using them to have a large number of devil hunters on the verge advance. The only issue was that there were few devil hunters qualified to reach such strength right now.

The person in Rafiniya’s way now was someone with such strength, and he was accompanied by a legendary priestess.

“Giant Serpent Church... Do you wish to help evil and go against justice?” Rafiniya looked serious as holy silver light appeared on the surface of her armour. She made a few secret hand signs to the paladins behind her.

“Don’t even try to contact New Silvermoon... Did you think we wouldn’t prepare for that?” Barbara spoke the language used in the

mainland in a very articulate manner. Knowledge of all languages was an essential ability for priests.

“I’ve already altered the space here. Forget signals for help, even the power of faith will be slowed down...” The paladins’ expressions quickly changed, as if to accentuate her words. One of them pulled Rafiniya aside, whispering something to her that caused this legendary paladin to turn grim.

Hellfire! Claws of Confinement!

Large numbers of dark figures emerged from the surrounding forest, terrifying devil spells being launched from them. Even the celestial horses didn’t dare to touch the blazing hellfire, and the paladins who’d originally had the upper hand were now constantly being forced away.

“So many high-ranked professionals!” Rafiniya’s expression was very dark as she brought up a great screen of light that prevented many devil hunters from attacking.

She knew full well that the only reason she could persist to this point was that the other party didn’t want to take things too far. If not for that, she wouldn’t last long against that legendary devil hunter.

“Are you declaring war on our church?” Rafiniya questioned loudly.

“Hehe... An accusation like that is rather terrifying...” Barbara sneered, not the least bit afraid.

“Rafiniya... I remember you!” The priestess suddenly gazed at Rafiniya’s face, “You were the knight who once followed our master in the north. While his sacred and holy being has cut off all connections with his mortal self, you did serve him at one point. For that reason, you may leave...”

“Hmm?” Barbara’s words surprised Rafiniya greatly, especially when she mentioned letting them off.

“Damn it... are you insulting us?” A young blonde paladin’s face flushed red, and his neck seemed to bulge as he grabbed the hilt of his sword in preparations for a charge.

“Wait!” Rafiniya easily knocked this young and impulsive kid unconscious, and had an older paladin nearby grab him.

“This was a mistake in my plans. There’s no need for more pointless casualties... I brought you out of the city, and I shall bring you back.” Rafiniya took a deep breath, “Let us go!”

Even the most zealous of paladins had learnt to compromise. That was a price Tyr had to learn to pay in the mortal world.

“I won’t see you off!” Barbara saluted her with a gentle smile, while the devil hunter nearby sneered.

.....

“Why didn’t you keep them here?” Anya half-reclined on the devil hunter as the paladins left, her eyes on their backs.

The devil hunter completely disregarded Anya’s flattering behaviour, causing her expression to stiffen and become awkward.

“We could take them out with our strength, but it would have caused immense casualties.” Barbara answered in his stead, saving the situation.

“You’re being too presumptuous, Anya!” a stern voice sounded, causing Anya to turn back in surprise.

She saw a white-haired middle-aged man slowly emerge from the shadows, bowing towards Barbara and the legendary devil hunter, “My lords, please forgive my daughter for her ignorance...”

“Father... why are you here?” Anya asked, stunned. This was her father, the master of the Bane Family and manager of the Neon Merchant Group.

“Isn’t it all to take care of this mess? Quick, apologise to the two lords!” Fagus glared at his daughter. These were two legendaries, who had a true god church backing them!

He understood very well how terrifying such strength could be. Much more importantly, if the Giant Serpent Church were to be



offended, the Bane Family would probably have no place to go in the north or even the entire prime material plane.

“Our Bane Family and the Neon Merchant Group have completely sworn loyalty to the Giant Serpent Church. From hereon, they are our benefactor...” Fagus reminded Anya.

“My apologies, my lords... I... I...” A blush appeared on her cheeks.

“Forget it! Even our master would forgive the mistakes committed by the youth...” Barbara laughed as she waved her hands, “Besides... the reason I did not keep them here is not primarily because she and the master are acquaintances. She is a legendary being after all, and the God of Justice will surely pay much attention to her. Since we’ve tampered with this space, there’s a rather large chance of Silverymoon and the God of Justice’s Church finding out the moment a battle breaks out... The other side has already gathered Elminster and a huge batch of high-ranked legendaries. With our current strength, we still can’t go head to head with them...”

“That’s why we need to leave as quickly as possible!” The devil hunter in command, The devil hunter commander, who had looked expressionless all this time, now spoke up.

“We shall do as the lords suggest.” Fagus smiled flatteringly, as if fawning on them. It caused Anya to feel resentful and relieved at the same time. At the very least, the serious responsibilities had been taken over by the Giant Serpent Church and wouldn’t be her problem anymore.

“What are you still standing there in a daze for? Pack up, we leave immediately!” Fagus yelled at the servants who had yet to move. Only now did they comprehend what had gone on, a look of disbelief in their eyes as they watched their master.

The events today were too damaging to their mental states. First was the paladins, and just when they thought they were in a pinch that was impossible to escape from their master had brought an even more powerful group that sent the paladins running. The Neon Merchant Group was only a middling business!

In that moment, they began to revere their master. The servants moved quickly, thankfully packing up all the fallen items. Fagus moved forward, taking all the blood essence made of flesh and soul and giving it to the devil hunters.

“The blood essence here is very pure, and its characteristics make it incompatible with spatial items. If it isn’t stored in dimensional pouches or other such storage items, it will soon lose its effects. It needs to be stored using blood-traced wood... If not for all that we wouldn’t have such problems...” Fagus sighed as he spoke.

“Mm. Let’s go!” After everything was collected, Barbara turned to leave, with the father-daughter pair of Fagus and Anya close behind.

The rest of the merchants followed the original route and hastened towards the next town. Whatever it was, they now had no taboo items on them, and would no longer be afraid of any

checks.

In the eyes of Fagus and other higher-ups, they had to make the best of the situation. As long as the other merchants could take the attention off them even slightly, that would be good. What happened to all these people was not their problem.

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Currently, within Leylin's divine kingdom in Baator, the God of Massacre saw an avatar of Umberlee once more. The Goddess of the Ocean had an even denser aura than before, evidently growing more imposing after consuming the divinity of the Sharkmen.

# Chapter 1139 - Negotiations

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“You want to attack Malar?” Umberlee’s gaze showed that she was pondering the idea, “We’re of the same alignment...”

“But not of the same alliance,” Leylin countered quickly, “The two of us work in the same domain, we’ll never see eye to eye. He sent his avatar to attack me during my ascension...”

“Hehe...” The Goddess of the Ocean smiled, radiating a crazed aura. She’d always been temperamental, “Good! Since I owe you one, I’ll help you.”

“No, I think you misunderstand me. I don’t want you to help me based on the contract. I just hope that, as my ally, you can stall the orc gods in my stead...”

“The orcs?” Umberlee now felt like it was impossible to make sense of this new god.

“Mm! The enemy of an enemy, after all. Don’t you feel like I’m a better ally than Malar?” Leylin blinked.

“Haha... Interesting! How interesting...” Umberlee burst into laughter, the terrifying phantom waves sweeping behind her in the dark showing her power. The blue waves formed a passageway, and Leylin and Umberlee slowly faded away.

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In the north, within a hidden underground room.

Numerous distorted runes were carved into every corner of the wall. If one took a close look, they could sense the power of blasphemous incantations on it. It was here that Fagus and Anya Bane sat together, discussing matters at ease.

“Father... I just don’t understand what we’re doing. We might be asking them for help, but we’re letting them handle everything that has to do with our family...” Anya’s face was slightly flushed. She’d watched her father hand over the business and the secret connections that she herself had laboured over for years, and she could not help but feel her heart bleeding.

In her mind, all of that belonged to her! Now, the Giant Serpent Church had taken everything away without any effort. With just one thought, they could easily destroy the Neon Merchant Group and the Bane Family!

“You need to see the facts, Anya. The church would only help us after we handed everything over...” Fagus seemed calm, something glimmering in his eyes, “Besides... attempting to hoodwink a true god’s church is an extremely foolish idea. We aren’t one of the huge business groups, we don’t have the right to be so haughty...”

Fagus’ experiences had let him know the terror of a true god’s church. Gods never died of age, and very few deities had been killed in the World of Gods, basically not one in thousands of years.

This let the churches live comfortably in the prime material plane. Even if they were exterminated, they could still make a comeback. Compared to the Giant Serpent Church, the Neon Merchant Group was just an ant.

Fagus found his daughter's worries hilarious. The Giant Serpent Church needed his channels and connections in the north, but the wealth gathered by the Bane Family? It probably couldn't even measure up to a palace in the divine kingdom, right?

Besides, the Neon Merchant Group wasn't powerful, they were the party asking for help. Who would dare bargain with the Giant Serpent Church?

"I'm sorry, Father... I was too rash..." Anya now seemed to realise her mistakes. She had acted too conspicuously in front of her father, and ducked her head in shame.

"Mm... it's best if you understand this..." Fagus looked at his most outstanding daughter, feeling that he still needed to guide her along.

The World of Gods was mostly a patriarchy, and the girl child could not compare. However, Anya had just been far too outstanding. If she could find a husband within the family and remain, it would be very helpful for the development of their business.

Fagus hence began to speak, his voice low, "A newly ascended

god has vast future prospects. Those who follow a church during its birth will naturally gain great benefits at the end. Look at the top businesses of the mainland, which one of them isn't backed by a true god? It all comes down to the merits they gained when the church was established..."

'Father seems to think highly of this god,' Anya thought. But then she laughed at herself in mockery; which true god wasn't worth the Neon Merchant Group investing their everything?

"The God of Massacre... What kind of god is this Kukulkan?" Anya muttered under her breath, a trace of admiration in her voice. She still revered and worshipped the highest existences of the the World of Gods.

"Be careful with what you say! Even with the protection of the demonic words you shouldn't utter a true god's name without caution. They'll sense it unless you're in a divine kingdom or near other gods..." Fagus immediately looked solemn.

"I understand. My apologies..." Anya covered her red lips as she looked around her, as if afraid that the God of Massacre would suddenly jump out.

"Hehe... A mighty existence like that has millions of tasks to settle everyday. There's a very slim chance of you being noticed... as long as you don't have the worst luck..." Fagus saw how his daughter was acting, and it drew a rare chuckle from him. He finally relaxed, not having noticed the sly look within Anya's eyes.

“I actually do know a little about this existence...” Fagus told Anya, “Do you remember the youngest legendary wizard in the world?”

“Of course!” Anya nodded, “I know all about his achievements... There’s also the wealth of the Faulen Family, and the great business opportunity in the southern seas being such hot news. I remembered it all died down suddenly...”

There were too many figurative halos on Leylin’s head. Up till this point, he was still the idol and ideal lover of many noble ladies who did not know the inside details.

“He’s the current master of the Giant Serpent Church. Leylin Faulen is the God of Massacre!” Fagus stated coldly.

“What?” Anya was now truly shocked.

“He seems to have abandoned his old name when he advanced, coming up with a new one. While this isn’t common, it has happened before... The other churches, especially those of the God of Justice and the Goddess of the Weave have sealed up all information regarding him for some reason. That’s why many on the continent still can’t associate the two...” Fagus chuckled as he revealed an open secret.

“This... this... what great aptitude. Without the remnants from gods of previous generations, he became a god...” Anya now had no schemes in her mind. She felt ridiculously base compared to Leylin.



“The native empire on Debanks Island became a part of the mighty god’s divine kingdom, which is why the southern sea fell in trade. It impacted quite a few coastal kingdoms...” Fagus narrated. Even though he was giving her a rough idea, Anya was already shaken to the core.

“The reason I’m telling you all this is to inform you that an existence so mighty and with such talent definitely will have a farsighted goal. Hence, don’t try anything and serve him with sincerity. Only then will you gain approval from him!” Fagus finished off.

“Is that why Father handed over all control?” Anya looked like she had understood something.

“Mm. I will also send a few of your younger brothers to the church to study priesthood and learn the ways of the devil hunters...” With a hasty understanding of Leylin’s rise, Fagus completely gave up any other thoughts. He knew that any being who could ascend themselves in such a cruel environment was extremely terrifying.

Not only was he more powerful than the others, but his shrewdness was also impeccable! Trying anything with an existence like this was akin to seeking death! Hence, he decided to swear his loyalty. The decision to send hostages basically meant putting everything on the Giant Serpent Church.

Even if their plans failed, the Giant Serpent Church would

remain completely safe. At most, they would lose a few external powers. However, the Bane Family would be wiped out completely. On the other hand, the profits coming from success would definitely surpass Fagus' own imagination!

“What should I do, Father” Anya looked at her father, feeling that she still had much to learn. This was especially so in terms of making decisions with the big picture in mind, something impossible for the current her who still worried over the most minor matters.

“Have faith in the God of Massacre and serve him with sincerity!” Fagus answered sternly. “Of course, you'll need some help. I've used my connections to have you stay by a saintess. You'll have to perform well..”

“Saintess... would that be Barbara?” Anya's eyes flashed.

“Yes! She's a saintess that the God of Massacre himself chose, and has a very high position in the Giant Serpent Sect. It's even said that she's more powerful than the other saintesses, and is second only to the pope...” Fagus glanced at Anya, implying something.

“You mean... I have to do anything, regardless of the cost, to gain her favour?” Anya nodded, expressing her understanding of the situation as well as her determination to follow through.

# Chapter 1140 - Proclamation

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The next time Anya saw Barbara, the saintess was casting a heal on an old servant.

They were in a hidden stronghold in the north that belonged to the Bane Family. There were a few powers here who provided servants and slaves to their master, Fagus Bane, and this old man was obviously one of those servants. His back was humped with all the work he'd been subject to, and his clothes tattered.

There was a disgusting stench coming from him, one that almost caused Anya to crinkle her brows and escape. She could swear that even sewage smelled better than him, and on top of that the old man had a few disgusting lacerations on his pus-filled hands that almost caused her to vomit.

The World of Gods wasn't very advanced medically, and most priests only cast divine spells on nobles or high-ranked Professionals. Commoners had to power through sickness, while the wealthy looked for potioners. But even the potioners could only brew some useless anaesthetics, or they just used some bat shit mixed with canvas ash to cheat others.

With this old man's lowly status, it'd normally be impossible for him to be healed. He was looking at Barbara with imploring eyes.

"This is from half a month ago. I accidentally cut myself with a stone knife while working, and it turned out this way..."

“Don’t worry, the Lord loves us mortals... He won’t let you suffer this torture for eternity...” Barbara maintained her kindly smile even while facing such a person, not seeming at all bothered by the smell. Bright divine light was emanating from her hands as a healing spell caressed the wound. The swelling disappeared quickly, and much of the pus was cleaned up before bright red flesh began to emerge.

“All done! However, you still have to keep this arm clean. Don’t do anything too vigorous the next few days,” Barbara cautioned him.

“Oh... So kind... Thank you, kind-hearted priestess. May I know which god you serve?” the old man asked somewhat incoherently.

“The Lord is the master of massacres and healing. He is the God of Massacre, with feet in both life and death, Kukulkan!” Barbara answered seriously, turning solemn at the very mention of Leylin.

“God of Massacre, Kukulkan?” The old man was slightly confused, obviously not having heard of this name before. However, he soon regained his senses, “Only a very benevolent god would have a priestess like you. Please allow me to donate to him...”

The old man trembled as he took a few coppers from his pocket. However, the coins fell to the ground the moment he spotted Anya from the corner of his eyes, and he trembled slightly.

“Revered Mistress Anya!” The old man did not care for the

rolling coppers on the ground, kneeling down immediately.

“Mm,” Anya answered reservedly. When it came to a servant who could only spend their whole life in this stronghold and serve her family, even a slight answer was a great favour. However, she quickly caught herself and looked at Barbara.

“My apologies, Saintess...”

“The attitude of nobles towards servants is just...” Barbara shook her head, crouching down to pick up the fallen coppers.

“The Lord sees your offerings,” she said as she stowed the insignificant wealth away. She held the old man’s hands, “The faith coming from the bottom of our hearts is what the Lord wishes for. Wealth means nothing, all beings are equal in terms of soul...”

“I will arrange for him to be given easier and safer jobs, Saintess...” Anya said immediately after the old man left. At the same time, her thoughts began to run free, ‘A kind and benevolent saintess? Good, it’s better to deal with people like her than orcs or savages...’

“I’ll be grateful, but it won’t be very effective...” Barbara shook her head, eyes glimmering with wisdom. It caused Anya to feel like this saintess in front of her wasn’t as simple as she seemed.

“We can only do what we can to save the person in front of us today. However, there are far too many people like this where our eyes cannot see, too many. As individuals, we cannot help them

all...”

Barbara’s eyes glinted, “Of course, it’s great that he can get such kind treatment from you. Our Lord often tells us that success is brought about by the accumulation of small things...”

Barbara gazed at Anya with a half-smile, her wise eyes seemingly seeing through everything. “I was notified by chief Fagus that you shall be my communications official here. I will be troubling you from now...”

“No, no... It is my honour to be able to serve the Saintess!”

“Good!” Barbara used a finger to raise Anya’s chin. However, she actually seemed a little excited!

“I don’t want to stroll around yet, and I’m a little tired now. How about a bath?” Barbara suggested.

While it was strange to have a bath in the day, Anya did not question it. Although she felt slightly uneasy, she brought Barbara to a huge bathing area.

There was a marble statue here, that of a servant crouched respectfully with a vase in hand. Water was streaming out of the vase, large amounts of steam covering the huge, spotless-white jade-like pool.

Barbara’s body that was full of youthfulness and vigour

disappeared into the pool, before she waved at Anya.

“Come here...”

“Hmm? Me?” Anya felt dizzy at this, but her body still moved forward involuntarily...

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Having finished the bath, Anya was dressed in a long, loose gown with a few droplets of water on her silky hair. She looked more beautiful than ever, but there was a look of perplexity on her face.

In contrast, Barbara was full of life as she pulled Anya to another area of the plaza.

“Sister Barbara!” “Sister Barbara!” A few little boys who were in the middle of training immediately ran over. At this point, Barbara’s aura changed once more, and she was now like a gentle big sister living nearby as she greeted them kindly.

The huge difference caused Anya to feel like she was still in a dream, leaving her slightly confused.

“These are...” she inquired robotically.

“Lost sheep that the Lord’s warriors found along the way...” Barbara caressed the head of a little boy, looking towards a devil

hunter who was guiding them, “How is their homework?”

“They’re doing rather well. These kids can take hardships. Vegeta, in particular, is the most outstanding in terms of his understanding of battle techniques and learning how to read...” Upon hearing this, a trace of pride appeared on the face of the boy who Barbara was caressing.

“You did well!” Barbara’s smile grew even more tender.

“But...” The instructor seemed hesitant to speak.

“What is it? Go on.” Barbara frowned, but it did not seem to mar her beauty. It instead seemed to compliment her, making her seem more delicate. However, the instructor trembled, as if afraid of something.

“There’s a child... who doesn’t understand the lessons at all... and has a poor physique...”

Anya understood the situation from the side. The Giant Serpent Church was taking in orphans, nurturing them into manpower in various areas. A child without any real talent would probably be useless in the future.

“What’s his name?” Barbara followed the instructor’s gaze, and found a petite figure crouched in a corner. It seemed like he hoped to disappear into the shadows.



“Lonce... I think? That should be his name...” The instructor answered uncertainly.

“How can you treat someone you’re so unsatisfied with this way?” Barbara glanced at the instructor, “Have Amik come over, your position is being changed.”

The instructor didn’t dare resist the enraged saintess. He bowed and left without another word.

“Lonce! That’s your name, isn’t it?” Barbara asked as she walked towards the little boy.

“Y–yes, my Lady!” When Lonce looked up, it was like he saw a being of light. The holy rays emanating from her made her appear elegant and warm.

“I believe you have exceptional talent! Don’t mourn for a moment’s failure...” Barbara kindly patted Lonce’s cheeks, causing the flush on his face to extend to his neck.

“But...” Lonce sounded ready to cry.

“If you still can’t handle this, then pray. The Lord will give you courage...”

Lonce gritted his teeth hard. Only by doing so could he stop the tears of shame that were about to surge out of his eyes.

To Anya and the rest, it seemed like Barbara was the perfect saintess. She reached out to Lonce with a glowing hand of redemption, pulling him out of the shadows. The self-abasing boy seemed to grow brighter, with the courage to take on the entire world.

‘So strange.. Why do I suddenly think that way?’ Anya wiped at her cheeks, suddenly coming to a realisation, ‘This power of influence... You’ve given me an extremely terrifying and difficult task, Father...’

# Chapter 1141 - Hound

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Walking on a cobblestone path, Barbara suddenly turned back to look at Anya.

“What’s wrong, Saintess?” Anya, who was still astonished at Barbara’s display, suddenly felt her heart drop as if she had been seen through.

“Do you know... who those children are?” Barbara’s black eyes carried the traits of the natives, but that didn’t matter. It actually left Anya wanting to get closer to her.

“They should be the refugees and fleeing slaves from the north, right? It’s become common in the past few decades. Saintess Barbara taking them in is an act of kindness!” Anya naturally knew where these children had come from. Refugees and fleeing slaves who couldn’t stand the orcs’ harsh treatment were everywhere ever since chaos erupted in the north.

Unfortunately, even here they would not be guaranteed a better life. Freezing or starving to death was so common that there were mountains of skeletons at the sides of every road and in the plains.

With the situation being so bad for adults, children were even worse for the wear. If not for Barbara’s help, those little imps would probably die from the hunger or cold in the near future. There was nothing wrong with calling her actions kind.

“Yes, an act of kindness!” Anya reiterated.

“Anya... Did you know that the Lord took in a batch of refugees and children from the north when the unrest began? He nurtured them, making priests and scholars out of those orphans... Now, as the grandchildren of these priests return to the mainland, they find their homes still ravaged by war. Things seem even worse than before...”

“Larger families, merchants, and churches would take in a certain number of children before, but now... The market is full. Lonce and the rest have nowhere else to go, and they can only starve to death...” While this was but a simple statement, Anya could see the glint in the saintess’ eyes brighten.

“Anya!” Barbara suddenly yelled.

“Yes!” Anya went forward apprehensively.

“Are you willing to change the north with me?”

‘She wants to break away from the chaos of war and help the commoners recover?’ Anya was shocked, not expecting these desires from the saintess. But another thought occurred to her right after, leaving her shocked. ‘Wait... with her status, it could very well be an order from the Lord.

‘Maybe... Is a divine battle more terrifying than that of the mortal realm about to descend upon us?’ Anya’s heart filled with fear in that moment, but she still managed a stiff nod.

“Good! I believe in the loyalty of the Bane Family, as well as your faith in the Lord.” Barbara nodded in satisfaction.

“Umm... Saintess, may I know how the church intends to end this war?” Anya asked cautiously.

“First we focus on the trade of sacrifice blood between your family and the Blackblood Tribe. That batch of blood essence will be dealt with...” Barbara glanced over at Anya.

“Does the church know everything already?” Anya’s voice showed her uneasiness. After all, not all churches could tolerate such things.

“Massacring commoners, buying slaves to be killed, and pandering to evil gods of other races...” Barbara counted with her fingers as large beads of cold sweat fell from Anya’s face, “Any one of those sins is enough for your family to be consigned to eternal damnation. However... thankfully, the Bane Family is still of some use to our master...” The threat in her voice was obvious.

“Yes!” Anya guaranteed, “The family will adhere to the church’s instructions!”

“Good!” Barbara smiled slightly, though Anya had no right to resist, “Continue the trade with the Blackblood Tribe. I just need our people to take over...”

“It shall be as you say... But...” There was a rare hint of hesitance in Anya’s voice.

“Speak. Is there any issue?” The smile on Barbara’s face did not lessen, but Anya could sense the atmosphere chilling in an instant.

“Well... Our family is only in charge of the collection and processing of the blood essence. The main power still lies with a large business. They’re also in charge of helping us contact the Blackblood Tribe, and take profits from us in exchange for being the middlemen...”

Anya’s words implied that the smuggling into the orc empire had flourished in the darkness of the north. It was such a joke that even the higher-ups of the Silverymoon Alliance were in on the action, rumours abound that Old Mage Elminster had shares in the operation and priests of wealth were acting as guarantors.

“All trade with the Moonwood is controlled by the Blackmoon Merchant Group. We’re only wandering merchants...” Anya’s lips curved in a wry smile.

“Blackmoon Merchant Group? It doesn’t seem to be all that powerful in the north, though?” Confusion shone in Barbara’s eyes.

“It’s a large business group set up in secret, formed in the black market by offshoots of the other large-scale businesses. It controls over 60% of the trade in the north.” Anya’s eyes reflected an obvious mockery.

“How gutsy... The queen of Silverymoon really is quite pitiful...” Barbara shook her head. Although she hadn’t met such situations in her life on Debanks Island, she still had enough experience to understand a great deal.

“Then... who exactly is it that stands in our way?” Barbara asked.

Anya took a deep breath before spitting out the name, “The master of the Blackmoon Merchant Group, Shadow Hound Gloff!”

“Shadow Hound? What an interesting nickname...” Barbara began to laugh.

“He’s always hidden in the shadows, like a hungry wolf not letting go of even rotten meat. Even the savages fear his greed and violence...” Anya’s shoulders trembled, as if she had thought up something terrifying.

“How interesting!” the smile on Barbara’s face grew, “Help me make an appointment with him...”

Dark businesses like the Neon Merchant Group and the Blackmoon Merchant Group had channels to transmit information in secret despite the surface ban on the Bane Family. It didn’t take long for Anya to receive news that Gloff had agreed to meet.

The venue for the meeting was an underground bar. The owner was an intelligent person, and they’d avoided using a place where

paladins could find them here. The smell of cheap wine permeated the place, mixing with tobacco and cheap perfume to cause Anya to cringe.

Once they saw Gloff's true appearance, however, even Barbara looked slightly surprised. Anya just cried out in shock.

The Shadow Hound just looked far too powerful. Canines protruded from his mount, and he had a spotted black nose that complimented red, bestial eyes. His skin was bunched together and wrinkly, full of fat and flesh.

‘A mixed-blood with a Shar Pei? It's a rare combination too...’ Anya thought to herself. Such beings were normally exterminated at birth, and those who even survived were rare, let alone someone growing to such heights of power. There was perhaps less than one in ten thousand who could do so.

“Please sit, beauties!” The rumbling voice coming from Gloff's throat made it seem like he was speaking with his tongue stuck out. Anya needed to spend a great amount of effort to understand what he was saying.

“Many thanks!” she said as she bowed sincerely, but as she sat down she soon felt a disgusting gaze scanning across her. The feeling of greed and lust immediately caused goosebumps to rise on her skin. ‘Shadow Hound, the king of rotting meat... This nickname really was created aptly...’

“What is it, ladies? You don't seem quite satisfied with how I'm



attending to you...” Gloff gulped down a fried quail stuffed with little mushrooms and spices, the sickly crimson-yellow tongue that was wagging out causing Anya to feel nauseous.

“It’s about communication with the Moonwood...” She went straight to the point, forcing down the discomfort.

“So it’s about that...” Gloff was still stuffing food into his mouth, and a servant took a large black notebook and began to flip through it in front of him.

“We don’t really have any needs in this area now, so the noble merchants will have to wait a while...”

“Are there no other ways? Do you think we could discuss the allocation of profits here?” Anya asked, sounding him out.

“It’s not about profits.” Gloff seemed rather resolute. He had already finished off all the food in front of him, and a few female fox servants were using white serviettes to wipe his mouth for him.

“But... If Miss Anya insists, we could continue this conversation in private... haha...” The red glint in Gloff’s eyes brightened.

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“Damn it... That stupid hound, swine...” Anya began to complain once they reached the street.

“I do find him rather intelligent...” Barbara pushed at her black cloak, revealing her charming face.

“Saintess, do you mean I should...” Anya immediately felt bitter, but she nodded with difficulty, “If it’s for the church, I’m willing to do it...”

# Chapter 1142 - Scheme

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“Hehe... where has your mind gone to, my little Anya... “ Barbara lifted Anya’s chin, “The church isn’t doing so badly that you’ll have to make sacrifices for it yet...”

Anya heaved a sigh of relief after hearing those words. Although she didn’t mind such things, it also depended on who the other party was.

“What does the Saintess mean?”

“Though I didn’t state my position, doesn’t the fact that he didn’t seem to care enough to ask say something?” Barbara gazed at Anya with a half-smile, “News of the Bane Family siding with the Giant Serpent Church surely must have spread throughout the north, and he must be unwilling to enter such muddy waters... Besides, their thought process is far more complicated than you’d think. I even suspect that...”

Anya immediately turned solemn. Only now did she realise that, even in terms of the refined war of business, Barbara was no less competent than her.

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Within the hidden meeting room in the underground bar, the Shadow Hound stood up respectfully to bow to a figure in the shadows.

“Things are as you instructed, my lord, I’ve let them know it isn’t possible and had them leave.”

“Mm,” a young noble walked out of the darkness. He was dressed in tailcoat and tie, with not even a strand of fiber out of place. He had silver hair and dark green pupils, the arrogance, reservation, and slyness that only nobles possessed shining forth from his eyes.

“You did well. Even if it isn’t enough to fool them, we’ve clarified our stance...” Every movement of the youth was filled with grace, as if he was hosting an important wine reception.

“They have dealings with a church... It’s not quite appropriate for us to get involved in this...” Gloff began, but an explosive sound rang out as a cane hit Gloff’s forehead. The man began to bleed profusely.

“What a disgrace!” The youth’s expression had changed. The smile was gone, replaced by a brewing storm.

“I was wrong, Master! Please forgive me!” How was Gloff anything like the Shadow Hound he was said to be? All he could do was shake his tail and look pitiful while kneeling in front of his master.

“Do not forget your position... you’re just a lowly mixed-blood slave. How would you have the right to suggest something to me, the noble Eric?” The youth’s expression was full of malice, but he quickly concealed it. Still, Gloff could only crawl in front of him in

fear, his body trembling.

“Just remember. Your power, your status; your everything... it all comes from me. I gave you the world, but I can also destroy everything in an instant...” Eric patted Gloff’s head in reminder, a noble smile surfacing on his face.

“I will remember it well, Master! You are my everything...” The only thing Gloff wasn’t doing to express his loyalty was wagging a tail.

“The Neon Merchant Group is far from enough to fill my appetite. However, what do you think about that saintess? She isn’t too bad...” The young man’s eyes flashed wildly, and he burst into laughter. His shadow in the wall swayed around, like a demon dancing freely.

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After following Barbara back to the residence, Anya perked up.

“Here’s the information you wanted, Saintess!” She saw the legendary devil hunter that had left such a deep impression on her arrive. He stood respectfully at the side, hellfire sparking atop the surface of the chains in his hands to give him a unique, blazing aura.

“Mm,” Barbara nodded as she took a gold crystal from him. Her brows suddenly wrinkled, “You had to attack someone just now?”

“A few high-ranked shadow thieves who were fearless enough to spy on us. So foolish...” The devil hunter sneered, and a few translucent faces showed themselves amidst the distorted hellfire.

‘He’s profaning souls! That’s something only devils and demons do!’ Anya’s pupils shrank as she shrieked in her mind, but she managed to hide her expression well.

However, Barbara seemed to have sensed her uneasiness. “He’s imprisoned them for now. These people will be sent to the Lord for punishment,” she consoled, though her words were suspicious.

The devil hunter shot an indifferent glance at Anya, that gaze that deemed her a little bug causing her soul to tremble in fear. She understood well that this was the imposing aura that came from legendary might. If he wished to destroy her, it wouldn’t be much different to stomping an ant to death.

Only now did Anya realise how amazing Barbara’s kindness was.

“Take note of your own actions. You’ve frightened my communications officer!” Barbara frowned.

“My apologies, Saintess. I’ll be on my way then.” Space rippled, and the devil hunter’s figure disappeared. He’d served the purpose of demonstrating his strength, making it fully clear to Anya that her family was just paper in front of legendary might.

“If this place was found out and there’s people watching us, should we...” Anya cautiously asked Barbara.

“There’s no need to move... After all, finding another stronghold will be difficult. With him around, everything will be taken care of.” Barbara’s tone displayed her absolute confidence. All too casually, she passed the information she’d received to Anya.

“This is... information on the Blackmoon Merchant Group!” Anya’s pupils shrunk, feeling like the papers in her hands suddenly weighed a ton.

It implied that the Giant Serpent Church had a huge information network. Uneasiness rose in Anya’s heart, fear that her family would lose its use. If that happened, there wouldn’t be much time left before they were destroyed.

“Take a look...” the saintess commanded, and Anya read through everything. Her shock only grew as she read on.

‘The person in control of the Blackmoon Merchant Group is Earl Eric? He’s the grandson of the consul that Queen Alustriel trusts the most?’ The news left Anya speechless. Although she knew that the nobility was dirty, the content of this report still exceeded her expectations.

“Such is the nobility. They can betray their own ilk for profit...” Barbara smiled in mockery, “That’s not all. He seems rather interested in taking over the Neon Merchant Group... And me.”

Although Barbara maintained a smile as she spoke, Anya still felt a chill down her spine. She recalled the shadow thieves the devil hunter had just eliminated, ‘He’s the one who sent them?’

“Hehe... Foolish mortal, my body, soul, and everything belong to the Supreme God, Kukulkan. Those who dare covet his belongings will definitely be punished, their souls crying...” A sick flush appeared on Barbara’s face, causing Anya to shudder.

All of a sudden, Barbara pointed at Anya, “Come, accompany me in a bath.”

“Al- alright!” Anya stammered as she agreed, the trepidation rising in her heart mixed with a tinge of anticipation.

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New Silverymoon, Church of Tyr.

“Captain Rafiniya!” The large, dusty doors of the church opened up, revealing the face of an old priest. He spoke slowly, “Your wisdom allowed you to protect numerous budding paladins. The Lord does not blame you...”

The dim light revealed that Rafiniya’s clothing was lined with spikes, and she was kneeling to atone for her sins. She seemed to be punishing herself.

“I have not forgiven myself... I let evil escape my grasp, and the



innocent commoners will suffer for it. I have sinned!” Rafiniya looked extremely pale, her eyes sunken with dark lines. The torture had to have been for quite a while.

“The Lord needs you now. New Silverymoon needs you, and the commoners of the north need you more!” The old priest naturally knew what to do to affect her. “The war is about to begin, and the city is in turmoil. The innocent are still suffering, so what are you waiting for? Look at the city, it needs you!

“Besides, shouldn’t you correct your mistakes?” The old priest opened the doors, producing a barely audible sound that gave rise to a sense of urgency.

“I’ve never denied that!” Rafiniya picked up her longsword, and her aura surged with power. Even in the garb of sinners, the captain of the paladins had returned! “I’ll uproot the Neon Merchant Group, and the Bane Family... The Giant Serpent Church as well! They’ll pay the price, I swear on it!” Rafiniya solemnly guaranteed.

“Very good!” The old priest left in satisfaction, not noticing a dark lustre becoming more distinct at Rafiniya’s back...

Meanwhile, in a certain grand residence in New Silverymoon.

“The captain of the paladins is coming out? Haha... good, good! Leak the location of the Bane Family’s stronghold to them...” Eric began to laugh crazily, “They dare take the shadow thieves I nurture with so much effort? They must pay the price!”

# Chapter 1143 - Arrival

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“Young master, this will harm our reputation...” An old butler spoke, his words staggered.

“We’re a mighty noble family, our glory eternal. All this filthy business is the work of those under us. Got it?” Eric looked towards the butler with a gaze full of meaning. The man understood what he meant, backing down respectfully as the young noble continued to swirl the wine in his glass. It seemed like he could see those two captivating faces within the blood red wine.

“You shall all become mine! Just you wait...” he muttered pervertedly, and his cheeks flushed.

The news leaks from the Blackmoon merchant Group caused a lot of pressure to fall on the Neon Merchant Group. Under Rafiniya’s lead, the paladins went all out to completely decimate a few hidden strongholds. They even managed to find an encampment close to Barbara’s current position.

With her church supporting her, Rafiniya had grown more sly and cautious in dealing with the Giant Serpent Church. High-ranked priests accompanied practically every team, and a squad of legendary paladins were ready to reinforce them at any moment. History would not repeat itself in the next encounter.

With the millennia it had spent amassing power, the Church of Justice was just more powerful than the Giant Serpent Church. Tyr being a greater god wasn’t the only thing they had.

Anya's face flushed red as she sent an emissary from the Blackmoon Merchant Group away. "It's a show of power! A brazen show of power!" she complained to Barbara, "I'm sure they were the ones who led the paladins here!"

Anya paced around uneasily in the drawing room, "Our location being leaked was just a warning. If we don't agree to their requests, they'll definitely hit us with something more powerful..."

"Hehe... what foolish and ignorant people. They're walking further and further along the path to death..." Barbara put the letter in her hand down, smiling with confidence. "They want to take over the Neon Merchant Group and work together with our church, and they want you to go personally as a show of sincerity? Will I have to go in the future as well?"

"Saintess..." Anya looked hesitant, feeling apprehensive.

"Of course we'll fight back, and we'll fight back strong!" Barbara sounded resolute.

"That's right! Any sinners who have the guts to go against our Saintess must be punished with hellfire!" The legendary devil hunter entered the drawing room, accompanied by Fagus.

"But the Blackmoon Merchant Guild has complicated relationships underground, and Earl Eric is someone of high status. His family can be ranked amongst the top three of the Silvermoon Alliance..." A trace of fear appeared in Anya's eyes.

The Bane Family as it was right now did not have the means to duke it out even with the Blackmoon Merchant Group, leave alone the duke backing it. Without the Giant Serpent Church assisting them in their fight, they would be like little ants.

“That’s not all. Eric’s father, the duke in office, is a high-ranked legendary,” Fagus mumbled seriously. He turned towards the devil hunter, “How confident are you in your chances, my lord?”

It was apparent that Fagus was good at public relations. Even this prideful devil hunter pondered over this seriously, before answering stiffly in the mainland’s language, “I’m confident I can kill him, but only if there’s no interference. That’s pretty much impossible in New Silverymoon...”

“Exactly,” Fagus sighed. “Queen Alustriel and Old Mage Elminster are present there, both peak legendary beings with the power of divinity...”

Silverymoon was known to be the place with the most advanced spells in the continent, a sacred land for all wizards. Countless high-ranked spells had been created there, and even many legends had improved their craft. It even included the likes of Leylin! In the minds of many normal beings, the ascension of the young wizard was largely thanks to the great accumulations of Silverymoon.

The power the wizards had accumulated over time caused the Silverymoon Alliance to grow into a terrifying existence. Its

numerous high-ranked and legendary wizards allowed it to stand the test of time, being able to hold on in the wars against the orc empire.

Most of New Silverymoon was filled with high-ranked wizards, their combined strength letting them contend even with the avatars of gods. In this light, planning an ambush or assassination was a poor decision.

“Besides, there’s no use killing Eric and the duke. Their family is huge, and has organisations all over the continent. It’ll only give us more enemies...” Fagus sighed once more.

The duke’s family was truly enormous, with numerous hidden branches and powerful beings in their ranks. They were scattered all over the prime material plane. Even if their chief and his successor were killed, they would never give up. Unless they could eliminate the entire family at once, trying to take it on would only result in an endless amount of trouble.

The duke’s family was leagues beyond the scope of the Bane Family. But that was only to be expected; after all, the Banes wouldn’t be so troubled by the Church of Justice if they had such power in the first place. They would have instead been higher up the ladder in Silverymoon, able to live comfortably.

“You don’t need to worry about this issue at all.” Barbara stood up, solemn and dignified. A hazy layer of divine light descended upon her, and a mighty existence’s conscient began to converse with the saintess. A golden lustre flashed in her eyes, and she turned certain.

She delivered a decree with complete seriousness, “The Blackmoon Merchant Group and the family of that Eric are marching to their deaths. The Lord will completely exterminate them.”

The very moment Barbara stood up, the devil hunter had knelt down to pray like a devout follower.

Anya and Fagus were crouched on the ground, their bodies still trembling. They’d been frightened silly by that imposing aura that even dragons couldn’t hold a candle to. Just the conscient could cause an ordinary being to bow their head.

After that powerful conscient disappeared, Fagus regained his senses and asked fearfully, “What? Is... Is the God of Massacre descending?”

“That’s right! The Lord has already informed me that Eric and his family will be wiped out!” Barbara spoke with conviction. From her point of view, since even the god she believed in had made a prophecy, the family would definitely be wiped out.

‘Is this the aura of a god? Even if it’s a large family like that in the prime material plane with many connections and legendary beings in charge, with limitless powers hidden in the shadows, wiping them out is an easy task... Right, how could I forget? No matter how generous and gentle the servants of this existence are, he’s a powerful God of Massacre...’

An absent look flashed in Fagus' eyes, and Anya's own filled with heat. This was what she truly pursued, power over millions of lifeforms!

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Outside, Leylin's avatar descended towards the north.

"A land filled with the stench of war, a greater god watching over it at all times..." Leylin's eyes flashed as he understood everything, and he snickered before entering the prime material plane. As a true god, he basically had nothing to fear anymore. He naturally didn't have to keep a low profile.

He spread his senses slightly, and large numbers of golden thread sprang into view. They consisted of strong emotions, the souls of his worshippers forming multiple scenes before him. 'The threads of faith are being managed quite well here. It must be from the impression I left behind at the beginning, and Barbara's hard work...'

Leylin tapped a random strand, and it took him to the children inside the stronghold. A weak little boy was praying to his statue within.

"Mighty Lord of Massacre, I beg you... Give me the courage and strength to protect Sister Barbara!" Lonce's gaze was extremely resolute and filled with determination, "Please, I'm willing to give up everything!"

‘Such great awareness... His faith is bordering zealotry already...’ Such people were the best of seedlings for a god, ones that had to be nurtured properly. With the emphasis deities placed on faith and piety, every zealot was a treasure.

‘Let’s see...’ Leylin sent his conscient down, scanning through the boy’s memories without him even noticing. ‘Hmm? So he’s related to Blackmoon as well. Eric rendered him a homeless orphan, and now he’s a refugee?’

Seeing these dark memories, Leylin poured a trace of his conscient into the golden thread. Lonce, who’d been praying all this while, suddenly felt himself being flooded with energy.

“I am the God of Massacre, the Ruler of Devils and Setter of Laws, Kukulkan! Speak, pious child, what do you need of me?”

The dignity and intimacy in the voice let Lonce affirm that this was the god he worshipped. Realising that a prayer from even the lowly him had been gifted an instantaneous response, hot tears filled the rims of his eyes.

“I see the future. Eric shall wail in the fires of hell in the future, while you will obtain strength to protect hope...”



# Chapter 1144 - Rebuke

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The gods possessed the strength to turn the heavens and the earth upside down. Leylin's divine ability, Warp Reality, made a joke of things such as innate talent or aptitude.

Even as the boy was stupefied, some changes manifested on Lonce's body. Before the youth even had the time to express his gratitude, Leylin's prophetic words ended and he fainted immediately.

The incident caused a stir all around them. The priests saw the imprint Leylin left behind on the boy, and knew what to do next.

'I'll most likely get another zealot once news of Eric's end reaches his ears...' Leylin stroked his chin.

Gods had a myriad of complex tasks to accomplish everyday, and from one point of view Leylin's actions just now were a net loss. However, his worshippers needed a boost in morale from time to time. Since Eric and his family were being destroyed anyway, he chose to reveal his divine presence.

"Let's use their demise to announce my arrival." A freezing radiance was emitted from Leylin's eyes.

Umberlee had put him in contact with the orc gods, and their greater god Gruumsh welcomed his arrival. Though, that being said, the orcs wouldn't reject anyone who wanted to team up with them to fight two greater gods.

However, things were different when Malar was brought up. Gruumsh had an ambiguous attitude at best, expressing helplessness in Leylin's conflict with the God of the Hunt. The most he could do was remain neutral.

However, his reactions made Leylin feel like Malar's relationship with the orc gods was closer than his.

However, that was quite easy to understand. The orc and beast gods were of the same faction, and there was an intrinsic foundation for their cooperation. Malar had been a longtime ally, and he would be more reliable than a stranger like Leylin. However, these gods had misunderstood Leylin's thoughts. Malar didn't qualify to be Leylin's enemy. He was mere prey, and not something he paid any mind to.

Leylin's gaze instead pierced through space, entering New Silverymoon, 'Ignorant plebeian, you dare eye my property!'

The body and soul of a saintess were the personal property of the deity they served, and this was true across all alignments and churches. Eric daring to harbour thoughts of defiling Barbara was blasphemy!

Leylin hadn't found a suitable opportunity to establish his presence and dignity before, but Eric had now come knocking on his door. Wasn't it akin to committing suicide? Even with all its legends and hidden branches, the dukedom was just a bunch of ants in the eyes of a god.

“Well, it’s about time to let my main body through, so I’ll need some test subjects as well...” Leylin smiled, as if seeing the fall of Eric’s house.

Earl Eric had no idea of this star of death shining brightly over his house, and his high spirits hadn’t been dampened in the least. His malicious schemes and plans had led Rafiniya and the paladins under her to clamp down on the Neon Merchant Group, and they’d obtained fantastic results. His rage had calmed down.

‘I won’t have to wait much longer before Anya comes knocking on my door, do I?’ Eric stroked his chin, anticipation in his eyes. He’d been longing for the rose of the Bane Family for a while now.

‘That saintess won’t be long either... I haven’t tasted a saintess yet...’ Suddenly, Eric’s body seemed to blaze with passion, and a small stream of heat flowed to his lower abdomen.

“My lord!” a voice interrupted just as Eric was about to get some maids to vent his lust. It was his old butler.

“What is it?” he asked with impatience, “Speak!” If the old butler had nothing of import, he would be taught an unforgettable lesson.

“The master is back. He’s waiting for you in the study.” However, the butler only took a sentence to calm Eric down immediately. It was like cold water was poured down on the boy.

Eric's grandfather was a duke of the Silvermoon Alliance, a legendary wizard who managed the city's consulate. He was on the same level as Old Mage Elminster, the two having studied together in the past. Put bluntly, he was the pillar of support for the entire family.

Eric seemed very powerful as he flaunted his authority, but he was nothing before his grandfather. Just a word from the man would strip him of all authority.

"I... I'm on my way!" Eric straightened out his clothes in a hurry; the duke never liked his descendants being tardy or messy. At the same time, the burning desire in his eyes was replaced by a fawning gaze.

It didn't take long for Eric to stand before his grandfather in the study. The duke had a goosefeather quill in hand, and was continuously scribbling away at a pile of documents.

"Eric..." It took over a dozen minutes for Eric to hear his grandfather's voice, his knees on the verge of buckling. It wasn't loud, but it carried a strange power that caused the young noble to straighten his back immediately.

"I hear you've been quite happy recently, forging close ties with the paladins of the God of Justice. Especially Rafiniya, you've allowed her to gain many contributions!" A hint of mockery appeared in the corner of the Duke's eyes.

"Forgive me, Lord Grandfather. I'm only doing this for the sake

of work...” Eric replied feebly.

“Let me make this clear first: the Lady of Hope holds power equivalent to mine, she isn’t someone you can covet. Now moving on... Have you been clamping down on the Neon Merchant Group as of late?”

Eric’s body trembled as he tried to reply, his back being drenched in cold sweat, “You know, Grandfather... They’re fugitives from New Silverymoon, I’m only performing my duty—”

“No matter what it is, stop now!” the duke interjected.

“But why?” Eric felt somewhat repressed. Although he had his own plans when dealing with the Neon Merchant Group, he’d also kept the expansion of the family in mind.

“The Neon Merchant Family is backed by the Giant Serpent Church. One should always show respect when dealing with a god!” Had the old duke known of Eric’s lust for Barbara, his words would not have been this calm. Right now, he only felt extreme weariness. His work in the consulate took up too much of his time, and he’d remained stagnant without advancing.

“I’ve expanded the family enough. We don’t need to grow further, we should focus on stabilising ourselves.” The duke rubbed the bridge of his nose. “Think carefully about what I said... Do not try to provoke a faction that has the backing of a god! The results will not be pretty...”

“Yes, Lord Grandfather.” Eric bowed and retreated from the study room...

The youth only started howling after he’d returned to his own room. “WHY?” he roared like a beast, “When I’m just about to succeed...”

“My Lord!” the maidservant Eric doted on the most ran in, her face filled with worry, “What happened?”

“Who let you in?”

It was then that the maid saw a pair of bestial eyes staring at her, icy and filled with murderous intent. An ear-piercing scream sounded out, but it quickly faded as everything returned to normal...

A hidden passage opened up some time later, and the Shadow Hound Gloff walked out.

“Master...” The owner of the Blackmoon Merchant Group took off his black robes, revealing animal hide and a body laced with fat as he greeted Eric with respect. The corpse on the floor did not faze him at all.

“Hurry and dispose of it, do not let it taint my room any further...” Eric kicked the maid’s corpse away, her once soft and supple body already growing brittle.

“As you wish, Master!’ Gloff moved to obey. However, he stopped for a moment in hesitation, “Also, Master, do we continue suppressing the Neon Merchant Group?”

“Hmm?” Eric frowned, before throwing a flower vase at Gloff’s head. A loud shattering noise sounded, and blood spilled to the floor. “So you got the news too. Well, aren’t you quite loyal? Don’t forget who it is that reared a dog like you!”

Fear entered Gloff’s expression as Eric bellowed in rage. However, the halfblood was instead feeling more misery than fear in his heart. No matter how powerful he seemed in the darkness, Gloff knew he was only a lackey that Eric could dispose of anytime. If Eric grew annoyed with him, he’d end up like the maid in a matter of seconds.

“Of course not, Master, how could I have the guts?! You’re the greatest power in my eyes!” Gloff bowed his head and put on a fawning expression. He was almost licking Eric’s boots.

“Listen up...” Eric’s breathing resumed a regular pace. He viewed Gloff with a higher importance than the maidservant earlier.

“Our plans must go on... Only now, it should be kept secret from the others. Continue with our actions until the Neon Merchant Group yields. Is that understood?” There was no way Gloff did not understand Eric’s intentions. However, if he did not obey he would die. The Shadow Hound valued his own life over the duke’s commands, so he immediately agreed.

“I understand!”



# Chapter 1145 - Curse

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If that legendary duke working in Silverymoon's consulate found out what his grandson was up to, he would probably jail and hang the youth as soon as possible. He might even have blasted him to smithereens with a disjunction spell. Unfortunately, he'd been swamped with work as they prepared for battle, leaving such a huge disaster to go unnoticed.

That was until that day, that is. Warm sunlight was shining down on the north, and a few pure white clouds dotted the azure sky to make it look like velvet that was changing patterns.

Eric was in a very good mood that morning. The pressure he'd consistently put on the Neon Merchant Group had let those fools know to compromise. They'd sent him an envelope through hidden channels, which indicated their resolve was weakening.

He believed the letter would be full of flattering words, leaving a small request at the end and an indication that they were willing to offer something in exchange. Compromises between nobles always went along these lines. Thus, at the headquarters of the Blackmoon Merchant Group, he was reclining on his couch with his eyes closed, full of the pride of a victor.

Gloff was stood at his side like a humble servant, and there was another black-robed person in front of him, "All checks have been performed, there's no problem," he said as he handed the envelope over.

Naturally, Eric wasn't a careless person. The black letter had undergone countless tests before it entered his grasp. This man in front was his most trusted subordinate.

The man had a pair of arms so shrivelled one could see pale bone underneath the skin. His eyes had sunk deep, and there seemed to be no muscle on his face. It was like his entire body had been formed of skin and bone, and he stank so badly of decay that even Gloff seemed slightly disgusted. The man's robes were huge for his build, and a necklace of bone and black pearl flickered with a dull glow as the aura of death and evil spirits emanated from it. This man was obviously a necromancer.

Necromancers liked to play around with bodies and souls, being rejected by the remaining wizards on the continent. Alustriel, in particular, had set numerous bans on them in Silverymoon, making her rule the most severe in history.

"Since Mentor Adas has spoken, it must be true!" Eric said. With everyone else eager to beat them down, it was enormously difficult for any necromancer to develop. Still, as a result, every single high-ranked necromancer was earth-shatteringly powerful. Even if Adas wasn't a skeleton lich yet, he was almost at the legendary realm and his proficiency in curses and spirits left no fear of threat behind.

Eric chuckled as he took the envelope from his mentor, tearing it open. This was the moment he was waiting for; the pleas of the defeated always gave him immeasurable delight.

"This..." However, his expression soon changed. The paper inside the envelope was completely blank, with nothing on it. Eric turned

it over a few times to confirm, and a feeling of humiliation surged up within him that caused his face to flush red.

“This isn’t even a prank... It’s a challenge! A despicable and weak family like that dares challenge me, the grandson of a legendary wizard and the star of Silverymoon? They will pay in blood!” Eric yelled, and viciously slammed the paper onto the table.

“Ma-Master!” At this moment, Gloff suddenly found something strange. A dark green flame had erupted the moment Eric touched the paper, greedily devouring everything around it.

“Hm? This...” Adas quickly made his move, many magic items on his hands flickering as the spells he’d prepared were launched.

Detect Curse, Holy Defence, Armour of Thorns! Numerous layers of light shrouded Eric, and a teleportation light quickly swallowed the mentor and pupil. The spatial transfer took them straight to their residence at the core of Silverymoon.

“We got the right coordinates. Even legendary beings wouldn’t dare charge into Silverymoon without caution...” Adas glanced at Eric, “Not discovering this new type of curse was my fault..”

“Please don’t say that, Mentor Adas...” Eric was still lenient in front of those with real might. “Without you here, who knows what kind of trouble I would be in now.”

At that point, Eric’s expression changed, “The damned Neon

Merchant Group... They actually dare to use such underhanded means. I won't let them off!"

"I'm actually rather interested in that new curse," Adas caressed his necklace, "It could actually escape my detections... I hope to return and observe the reactions..."

"That's not a problem at all. Isn't Gloff there? He's the best test subject you could have. With how close he was, he must have been affected by the curse as well..." Eric answered without any hesitation, the only emotion in his eyes exasperation, not pity.

"That stupid dog, I'll need to find someone to replace it." Eric waved his arm, and a bit of green light flashed in his eyes.

"Oh! NO!" Only when Adas exclaimed did Eric realise that the green flames had appeared once again, sticking to his fingers like maggots. Thin black lines appeared on his skin, wriggling like they were absorbing his blood.

"How can there be a curse like this? It doesn't make sense..." Adas felt like everything he knew was coming apart.

Eric's yells continued to grow louder and louder, until the green flames were done absorbing his blood and swallowed up the dark lines. They continued to blaze in mid-air, the enchanting fires forming a small portal.

It was a sound that nobody could describe, one that did not exist

in the world and was impossible to recreate. It sounded like a roar that possessed all the resentment and hate of the world, like a low mumble from hell that was more evil than the devils and demons combined. It spread out in all directions.

“What-what’s happening to me...” Eric grew dizzy, feeling like there was a fire in his throat. His voice grew incredibly hoarse, and he sounded worse than an old bellow.

“You...” All of a sudden, Eric pointed at Adas in fear. The necromancer now had huge tumours growing on his face one after the other, and was becoming obese. Terrifying pus spilled out of the sarcomas, and great corrosive strength began to swallow up his body.

“No...NOOOO! I...” Eric looked at his own hands, where abscess the size of gold coins appeared continuously, emitting pus that smelt of decay as they began to explode and corrode his skin. The great pain overwhelmed his senses.

He then lay on the ground, watching Adas who had already turned into bone and could no longer speak. He had once been someone with immeasurable strength, basically a king in the north. Now, however, he couldn’t even cry for help, much less decide life or death. Eric could only watch his body be corroded in total despair, his head swelling into a huge tumour. It went out in a loud explosion, thus ending his life of sin.

Meanwhile, everyone in the prime material plane that was related to Eric by blood was startled to find their bodies filling up with terrifying tumours that ate away at them in but a moment.

Within New Silverymoon's castle, Queen Alustriel was gazing at the legendary duke as he made a report.

"These are the logistics of the Nojo defensive line, my Queen..." There were other legendary figures in the hall beside the two, including Old Mage Elminster. They were evidently discussing something extremely important.

The duke looked poised and was about to say something, when his expression changed. His skin turned a terrifying green as a tumour began to grow underneath. It was like a little mouse running around as it scurried around his body.

"Curse!" Elminster was the first to stand up and throw a dispel out. The wizards present here were amongst the best and most powerful in the world, and there were even legendary priests present. Everyone cast spell after spell, as even the duke himself tried all methods to save his life.

However, nothing worked. The rest could only watch as the duke collapsed, crying out in misery.

"A very terrifying curse!" Elminster wrinkled his forehead, using a layer to separate the legendary duke from them. He then turned to look at the duke through the barrier, or perhaps he was looking at the obsidian protection runes on the ground.

"Those are legendary substitutes that can take out any attacks, poisons, or curses in his stead. However, they've lost all effect..."

he said to Alustriel. A trace of fear appeared in his eyes, “Looking at the current situation, even a clone wouldn’t work...”

# Chapter 1146 - Extermination

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Bang! Under the eyes of numerous helpless onlookers, desperation surfaced in the duke's eyes. However, their legendary might was all for naught as his body suddenly exploded, flesh and blood scattering as the corrosive pus covering the barrier almost caused Alustriel and the rest to puke.

“To kill a duke right in front of us... This is a serious provocation!” A solemn look surfaced on Elminster's face. He was disappointed that he hadn't been able to identify the enemy from the duke's eyes, and soon that solemnity was replaced by infinite fear. The duke was a legendary wizard himself, and he was killed so easily. What about everyone in the hall right now?

“Report!” a high-ranked wizard staggered in, the panic noticeable on his face.

“What's wrong?” Elminster asked with a frown, overstepping Alustriel's authority.

“Earl Eric, Chekov, Viscount Agar, and even Dorwick and Lady Merida... We just received news that they're all dead!” The hall grew completely silent in an instant, and everyone stared blankly at the spot where the legendary duke had exploded.

‘That is to say... everyone in Silverymoon carrying his bloodline was eliminated in an instant?’ Elminster felt a sudden chill in the air, invading his very soul.



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“It seems like the bloodline curses from the Magus World work quite well...” Leylin withdrew his gaze. Even those with legendary might could not withstand his rage, and despite numerous powerful existences surrounding him the duke had died. This was the terror of the Magus World! With the extinction of all of the duke’s blood, Leylin had announced to the influences and gods with the north that he’d arrived.

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“This is clearly provoking us!” Seeing the unending stream of death reports from the frenetic city, an unperturbed look appeared on Rafiniya’s face. However, this was obviously the calm before the storm.

Everyone related by blood to the legendary duke had perished without reason, and the terrifying sights of their deaths had astonished all of New Silvermoon. Adding up the clones and true bodies as well as the descendants of the legendary duke and his family, there were hundreds within Silvermoon. Furthermore, numerous family members had perished in the sight of the general public.

The disturbance caused by event allowed other villains and adventurers with ulterior motives to take advantage of the situation, causing the chaos to intensify. To Rafiniya, who’d been entrusted with maintaining public order, this was an insult to her job, a shame that could never be removed!

“Dispatch the paladins to assist the garrison in stabilising the situation!” Numerous solemn paladins rushed out of the church, causing all wild schemes to fall apart in an instant. However, the vague moans of lament within the gradually recovering city caused Rafiniya’s expression to grow even more heavy.

‘A curse with hundreds of victims... If we can’t capture the culprit, I won’t be able to account to the Queen and other citizens who trusted me...’ Rafiniya swiftly started to speculate about the true mastermind. ‘Was the culprit an enemy of the duke? A wizard trying to collect souls, or an evil god trying to spread fear?’

Rafiniya knew fully well that if this incident was related to a god it would become an extremely huge problem. However, the ideal of justice in her heart would not allow her to back down.

“Rafiniya!” A cardinal said as he walked towards her, his face drooping with gloom. “We just received word that another family at the Ironsword Castle met its end, the symptoms the exact same as the duke’s family...”

“Could it be...” Rafiniya’s brows twitched.

“Yes. It’s a branch of the duke’s family that separated a hundred years ago and settled down at Ironsword Castle. Even the branches passed away when the duke died, and the old and young weren’t spared even if they were in a church at that moment...”

A faint trace of foreboding emerged within the cardinal’s eyes,

“The Church gave us the same news. The branch in the central kingdoms perished as well...”

“A curse that can affect the entire continent...” Rafiniya muttered.

“Mm. Not just that, there were a few cases of other aristocrats in Silvermoon, and even a few stable lads and gardeners. There’s a lot of panic thinking it’s spreading, but we know why they died...” the cardinal continued.

‘Those licentious idiots, having numerous illegitimate children and causing a huge problem now...’ Rafiniya was secretly elated. She’d been irked by the luxurious and messy lifestyles of the higher nobility.

“The main problem is even the descendants that we weren’t aware of were killed off... This is the power of a god! An evil god has declared his arrival! The cardinal said with all seriousness.

Rafiniya nodded her head in acknowledgement. Only a true god could release such a large-scaled curse upon the mainland. Even peak legendary wizards couldn’t wield such terrifying power.

“Those evil gods are the greatest threat to our cause!” Rafiniya clenched her fists, missing the cardinal’s bitter smile.

‘There aren’t many evil gods capable of killing off descendants a thousand miles away, and they’re all terrifying existences...’ the

cardinal sighed in secret. With his understanding of gods, he naturally knew the terror of the one behind this event. Still, his expression returned to normal soon enough, “Paladin Rafiniya. Your mission is to assist Queen Alustriel in maintaining peace and stability within New Silverymoon City... Do you intend to shirk your duties?”

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Rafiniya’s face instantly blackened after the cardinal left, and she draw her longsword to a terrifying keen. She’d noticed a clear hint of warning within the cardinal’s words, asking her to accept a compromise. It was like the church didn’t plan to take actions against that cruel god!

Even though Rafiniya knew that one needed to compromise and back down sometimes for the sake of justice, this incident had exceeded her bottom line. “Don’t tell me even the Lord’s Church has started to be corrupted by darkness...”

Even though she knew she shouldn’t think that way, a trace of darkness enveloped Rafiniya’s thoughts. Her expression warped within the shadows, and that trace of dark red grew even more bright.

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“Oh Lord... Please pardon my sins, do not afflict me with such a terrifying curse...”

“No matter who it is, Lord... Please protect me, Coco, and Laffrey...”

“Dear Lord... I pray for you to swiftly end this disaster...”

“Oh Lord, whoever you are, wherever you come from... Thank you for exterminating Earl Eric and avenging my family...”

The amount of golden faith in the void had increased severalfold, and numerous prayers that matched Leylin’s expectations were transmitted to him. The horrifying death of a family protected by legendary beings had caused mass panic within New Silvermoon, and only the gods had the ability to protect and comfort these civilians.

Those of faith had increased substantially within New Silvermoon, and the strength of the faith already present had grown as well. Aristocrats and businessmen grew more generous in their donations to the churches, as if such actions would prevent the misfortune from falling upon them.

All gods had raked in a great harvest, and inevitably some of this scattered faith had been devoured by Leylin. After all, spreading terror and power could also grow faith. It was simply normal for people to pray to the harbinger of this disaster out of fear. The Goddess of Plagues and Umberlee both adopted similar methods to grow their following.

‘Although this line of faith isn’t stable, it could be considered great replenishment...’ Emotions of fear and gratitude followed the

faith to Leylin. Every action of a true god would affect the entire prime material plane, and this one from Leylin could be considered a different type of miracle.

His godfire and divine domain were strengthened by the massive faith, accumulating with Leylin's true body. However, Leylin seemed apathetic, seemingly not affected by the fanaticism of the mortal world.

“Now that the Blackmoon Merchant Group and their backers have been sorted out, there should be no more obstacles to the plan. The transaction with the Blackblood Tribe should speed up as well...” Leylin simply couldn't care about a possible counterattack from the good gods. Someone had blasphemed his divinity, so how could he tolerate it? No action taken in punishment would be considered too much.

What's more, he was also an evil god! If he didn't leave a trail of terror wherever he went, would he be worthy of his reputation?

# Chapter 1147 - Caravan

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“I never thought I’d come back to the north...” Anya stopped her horse and looked around at the wilderness, a trancelike expression in her eyes.

“Argh!” “Ahh!” Sharp growls could be heard from goblins in the shrubbery as an enormous malicious intent enveloped the caravans behind her.

If they couldn’t show a sufficient amount of force, these goblins would continue to follow them, looking for flaws in their defences as they waited for reinforcements. When the time was ripe, they’d rush into action and make mincemeat out of everyone in the caravans.

“Go!” Anya naturally knew how to deal with them. She didn’t even have to say anything before several armoured knights rushed ahead. The mounts whinnied as they brandished their swords, causing the goblins to cry out in panic.

“Haha, you green-skinned midgets!” One knight laughed loudly, the dragon-patterned greatsword in his hand driving several dirty green-skinned goblins out of the grass.

Bang! Bang! Several of the pitiful little fellows suffered fatal injuries, and the ones that were left remaining began to scream in horror as they lamented their fates. The remaining goblins fled quickly, the tall grass shaking as wave after wave escaped.

A caravan could not survive in the north without the ability to defeat the goblins and ogres of the Endless Plains. They would be swallowed up and exterminated by the other merchant groups, dispatched in a harsh fight that left their bones to rot in the wilderness forever.

Several goblins were then hung at the front of the caravan, screaming the loudest. These wails would be the best deterrent against danger, even if only against other goblins.

Anya intentionally distanced herself from the stench of the green-skinned barbarians, draping a white scarf embroidered with gold across her face.

‘Damn, isn’t there a better method than this?’ Her eyes scanned across the normal-looking servants with a hint of resentment in her heart, ‘With them here, even if we were surrounded by ogre tribes, there’s nothing much to be scared of, is there?’

Of course, Anya was well aware that this place was now the territory of the orc empire. If they were surrounded by the horde here, even several legendaries would not be enough to save them. This was why she decided to swallow her resentment, refraining from speaking.

“There are matters for you to attend to, Miss Anya!” A skinny servant ran over, looking young and immature. However, his eyes revealed a calm resolution that did not match his sweet face.

“What’s the matter?” Anya asked reflexively. “It’s most likely an



issue regarding our arrival at the Moonwood,” the youth replied, causing Anya to take another glance at him.

“I’ll go immediately,” Anya promised, and her eyes bored into the little boy’s back with a rare trace of jealousy, ‘What a lucky fellow... Wasn’t he called Lonce? He actually received the favour of the Lord...’

When she’d first laid eyes on him, this child was but a weak boy hiding within the shadows. But now? His temperament and physique had both been transformed greatly, and he was now receiving focused training from the Giant Serpent Church.

‘He awakened his talent as a devil hunter with divine inspiration... That legendary devil hunter will very likely accept him as a disciple...’ Anya looked at Lonce’ back and thought of her own brothers who were sent into the Giant Serpent Church. A wry smile appeared on her face, but she could not complain.

She understood the reason behind such treatment well. The Banes were a business family without any real faith. Given that they had to be converted to Kukulkan’s faith, their devotion could not be compared to what Lonce showed. Even if the heirs to the family were still young, it didn’t seem like they would become zealots.

‘Perhaps the next generation of children can be nurtured...’ Anya deeply understood the fundamentals of the church and what it relied on to exist. Monetary and other help was one aspect, but the most fundamental aspect of one’s relationship with the church was the strength of their faith. Talent and money did not matter in the

face of fervour.

Anya knew that the Giant Serpent Church had a unique divine skill which could determine the depths of one's faith through the light of faith emitted by the worshipper. This sort of analytical ability made her feel that she was in deep danger.

'It looks like I should deepen my understanding of the doctrine of their god. Sister Barbara might be able to help me with this...' A blush appeared on Anya's face as she thought of Saintess Barbara, for reasons she herself did not know.

"Father!" Anya rode to Fagus' side, continuing the journey alongside him. Their current journey was so important that even the head of the family had personally joined the caravan.

"We have to handle these matters well for the Lord. We cannot afford a single mistake!" Fagus said with a solemn face.

"I understand, Father." Anya inhaled deeply. Leylin had bestowed a miracle upon their family, taking out Blackmoon and the house backing it in one go. This freed up the Neon Merchant Group immediately, allowing them to put trade with the Blackblood Tribe on the agenda.

No matter how Fagus and his daughter looked at it, the Giant Serpent Church's actions this time were rather evil. However, they'd boarded this ship themselves, and could only walk the path that Leylin had paved for them. Fagus knew deeply of the horror of a war between gods, and now an innocent like him had been

thrown into the mix. Even if he was unwilling, he could only bite the bullet and continue on.

A commotion suddenly sounded out up ahead, and Anya moved to whisper into Fagus' ear, "Father, we've spotted knights of the orc empire."

"It doesn't matter." Fagus looked at the flags they'd put up, a pass the orc empire had given them to guarantee the safety of their caravan.

"Argh..." "Argh..." Bleak howls sounded out as a few knights finally appeared before Anya's eyes. These werewolves were about two heads taller than the average human, with green eyes and hair. They were riding giant wolves with silver fur.

'The Mounted Wolves!' Anya paled as she saw these elites of the orc empire, their equipment being able to contend with human knights. The Mounted Wolves were a nightmare to all the people of the north.

The horses of the caravan neighed restlessly under the wolves' gazes, stomping their hooves on the ground as white vapour condensed from their breath.

Fortunately, the commander of the Wolves waved his hand after seeing the banner atop it. The wolves made way for the caravan, and they moved ahead despite their fear. The captain even dispatched two riders to protect them at the tail.

“Sigh... Compared to the Silverymoon Alliance, the strategic warfare of the orc empire is actually...” Fagus muttered under his breath, but he didn’t end the sentence.

Anya knew what her father wanted to say. The Orc Emperor Saladin was a wise leader, possessing great foresight. Seeing how the humans flourished with the advent of civilisation, he was mimicking their ways to develop his own empire.

For the sake of food and materiel, Saladin had promised the Neon Merchant Group and Blackmoon Merchant Group to protect them within his borders. Orders had been sent for orc troops to not harass them, and only engage in fair trade. This would in turn attract more merchants, and increase the strength of the empire.

Alustriel and her subordinates weren’t even comparable in this aspect. The only thing that helped them was that they were of the same race, and the orcs were their natural enemies. The benefits of trade with the orc empire couldn’t always get rid of the shadow of war.

On the other hand, the fact that the orcs were buying magic scrolls and powerful equipment told Fagus that they were already prepared for war.

“What do you think?” a tall, and skinny figure asked Lonce, “Are you afraid?”

“No. I have nothing to fear with the protection of the Lord...” Lonce gripped a string of hemp that was tied around his neck.

Something seemed to be hidden within.

“Alright then, what do you think of the orcs turning towards civilisation and protecting our caravan?” The tanned man seemed like he wanted to test Lonce’s deductive abilities. This question would be difficult even for an adult to answer.

“I feel like...” Lonce bowed his head and pondered. When he lifted his head again, his eyes no longer filled with perplexment, “The orcs give off a savage and bloody aura. It seems right to improve themselves and march towards civilisation, but I keep feeling like something’s not right.”

Although he didn’t elaborate further, the man seemed to be satisfied with his answer, “You’re right. Gruumsh, the orc god, is a god of savages. This change doesn’t match the true nature of his domain, so it’ll cause a serious problem... How many of the orc gods will want to change their natural disposition to civilisation?”

“Is it very difficult?” Lonce nodded his head. Just thinking about it proved to be extremely astonishing for him.

“It is! Sometimes the gods cannot even choose the change of alignments and disposition...” The figure sighed, “And even though Gruumsh himself approved this change, not many others will. The imbalance in power has caused a fatal blow to the orc empire...”

# Chapter 1148 - Trade

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The emperor's decree was enforced with might and savagery, causing fear to spread across the orc empire. The Neon Merchant Group dumped much of their goods along their way, using iron, food, weapons, and magic artifacts to trade for great amounts of precious metals. The orcs gave out some special items of the north at unimaginably low prices.

Gems were but stones for the orcs, and to exchange them for weaponry, rations, and clothing was a great bargain. It led to a great environment for the Neon Merchant Group as they finally arrived at the Moonwood.

This was the Blackblood Tribe's base, a place where Leylin had fought hard in multiple times in the past. Trade with the Blackblood Tribe was also what caused the paladins to notice the Neon Merchant Group, but with the urging of the Giant Serpent Church they continued with the transaction...

At the same time, another mounted group entered the Moonwood as well. They quickly passed the strange branches and obstructions, the slight wind in the forest raising their robes a little to reveal a silver lustre.

"The North, the Moonwood, and the Blackblood Tribe... I'm back," their leader muttered as she glanced at the Moonwood, lost in thought. She pulled off her cloak to reveal a young face.

"It might not be where everything started, but it was where the

most blood was shed... It seems like a good place to end everything..." She muttered.

One of the cloaked figures halted beside her, revealing a benevolent and sorrowful face. "Are you feeling at a loss, Captain Rafiniya?"

"It's nothing, Cardinal Karal!" Rafiniya shook her head, "I spent a long time here before, so I'm just feeling nostalgic..."

"Mm. Your familiarity with the terrain will be to our advantage. We need to make use of that," Cardinal Karal made a hand gesture in front of his chest, "We've received intel that the sinful Neon Merchant Group is going to make contact with the Blackblood Tribe's werecreatures here soon, and supply the other side with materials for a blood sacrifice..."

"Those unscrupulous souls should go to hell!" Rafiniya gritted her teeth, her terrifying energy raging at the back of her hands as she grasped her sword. Just the thought that they were using the blood and souls of innocent beings to please the evil gods made her feel like a frightening bundle of flames was about to surge out of her chest.

"In the name of justice, I shall purge all evil and sin!" The high-ranked paladins began to chant alongside her, their faces glowing with a faint white light.

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The Neon Merchant Group quickly met a group of werereatures after entering the Moonwood. However, they'd obviously traded with the other party many times. The leader of the werereatures even knew who they were, and once they showed their tokens they were quickly taken to the core of the forest where the Blackblood Tribe resided.

"It's been a long time, Shaman Gara..." Fagus greeted a shaman that was smaller than the werereatures around him, with many strange ornaments all over his body.

"I smell something different on you..." Gara said as he moved forward to sniff at Fagus, causing Anya's heart to clench.

Fagus froze for a moment, but then he replied coolly, "Haha... what are you saying, my friend... Maybe it's that darned chef of mine who put too many onions in the morning soup..." Her father's calm expression caused Anya to feel ashamed for herself.

"Perhaps..." Gara didn't press on as he led the way, "You're late, my friend. You almost caused us to miss the ceremony this time. If the Lord gets angry, I swear your head will be hung to dry on a tree branch!"

The werereature opened his mouth to reveal terrifying teeth. His tongue was barbed, and the disgusting smell of flesh coming from his mouth gave Anya the urge to throw up.

"You should know..." Fagus began to complain immediately, "Silverymoon's guards were switched out with a bunch of



paladins. All the businesses have come under great pressure... It took me far too much to make sure I didn't miss the transaction..."

"Indeed, there's fewer caravans coming over recently. I heard your queen is squeezing the merchants dry to start the next war..." Gara nodded, as if sympathising with Fagus. He then pulled at the man's body in a friendly manner, making the difference in their builds all that more obvious.

"We won't let a friend of ours suffer, I promise you that!" he exclaimed as he patted his chest. If Anya hadn't seen how brutal the werecreatures got in their hunts and ceremonies, she would've thought this man to be kind-hearted and honest.

"Come, let me see what you've brought for me!" After the chatter, Gara soon got to the main topic.

"Of course, my friend. I've prepared for this trade for a long time..." Fagus smiled. A dozen servants moved forward with a clap of his hands, bringing over heavy boxes with large bronze locks. One could see a thick layer of elven silk within, the fabulous material reduced here to a tool that pressed down on and prevented the items from shaking.

Fagus then opened up a smaller box after he removed the layers of silk, one made of mahogany covered in thick veiny lines. The blood essence within glowed with a radiance that caught everyone's attention, and the dense stench of blood it emitted caused Anya to wrinkle her eyebrows.

“This is it... This smell...” Shaman Gara took a deep breath. He seemed intoxicated, a flush rising upon his face, “I can confirm that this is an item of the greatest quality!”

“But of course. You don’t know what I had to go through to—” Fagus started, saliva spraying out, but Gara waved him off in annoyance.

“I know what you want, my friend.” He gestured to two werecreatures, and they lifted a box of items to bring it before Fagus. The wooden box seemed rather shabby, not at all comparable to what Fagus had brought. However, the light shooting out from within dazzled Anya the moment the box was opened.

Silver, gold, rubies, emeralds... All sorts of precious materials were within the box. It stroked a thirst for wealth within the group, the kind that caused adventurers and merchants to throw out their fear of even death!

“How is it? Are you satisfied?” The werecreatures burst into laughter, watching as Fagus practically pounced onto the wealth. This was a box full of gold coins and many other valuable jewellery. With some of it twisted and bloodstains still on some because of a lack of protection, it was easy to imagine how pitiful the original owner had been while the werecreatures were ‘collecting’ them. However, O Goddess Waukeen, which merchant cared for that?

“Enough! It’s enough! Shaman Gara, your generosity is as great as the mountains and seas, more beautiful than the stars in the

skies...” Fagus started to repeat his words.

“I’m glad you like it. As long as you can bring us even more weapons, magic artifacts and important ceremonial items, you can have as much of this stuff as you like...” Gara took charge, and they quickly finished the transaction. The shaman then personally brought Fagus to the edge of the Moonwood.

“You know this... When our Blackblood Tribe conducts ceremonies, we never left foreigners stay unless they are offerings to our god...” Gara laughed.

“Of course. I understand, I understand. I’ll leave right now!” Fagus used a white handkerchief to wipe at the oil and sweat on his cheeks. The werereature shaman stood at the boundaries of the forest, watching as the Neon Merchant Group disappeared into the horizon. His smile had a deep meaning to it.

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“We should have left the territory of the werereatures by now.” Anya watched the forest disappear into the horizon, urging her horse to catch up to Lonce and the native next to him. “Are we leaving just like this, my lord?”

“Of course. The Church will deal with the rest. The Lord does not treat anyone who trusts in him poorly. All that wealth belongs to you!” The native who looked like a servant spoke stiffly in the language of the mainland, and his body began to transform. Light flickered as what seemed like a layer of water slipped off from his

body, revealing his true appearance. This was the legendary devil hunter!

“Wait... I’m willing to donate half of my profits to the church!” Fagus quickly interrupted. The mission he’d believed to be extremely dangerous had gone so smoothly, and it had left him overjoyed. Even if he gave half his profit to the church the rest would still be a huge windfall for him.

“Thank you for your generosity!” The devil hunter did not hesitate to accept Fagus’ donation. A budding church needed the donations of its worshippers.

The Goddess of Wealth even used income as an important criteria to measure the accomplishments of the priests of wealth, and this was used extensively by others as well. While Leylin himself had a great amount of property, the Giant Serpent Church was still developing, and he naturally would not reject this.

“This is a final warning... There will be a war and conflict here soon. Leave immediately!” The devil hunter told Fagus before leaving with his men.

Fagus waited till the devil hunter, Lonce, and the rest disappeared into the horizon. He then yelled, “Leave behind all the carts. Bring just the food and gold, we’re leaving immediately!”

The mournful sound echoed in the empty plains, full of urgency.

# Chapter 1149 - Ambush

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“My Lord... I’ve already done as you instructed, and completed the trade with the Neon Merchant Group...” Gara prayed before Malar’s statue after sending the Neon Merchant Group away,

“Grr... Roar!” A golden light descended upon him, and the statue released a beastly growl. Malar’s conscient had descended to pass a holy decree. The shaman would have to interpret this string of sounds accurately, but that was natural to him. Hara nodded his head from time to time...

At the same time, several gods had gathered within Malar’s divine kingdom.

“The Giant Serpent Church is too arrogant,” an orc god sneered, his body shrouded in a strangely tranquil darkness. It was Shargaas, the Orc God of Stealth.

“Not bad... A mere lesser god dares to ally with us orc gods...” Another tall and mighty orc god smirked, giving off a rugged and barbaric aura. This was Ilneval, the Lesser God of Combat.

“ROAR!” Right at that moment, a series of roars and howls sprang forth from the divine kingdom.

“We know, Malar, we know... The massacre domain will definitely come to you. We’ve worked together for so many years, can’t you have a little faith?” The God of Death Yurtrus said from the side. His tone dripping with sarcasm caused Malar to want to

rebuke, but the vengeful spirits around his body somehow did not take away from his calmness.

Although they were all lesser gods, most orc gods were suited to fighting. Their only greater god Gruumsh was busy preparing to fend off Mystra and Tyr, and since they only had to deal with another lesser god there was no need for him to be here personally.

“The sacrifice of a god’s avatar... hehe... I can’t wait much longer...” Several avatars’ gazes began to pierce through the horizon, and they peered into the Moonwood, where a massive sacrificial ceremony was being held by the Blackblood Tribe.

The tribe had consumed all the blood essence from the Neon Merchant Group, forming a river of blood in the ceremony site. Vengeful spirits seemed to be wailing in anguish on the surface of the river.

A powerful prisoner of another race was tied to the altar, their body filled with seals. The wounds littering it indicated the fierce battle it took for the werecreatures to cause it to submit, and the damage it had given to them before it lost.

As a God of Massacre, Malar blessed his worshippers for the deaths of powerful enemies. He’d even personally send his avatar down if they slayed a legendary expert.

The ritual being held by the Blackblood Tribe now was even larger than that. There were several legendary experts being used as sacrifice, alongside the blood essence of countless humans.

‘The Lord will definitely enjoy this ceremony. He’ll even give us his blessings, ranking us up...’ The shamans assisting the ceremony looked somewhat excited, their eyes filled with delight as they looked at the bound prisoners.

However, their leader Gara and several other legendary shamans didn’t seem as elated. There instead seemed to be a trace of worry in their expressions. Werereatures had evolved from beasts, and they shouldn’t have held such emotions in the first place. That they were appearing now was a sign that the danger they were about to face was extremely terrifying, one that even legends would have no control of!

“Malar, my Lord, you are the Lord of Massacre, amongst the stars in the skies. You are our protector, your name forever sacred amongst our kind. You are the one true Lord...” More and more of the werereatures prayed fervently, and the ritual slowly reached a climax.

Several shamans draped in white robes held short black daggers in their jaws as they walked up amidst the prayers. “Malar, my Lord, you are the Devourer of Blood. The fear of your enemies gives you strength, their flesh and blood becoming your divine power. The blood of these legends shall be a source of your glory and strength...”

Even knowing their fate was sealed, the sacrifices began a futile struggle. There was even a legendary dragon amongst these prisoners, its spiritual force only inferior to the Great Dragons.

However, there were no traces of emotions on these shamans as they skilfully wielded their daggers, “O’ Lord... Please accept our offerings!”

Kacha! The thick, sturdy scales of the dragon did not seem to have any resistance against the special black dagger, cut open mercilessly as fresh green blood poured forth from the wound.

Sssii! Sssii! The corrosive blood burnt a hole into the ground, but the dragon’s eyes dimmed as they eventually lost their light.

“ROAR!” The werecreatures seemed to cheer louder than before at the scene. The shamans expertly dissected the dragon’s body amidst the clamour, separating its limbs and tossing them into the river of blood.

The corrosive river began to boil, and a crimson glow was soon emanated from it as it absorbed all the flesh. A golden glow had settled around Malar’s statue, indicating that the God of the Hunt had been summoned successfully. The roars and prayers only grew louder at the scene, so powerful that even the clouds in the sky were shattered apart.

As the last sacrifice, an elven prisoner, was tossed into the pool of blood, the glow around the statue strengthened. A golden ape descended upon the Moonwood amidst the werecreatures’ roars, and everyone knelt as they watched their lord with a fervent gaze.

Malar howled as he arrived at the river of blood. It was apparent that he enjoyed this offering, and couldn’t wait to indulge. His



powerful claws stroked several shamans who were kneeling beside the blood, and golden beams of light descended upon the teary creatures.

‘An instant rank up!’ The onlookers could only be envious as they looked at the fortunate ones with red eyes.

“Roar!” Malar unleashed a few more growls after rewarding his worshippers, jumping into the river of blood.

Boom! But just then, a strange event occurred. The crimson blood turned black, and the vengeful spirits within materialised as they climbed onto Malar’s body. A strange black net appeared from the river of blood, trapping Malar within.

“What’s happening?” Several shamans were shocked as they looked upon their comrades, watching dumbly as the scene unfolded. Some of the wiser ones had already reacted, “Those slimy humans! There’s something wrong with the blood essence this time!”

It wasn’t until now that they suspected the Neon Merchant Group, but it was too late to do anything about it. The black net moved into the skies, and there seemed to be an invisible rope tightening it further.

“Kukulcan, my Lord... You are the Lord of Massacre, the Ruler of Devils. You are the one true Lord of the world!” A portal opened up in the skies, and Leylin walked out amidst zealous hymns. He looked like a shrewd hunter, sapping Malar’s energy through the

large net. Once Malar expended all his energy, he would go in for the kill!

“He’s finally here!”

Rumble! The skies roared. Dark clouds shrouded the Moonwood, and a silver serpent emerged from within. Multiple portals opened up as the avatars of several orc gods descended upon the Blackblood Tribe, the surge of divine aura leaving the werecreatures on the ground awestruck. God after god stepped out of the portals, causing great shock to reverberate in their hearts.

Only the peak of werecreature society had been aware of this, and they hastily put up defences as they retreated. They silently prayed for their side to be victorious, and for this divine battle not to spill over to them.

“Kukulkan... God of Massacre? Become an artifact for my divine palace!” the god concealed in darkness struck first. A powerful pair of claws swiped out from the void, targeting Leylin’s heart. Even a divine avatar would lose a great deal of power if they suffered such a critical injury!

‘A stealth attack, and they can conceal themselves in the shadows... Shadow Realm! It’s the God of Stealth, Shargaas!’ Leylin instantly understood who the attacker was, but his expression remained as still as water.

Golden light surged around Leylin’s body, indicating that a divine battle was about to begin!

# Chapter 1150 - Sneak Attack

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Meteor Explosion! Ultimate Shattering Palm! Absolute Break!

Leylin moved his fingers like an expert musician as he strummed the strings of the Shadow Weave, releasing terrifying legendary magic. Numerous spells were formed without any setup, complementing and amplifying each others' power to form a vast current of magic!

“Legendary combination technique— Arcane Torrent!” This was a project Leylin had been researching for a while. It was a divine version of the spell he'd used in his adventurer days, and this fight against Shargaas was the first time he'd used it.

The earth rumbled as a terrifying explosion hit the surface, the aftermath shrouding the space between Shargaas and Leylin. Space itself had begun to distort from the horrifying damage of the attack.

‘This God of Massacre... He isn't even 400 yet but his comprehension of magic is so great. Did he receive the arcanists' inheritance?’ Shargaas teleported in retreat, his body in a sorry state as his golden divine force healed the injuries. Fear could be seen within his eyes.

However, although the sneak attack hadn't managed to injure Leylin, the pressure on Malar's avatar lessened unexpectedly. The huge ape roared, tearing through the black net and escaping.

Whoosh! The avatar that escaped dissolved into a dazzling rainbow that was instantly absorbed into his divine kingdom. Another avatar stepped forth, taking the former's strength in as its aura rose sharply.

The new avatar released a terrifying roar Leylin's way, opening a huge portal from nowhere to send a meteor from his divine kingdom that transformed into a pair of terrifyingly sharp claws.

This was Malar's divine artifact, the Beast Claws. Other than his true body, Malar had brought everything he had to bear in this fight. It seemed like he'd been harbouring hatred over the losses he suffered at Leylin's hand before, and had always been looking for an opportunity at revenge.

"Don't even think of escaping. We've sealed off this space, and Gruumsh has sent out his avatar to intercept any possible reinforcements..." A tall god with an aura of blood and savagery waved his hands, and the group of four instantly encircled Leylin.

"The Orc God of War, Ilneval?" Leylin remembered having met this god once.

"I could see through all your conspiracies. No scheme you hatch will ever succeed!" Ilneval relied cautiously, trying to probe for information even as he wanted to damage Leylin's confidence.

However, Leylin's expression didn't change in the slightest. He just moved on to the last god, the one wrapped in a dark robe who had a dense deathly aura. His eyebrows twitched, "Yurtrus... So

the God of Death, the God of War, the God of Stealth, and the God of the Hunt... Looks like everything here was a trap?”

“Indeed, Kukulkan. Greed comes before the fall.” Ilneval roared, and Malar at the side was eager to rush forth as well. If not for the others restraining him, he would likely have barrelled over by now.

“Malar has deep connections to our pantheon. Do you think our alliance could be shaken by an outsider like you?” Yurtrus asked coldly, “Your avatar will fall this time, and we’ll strip you of your massacre divinity as compensation for Malar...”

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“So the Lord colluded with the orc gods to ambush another god?” Gara muttered as he watched the situation incredulously. They’d already escaped a great distance, and Gara himself only had some of the information.

“Will the Lord’s plan succeed?” the werecreature chief asked by his side, obviously worried.

“Everything is as the Lord wills. We only have to follow his instructions and conserve our energy, taking part in the battle at the right time,” a legendary shaman stated from the side. There was an unspeakable resolution contained in his voice. Although legendary might was nothing in front of a true god, they could still contribute to an assault on an avatar.

“Mm, and it’s four gods fighting him this time, our chances of victory are quite high!” Gara was confident in the current situation.

“The God of Massacre, truenname Kukulkan...” the orc leader muttered to himself, “The youngest legendary wizard of the prime material plane, and someone who ascended at such a young age... That spellcasting ability... He really is a thousand year genius...”

Gara looked at the legendary magic seemingly blossoming like fireworks from Leylin’s hands, the terrifying arcane torrent causing him to subconsciously shrink his neck.

“This is the Lord’s plan, it will definitely succeed!” he tried to console himself internally, but the feeling of unrest couldn’t be erased.

Rumble! Endless spatial storms swept across the original land of the Blackblood Tribe, wreaking havoc upon it. The prime material plane was too weak to withstand a fight between gods, and with the entire sky filled with golden light even high-ranked Professionals would instantly be dissolved into nothingness if they tried to enter the scene. Numerous werecreatures were screaming as they escaped the scene.

A few legendaries smiled bitterly at the sight. Even they didn’t have much confidence of being unaffected by a god’s might. Only at the higher ranks would they be able to trade blows with an avatar, hoping to kill it.

“Sure enough... these orc gods are uncivilized and ignorant, not being able to notice even basic benefits...” Golden chains spread endlessly from Leylin’s avatar in mid-air, making the entire surrounding area his divine kingdom. The dark red massacre domain was released, ensuring that any slaughter would only increase his power.

He could stand calmly amidst the centre of a barrage of orc attacks, and even had the leisure to examine his surroundings. When he sensed a familiar aura approaching the scene, a strange smile surfaced on his face.

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The elite troops led by Rafiniya and Cardinal Karal had reached the core of the Moonwood just in time to notice the terrifying fight between the gods.

“Kukulkan! And the orc gods!” A trace of excitement appeared in Rafiniya’s eyes, “Quick, inform the Lord and ask for reinforcements. Losing a few avatars should teach these gods a good lesson!”

The remaining paladins also had a look of eagerness on them, but their actions were soon stopped by Cardinal Karal.

“The Lord sees everything...” Karal’s reason was strange, and caused suspicions to emerge on Rafiniya’s face. She still maintained her trust in the church, however, following orders and standing down.

“Such a strong massacre domain, and he still has such divine force...” The orc gods had entered a bitter struggle with Leylin. He was already a rank 8 god, his power far surpassing these orcs. If not for their advantage in numbers, they would not be his match. The crimson massacre domain expanded endlessly, about to cover the entire Moonwood.

Shargaas couldn't hold on much longer. “Damn it... is he really a new god?” he snarled, his body covered with numerous small wounds that were leaking golden blood.

Crash! Lightning flashed in the sky, forming a terrifying large door. Another of Shargaas' avatars walked out, joining the forces that were besieging Leylin. Golden light flashed continually as the other gods did the same.

“This number of avatars... Are they crazy?!” Rafiniya and the rest who were watching from afar cried out in surprise. Although the loss of one avatar wouldn't cause significant damage to a god, the number of avatars they were throwing at Leylin would exhaust their divine force. Even as true gods, they would likely fall into a slumber or just die.

If their luck was the same as Beelzebub's, having poured a majority of their will and divine force into an avatar that was eliminated, they wouldn't be far off from a true death. These gods were now putting themselves at risk!

“It's time!” A trace of a smile suddenly appeared on Leylin's face



in spite of the imminent danger.

“What’s going on?” The four gods were stunned. Leylin’s expression was completely unexpected.

However, they didn’t have more time to think about it. A loud explosion sounded as two terrifying powers descended upon the Moonwood, their strength directly breaking apart the spatial seal that the orc gods had set in place. The whole world trembled as an elderly warrior and a young lady entered the scene, their bodies rippling with the unfathomable power of greater gods.

The two entrants immediately spread out a huge net, seemingly wanting to catch the orc gods and Leylin in one go. “Tyr and Mystra! Where’s Gruumsh?” Ilneval muttered with incredulity...

Outside the prime material plane, Tyr and Mystra had combined to trap a powerful greater god.

“Give up, Gruumsh,” Mystra said coldly, “We only need to mobilise a few avatars to take out those gods of yours...”

# Chapter 1151 - Cornered

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“For New Silverymoon City, for the Alliance, and for the people of the north!” Even as Leylin was facing the orc gods, Queen Alustriel was garbed in her seldom-used armour as she riled up the troops in front of her, “The war for the north has come!”

“Ouh! Ouh!” The troops let out a warcry as they banged their swords against their shields.

With how slow armies travelled it would take a few more days of travel to reach the battlefield, but that didn't matter at all. Alustriel was currently boosting her troops' morale, and under Elminster's lead several high-ranked wizards had already ambushed several orcs along the borders.

With Silverymoon's strength and the backing of several legendary figures, their powerful spells would teach those orcs an unforgettable lesson! Alustriel's chest was bursting with excitement and pride...

“YOU'RE DECLARING WAR?” Gruumsh roared in rage at the two greater gods before him. He'd found out about the events in the prime material plane instantly.

Tyr spoke slowly, “This is it, you'd better choose to retreat right now.”

“Stalling me here and sending your avatars to defeat my pantheon... Indeed, this strategy will deal me a heavy blow. Was it

that God of Massacre that told you this?” Gruumsh immediately understood the situation. “He is indeed a crafty and evil god, with no qualms about not keeping his words...”

“Indeed, that’s why we don’t plan to let him go. However, that will come after we defeat your lot,” Mystra said in a deep tone, the powerful Weave appearing behind her back.

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The orc gods had been thrown into disarray by the avatars that had just descended upon the Moonwood. What was originally supposed to be an ambush had become a catalyst for a grand war, and it wasn’t something they had prepared for. They couldn’t help but take a second look at Leylin whom they’d ‘trapped.’

The battle in mid-air was extremely interesting. Several orc gods had encircled Leylin, but surrounding them were the avatars of Mystra and Tyr. These circumstances could lead to the deaths of any avatar present here with the slightest misstep, and that would result in grievous injuries to their main bodies. The orcs didn’t dare act recklessly.

Leylin’s grin grew wider as he surveyed the scene that he’d crafted himself.

His first interaction with Gruumsh had told him that the orcs wouldn’t give up on Malar. The werecreatures could rely on the orc pantheon. That was why he’d attracted Mystra and Tyr with the curse on Eric’s bloodline, so he could meet them and come to

an agreement.

However, this agreement hadn't been easy to reach. Leylin knew both his 'allies' hated him to the core, and he was sure they planned to attack him together with the orcs in one go. How would they let go of an avatar of a lesser evil god?

Knowing all this, Leylin didn't hope for much from the situation. It was enough that they'd deal with the orcs for him. The quartet would take the attention off him until they were wiped out.

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"This is the plan of the Lord. They will first attack the avatars of the orc gods, stopping any experts from aiding them," Cardinal Karal said to Rafiniya and the remaining paladins.

"How about that God of Massacre?" Rafiniya frowned.

"He's promised to engage with the orc gods for now, so he's useful for the Lord's plans. Our goal is to deal with the orcs before we kill him," Karal replied.

This war concerned the lives of countless inhabitants of the north, and with this excuse of dealing with the orcs first the alliance with Leylin would be accepted by most of the paladins. The Cardinal represented Tyr's will, and wouldn't allow the paladins to harbour any thoughts.

However, this reason that could convince many immediately caused Rafiniya to lose a great deal of faith. Her mind grew weaker and more biased under the devilish influence Leylin had planted within her, and she growled in anger. “Teaming up with an evil god? He’s the main perpetrator of the curse that hit New Silverymoon City!”

“Watch your words, Captain!” Karal’s face darkened. As a legendary priest of Tyr, he would not tolerate anyone questioning the will of his Lord. A thought arose in his mind, ‘It seems like I need to report this to the pope after the war. She isn’t fit to serve as a captain...’

“Yes, Cardinal...” A hint of unwillingness emanated from Rafiniya’s deep voice. She gripped the hilt of her sword so tightly that her fingers turned pale...

At the same time, the divine battle had reached a climax.

“Mage Flame!” A bright light was emitted from Mystra’s fingers as the Weave materialised in the surroundings. She seemed to gain the support of the very world as overwhelming origin force surged forth. With Tyr’s cooperation, the Mage Flame seemed to blaze through the skies as it trapped Leylin and the orc gods within.

“Silver fire...” Leylin looked at the glowing sea of flames, a trace of fear emerging in his eyes. Silver fire, from what he could remember, was the source of all magic in the World of Gods. It was a materialisation of Mystra’s divinity, possessing great destructive might.

“Roar!” Malar was the most irascible of the lot, and he was the first to suffer. Several balls of fire landed on his hands, their temperature high enough to burn even the Beast Claws.

“Damn it, Mystra, why are you this determined?” Ilneval’s expression turned ugly as he watched Malar’s divine weapon being corroded. Some of the silver flames were pressing towards the rest of them.

Mystra’s legendary silverflame had the might to destroy divine weapons and even the bodies of true gods, but it consumed her divinity to burn. Ilneval was stumped as to why she was willing to give up so much divinity to harm them.

“Retreat!” Yurtrus screamed as he unleashed a pale orb of light. Many lifeless souls sprung forth from the orb, creating a translucent barrier.

Sssii! The silverflame began to corrode the wall the moment the two came in contact, and the barrier seemed to give way immediately.

“They’ve activated a powerful spatial lock, we’ll need more time to break through...” Ilneval frowned. They were facing the avatars of two greater gods, and even if all avatars were more or less the same in might more powerful deities had more efficient ways to dispense their powers. They still took the upper hand in battle.

On top of that, their low divine ranks caused these lesser gods to

be at a disadvantage in terms of the number of avatars and their recovery speeds. The greater gods would be able to overwhelm them in these aspects!

“Why retreat?” Shargaas roared in rage, and his eyes turned bloodshot. He seemed to have lost all signs of intelligence, turning into a primal beast.

“These aren’t just two greater gods. Don’t forget that there’s many more subordinates, what if one of them descends as a Saint?” Ilneval rebuked coldly, causing Shargaas to stall for a moment.

Although it was extremely dangerous for gods to descend with their true bodies, when they did come down they would be at the epitome of power. If Mystra or Tyr gave it their all, several subordinate gods like the God of Wizards Azuth would descend as Saints. None of their avatars would be able to escape, the loss of divine strength from the fight taking thousands of years to replenish.

Ilneval indeed excelled in strategy. He hadn’t been overcome by rage when he was ensnared in Leylin’s trap. He’d instead considered how best to conserve his energy.

“You want to leave now?” Leylin asked as he laughed like a maniac. He was now the one who’d decide if he let them go.

A phantom of the first three Hells surfaced in the prime material plane, and the powerful origin force of Baator expanded Leylin’s

massacre domain until it encompassed all the orc gods.

“Are you crazy?” Ilneval asked Leylin. “Even if you give your all in this battle, they won’t let you go either!”

“Of course! I’m aware of that, but how can I just let go of a good chance like this?” Leylin’s voice covered the entire Moonwood, and the crimson glow on his body grew more apparent than before.

“Damn it, this lunatic! Is he a chaotic demon?” Ilneval suddenly felt a huge headache, but he could only think of one way out right now..

“Malar!” he sent, “Hurry and bring your worshippers into the fight! They’ll help out!”

The giant ape had already been scared off by the power of the silverflame. He’d hid by the side, stroking his Beast Claws tenderly. His golden fur had been burnt black in that attack, and he himself had been reduced to a miserable state. Hearing Ilneval’s words, he began to roar.



# Chapter 1152 - Eicher

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“The Lord has given us orders!” Several legendary werecreature shamans charged into the battlefield without the slightest hesitation. Malar had roared out their orders, and with him being the object of their faith their zealotry left them with no choice but to obey.

However, the secular leaders of the werecreatures grew irritable. Despite their reluctance, the shamans had pulled them into the fray.

“How much longer till preparations are done?” Mystra asked as she turned to Tyr. She had managed to block off the orc gods with her silverflame, and Leylin had been trapped as well.

“I need another moment, this is something we borrowed...” Tyr had reached into a ball of light that was surrounded by blue sparks. It seemed extremely magnificent, putting great pressure on the orc gods.

“There’s also some worms crawling over that don’t seem to know their place...” Mystra turned to the several legendary werecreatures.

“We’ve already prepared, haven’t we? Let our people take care of them,” Tyr replied indifferently.

At the same time, the ball of light finally assumed the form of an incredibly sharp spear. Ilneval was rattled immediately by the

sight, and even Leylin's eyes flashed with amazement.

“Eicher's Thorn! They actually borrowed it!” Eicher's Thorn was a divine weapon that even the gods feared. It had the ability to ripple out any damage done to an avatar to its controller, and even gods weren't immune to its powers. It had caused the fall of two lesser gods in history, and sent a third into deep slumber. Mystra and Tyr had somehow managed to borrow such an ominous weapon.

“Hmm?” Leylin's brows furrowed as the A.I. Chip retrieved the relevant information from its now almost all-encompassing database.

‘So it's from just after the dusk of the gods. This ability, and the energy it's radiating...’ Leylin smirked, ‘So they actually just took the weapon of a Magus of laws and renamed it. So much for integrity...’

Despite his smirking, Leylin grew more serious. He feared Magi much more than he did gods, their mysterious powers posing a much greater threat to him even as he was now.

On the other end, Ilneval sent a message to his comrades, “Everyone should've heard about Eicher's Thorn. If you can't get away, it's better to destroy the avatar than to let it injure you. A bit of your energy reserve isn't worth being thrown into a long slumber.”

“Malar!” Yurtrus shouted, “Stop being so stingy with your

subordinates! We'll give you enough compensation later..."

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Pressured by his party, Malar pulled back the team of legendary shamans he'd sent to deal with Leylin.

However, their efforts had been halted before they could even re-enter the Moonwood. Cardinal Karal had arrived with paladins in tow, holding a staff made of aged maple. The cardinal chanted a holy spell that caused the paladins' armour to glow with light.

"Purge all evil in the name of justice!" The werecreatures were a bunch of bloodthirsty savages in the eyes of the paladins, existences that had to be removed from the face of the world.

"We don't have much time..." Gara looked at the paladins before him, a menacing look filling his face as various runes surfaced on his body. They seemed to be sacrificial rites.

Chaotic energy began to descend upon the region as a large fire began to burn in mid-air. A large metal door materialised, and numerous demons charged out under the lead of a legendary balor.

This was a legendary spell, Summon Demonic Army. Its unimaginable might was only canceled out by the complicated requirements it posed as a chaotic evil spell. The summoned army wouldn't necessarily obey the orders of their summoner.

The balor looked at Shaman Gara with hostility, but another group in the area stole its attention. Paladins and demons were in completely opposite alignments, and neither group would rest as long as the other side. Just listening to the word paladin was disgraceful, blasphemy to demonkind.

“Demons from the Abyss!” A paladin screamed as he rushed forward, waving a greatsword bathed in holy light, “Holy Slash!”

“(%^!%\$!” The balor spoke in an incomprehensible ancient language as it looked at the group of paladins, its voice coarse and unpleasant.

“The words of blasphemy!” A white rune radiated purity from Karal’s solemn face, “This is getting too troublesome.”

The balor’s spell had been cast in an instant, rooting the charging paladin to the ground. The balor smiled malevolently as he brandished his sword, cleaving the still paladin in two.

“Hehehe... It’s the prime material plane! We can harvest souls now...” Many other demons charged out from behind the balor, throwing spell after spell as they turned the place chaotic. It all happened too quickly, and that paladin had fallen to the balor’s sword before anyone could react.

“Damn it! You evil vermin, you shouldn’t exist in this world!” Rafiniya screamed as she recovered from a daze, killing intent boiling to the surface.

However, the words the balor uttered as it looked at Rafiniya astonished her, “Hehehe... A legendary paladin? No, I smell a whiff of energy from those idiots in Baator on you...”

“I am a paladin, protector of justice. Don’t try to ruin my reputation!”

Even Karal didn’t put any stock in the demon’s words. They only served to agitate the paladin, and she radiated powerful energy as she drew her sword and entered a frontal clash with it.

“Kill!” The other paladins looked each other in the eye before charging forward to meet with the demon army.

A scene of chaos began to unfold.

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The battle of the gods had reached its zenith at this moment. Eicher’s Thorn had absorbed all the light around it, and the spear had come to float in the air as Tyr pointed it at Malar.

Whoosh! The spear pierced through space to arrive at Malar in an instant. The Beast Claws had already been damaged once, and a hole was pierced through them with this attack. The spear moved forward unthwarted, heading towards Malar’s brows.

“ROAR!” The avatar could only cry in indignance as it exploded, filling the skies with divine light.

Seeing the situation worsening, Ilneval shouted at Leylin, “Damn it, do you still want to keep us engaged? Malar’s avatar has already fallen, there is nothing left here that you would want...”

“Of course... Not!” Leylin agreed immediately, just as Ilneval expected. He retracted his massacre domain, immediately reducing the pressure the three remaining gods had to face. However, none of the three noticed a spot of red light landing amongst them.

“That’s right, we can still...” Before Ilneval could heave a sigh of relief, Leylin’s next actions left him stupefied.

[Beep! Silverflame has been analysed, beginning protection with the Shadow Weave.] Leylin immediately dashed towards the fire in the sky, as if he was committing suicide. However, a dark web seemed to cover his body as he came into contact with the flames, cancelling out with the Weave and allowing Leylin to escape.

Without the spatial lock of the silver flames, Leylin immediately cast a teleportation spell. White light flashed on his body as he immediately left the Moonwood.

“This...” It wasn’t just Ilneval that was dumbstruck. Even Tyr, controlling Eicher’s Thorn from the outside, gasped.

Of course, the one under the most duress was the Goddess of the

Weave. “The Weave,” Mystra muttered, but then she grew silent for a moment. “No... the Shadow Weave! SHAR!” She spat out the name of her rival.

“Shar? The Goddess of Shadows?” Tyr seemed to have recalled something, “Didn’t she fall already?”

“I can’t be wrong, that’s the Shadow Weave,” Mystra confirmed. The Shadow Weave was primal and childish, but it had once been a prototype of the current Weave. How could she not recognise it?

# Chapter 1153 - Heart

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Mystra and Shar had never been on good terms. They were both gods of magic, and the natural rivalry between the two had ensured that only one could survive.

Shar had been thought fallen in the Final War, but she'd actually managed to escape the destruction of her divine kingdom with serious injuries. Some amount of luck had allowed her to flee to the astral plane, stumbling upon the Shadow World.

Mystra, on the other hand, had established the Weave to gain the support of worshippers and other gods. She'd become the guardian of the Weave, and the other gods had moved the channeling of their powers to complement the system.

Even having become a greater god Mystra was still cautious of the Goddess of Shadows. After all, Shar was the one god that could take over her position.

The Shadow Weave was a counter to the Weave, and it had allowed Leylin to deal with Mystra's silverflame and escape with ease. Since it was but one of his many trump cards, Leylin hadn't been afraid of revealing it.

"Kukulkan... Shar..." It was like a bridge had been connected in Mystra's mind, 'That fear of death, was it because of Shar? Kukulkan managed to find some clues about her, so it gave me the feeling that he would bring about my demise?'



Although this conclusion was only logical, Mystra had underestimated the situation. She didn't even realise that Leylin possessed another horrifying ace up his sleeve, once that could truly end her life.

"It's not a big deal that the God of Massacre escaped," Tyr reminded her, "The important thing now is to kill all these avatars. Our true bodies are already engaged in battle with Gruumsh..." Gruumsh was fighting crazily ever since he discovered that his pantheon had been ambushed. Their true bodies would not be able to hold him back much longer.

"I understand..." Mystra's face darkened, and the silverflame strengthened once more. Even without Leylin's domain pressuring them, the orc gods couldn't dare to act recklessly.

The silverflame net began to close in on them, and try as they may Ilneval and the others couldn't stop Tyr's ambush with Eicher's Thorn. Shargaas was the one unfortunate enough to be struck by it, killing the avatar and inflicting serious injuries on his main body. Only then did the silverflame crush all the other avatars to death.

"Mystra!" "Tyr!" Many roars of hatred rang out from the large wasteland that was the combined divine kingdom of the orc pantheon, causing many worshippers and even petitioners to cower in fear.

No voice came from Shargaas' divine kingdom. Having suffered the most damage, he'd directly been put to sleep. As for Ilneval and Yurtrus, they were a bit better off. However, they'd lost multiple

avatars as well, and wouldn't dare act recklessly anymore.

Woooo! A mournful and immense bugle horn note sounded in the wasteland as two orc figures wreathed in golden light appeared in mid-air.

"Gruumsh is summoning us," The male frowned, "Mystra and Tyr declared war, and summoned their subordinates as well. But right now..." This god was Bahgtru, the Lesser God of Brute Strength.

The orc pantheon was rather special. Although Gruumsh was their only greater god, and the rest of them weren't even intermediate gods, many of them excelled in combat. However, Shargaas, Ilneval, and Yurtrus were amongst the fighters, and Bahgtru alone wasn't enough to fill their shoes.

"Do you have any plans?" he asked the woman beside him helplessly. Although his mother didn't excel in fighting as the Goddess of Fertility, she had other remarkable abilities that fell under her domain.

"Shargaas was injured by Eicher's Thorn. Even if life and healing come under my domain, his true body has entered a slumber now and I can't heal him. On the other hand, Yurtrus only lost a lot of his energy. I can aid him in a swift recovery..." Luthic was extremely solemn, "But I'm not sure we've given this opportunity to recover..."

Wooooo! Another horn sounded, this one more drawn out and

more frantic than before. The sound seemed to be filled with restlessness as it spread across the plains.

“Indeed, we won’t have the time to heal him. We can only stop them for now...” Bahgtru smiled wryly, “I’ll send all of my avatars over. I’ll leave managing my worshippers and petitioners to you...”

Several golden streaks flew out of Bahgtru’s divine kingdom, joining the large army in the prime material plane...

Mystra and Tyr had been plotting to attack the orcs for a while. Leylin’s push had finally let them deal severe damage to the orc pantheon, and they’d even managed to cripple one of their gods. If they didn’t press the advantage now, what were they waiting for?

War sprung up on both fronts. The Silverymoon Alliance attacked even as a war raged in the upper planes. Several subordinate gods like Azuth joined with hired hands from the good alignment to wage war on the divine kingdoms of the orcs. This was their chance to teach the orcs an unforgettable lesson!

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Within the Moonwood.

The battle between gods and those of legendary might had already ruined half the region. The forest of twisted dark trees had ceased to exist, replaced by a sea of burning flames. The dismembered bodies of werecreatures dotted the landscape.

The legendary battle was now drawing to a close. With Malar's avatar dying so quickly, the werecreatures hadn't been useful in the battle between gods. Now, they were facing the paladins. The leaders and shamans hadn't wanted to engage in a fight to the death, and they'd used Gara's demon army as a distraction as they fled.

Even if Shaman Gara had maniacally summoned an army of demons, the relentless attacks of the paladins had reduced their numbers until only the balor was left, fighting Rafiniya. The other paladins had joined Karal to chase down the fleeing werecreatures.

"Hehehe..." Even if it wasn't a flame balor, the balor Rafiniya was facing was already at the legendary realm. It peppered her with heretical spells as its greatsword struck towards her with speed and precision. A common legendary would not be its match.

However, this balor was up against a paladin. On top of that this was Rafiniya, the Holy Knight, the Lady of Hope! She was resolute in her attacks, and even as injuries covered her body she didn't take one step back. Her manic behaviour struck fear in even the demon's heart.

Rafiniya's armour had already been shattered, and the balor's sword had broken in half. The demon had also lost its whip in the midst of battle.

"Hehehe... We shall meet again, paladin!" the balor sniggered as he opened a portal. Even if he could still utter such words of pride,

he was far too injured to act arrogant. Even though demons were chaotic, instinctual creatures, powerful ones like this balor still had some amount of intellect.

The paladin was nearly burnt out as well. She had to rely on her sword to stay up, putting her weight on it to keep herself from collapsing. However, her eyes lit up as she saw the demon about to leave. The light was peculiar, difficult to describe in words. It contained law and chaos, good and evil.

“For justice!” she howled, burning up the last of her energy as she leapt into the flames. Even at the cost of letting the abyssal flames encroach upon her, she thrust her sword into the balor’s heart.

“You!” the balor collapsed halfway into the portal, terrified. However, a sardonic smile then appeared on his face, “HA, now I understand! Your power isn’t of purity. It’s the power of our rivals, the devils! In that case...”

The demon used all his strength to push Rafiniya away, using a stump of a right hand to dig into his heart.

“Hehehe... Here, take my Root of Evil!” A burning heart was suddenly thrown at Rafiniya, and having expended all her energy the paladin just couldn’t block it. Filthy blood coated Rafiniya’s entire body, and a pure power of evil was immediately absorbed by it.

“What’s happening? Why can I absorb this energy?” Rafiniya stood up once she discovered her body was recovering, stupefied.

However, the balor had been burnt to ashes, and nobody would be able to answer her question.

“The church. The mission. And support...” Rafiniya’s face was blank for a long while, before she collapsed to the ground.

# Chapter 1154 - A Fall From Grace

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The balor's Root of Evil was but a catalyst. The seed of evil Leylin had planted in Rafiniya oh so long ago had now erupted, fuelled by the weakening of her faith. Baator's World Origin Force cheered as a legendary paladin fell from grace, turning into a devil!

"Haha," Rafiniya knelt and wept, "Good, evil, justice... What do they even mean? What did all my effort come to?"

Flames began to burn around the fallen paladin, and a phantom image of Baator appeared as numerous devils and even the Lords of Baator cheered at the sight of a legendary paladin turning.

"ARGH..." The dark flames enveloped the Lady of Hope, causing her to shriek in anguish.

The flames greatly transformed Rafiniya's body. Her face grew far more enchanting than before, as a pair of dark wings appeared behind her back to make her look like a fallen angel. The origin force continued to roar, turning the pious Holy Knight into an erinyes! Murky light enveloped the former paladin, instantly bringing her to the depths of hell.

Just as she was about to descend to the Fourth Hell, a crimson string of light appeared behind her. Leylin's divine kingdom attracted the now erinyes, pulling her into the first three Hells. The cheering Lords and their subordinates instantly began to curse Leylin, but nobody dared step into his divine kingdom to seize her.

“A legendary paladin turned erinyes, huh?” Leylin knew best about any events occurring in his divine kingdom. The power of corruption formed at the fall of such a powerful paladin was favoured by every Lord of Baator. On top of that, the paladin would become a staunchly loyal devil, the most powerful of warriors fighting under their banner.

However, Leylin didn't have the time to pay attention to Rafiniya right now. He instructed Isabel to welcome her, moving into Thultanhthar as the flying city left his divine kingdom...

The battle in the orc wastelands had reached its peak. Soul after soul was wiped out as the light of their deaths streaked across the skies of the combined divine kingdom. Hurricanes, tsunamis, earthquakes... Various calamities rocked the place, causing many orcs to weep and cower as if the apocalypse had arrived.

An army of valiant spirits had set up a large formation on the outskirts of the combined divine kingdom, several hundred Professionals of each class. It was a rare sight in the World of Gods, one only enabled by the accumulated power of two greater gods over tens of thousands of years.

“Give up, Gruumsh. Leave Silverymoon and return to your plains. It's your only choice.” Mystra was now outfitted in armour, the army of wizards behind her emitting a powerful aura. The array of spell lights caused the orc god's heart to turn cold.

However, it was no easy feat to attack the divine kingdom of the orc pantheon, even for two greater gods. Gruumsh was a greater god as well, and his accumulated power was not to be trifled either.



The bugles continued to sound out as the orcish armies joined up, forming a defensive line under the command of the Goddess of Fertility Luthic. Gruumsh and Bahgtru sent their clones forward to meet Mystra and Tyr, blocking their paths.

The fight for the north wasn't limited to the north. Outside the prime material plane, it had erupted into a war amongst gods! Mystra couldn't give up on Silvermoon, while Gruumsh couldn't give up on the orcs. Their worshippers' conflicts had forced them into battle, as was commonplace in history.

"Since that's your choice..." Tyr raised his one hand slowly, "KILL!"

Wave after wave of paladins surged forward, charging towards the outermost defences of the divine kingdom.

"Damn it... That's Mystra's divine kingdom!" Bahgtru roared, his multiple clones radiating energy.

"We're your opponents." A portal opened to reveal the God of Wizards. He'd brought with him the avatars of the other gods subordinate to Mystra, as well as giant demigods to protect them.

"Your pantheon has suffered great losses, Gruumsh, you have absolutely no chance of victory..." Mystra and Tyr were squaring off against Gruumsh.

With how the orc pantheon was built, if Gruumsh was seriously injured or killed the entire race would be thrown to the brink of annihilation. Mystra held the upper hand here, able to suppress Gruumsh alongside Tyr. On the other hand, Bahgtru and Luthic were not strong enough to take on the rest of their subordinates.

Gruumsh originally had the help of multiple gods from his pantheon, putting his only strength slightly below Mystra and Tyr. However, some of his subordinates had been severely injured now, and the situation had completely reversed. She believed she could push the orcs back in one go!

Battles between gods were wars of attrition. Even Mystra and Tyr couldn't defeat their enemies in one go, but they had to at least inflict heavy damage on their opponents, causing them to suffer losses in the upcoming wars in the prime material plane.

“Damn it... You despicable pygmies!” Gruumsh's body wavered at the forefront, splitting into over a dozen clones each of which possessed a terrifying amount of divine force. Even having split up so many times, each clone possessed great power that wasn't inferior to a lesser god's! He could overpower a lesser god just by stacking on them with numbers.

However, he wasn't facing a lesser god this time. Mystra and Tyr were both greater gods, and they exchanged a look that showed that they'd expected him to split up.

More clones walked out beside them as well, as a ball of light formed into a spear in Tyr's hand.

“Eicher’s Thorn!” Even a greater god like Gruumsh dreaded something like Eicher’s Thorn that could cause grievous wounds to his main body. He gazed deeply upon the two greater gods, eventually deciding to fall back to his divine kingdom. “Alright, you two. Come in if you want to fight!”

It wasn’t easy to take out a greater god’s divine kingdom. With the home ground advantage, Gruumsh would be able to take on even Eicher’s Thorn without much trouble. On the other hand, his avatars and his son’s had bought them ample time, allowing Luthic to stabilise the situation in their divine kingdom and gather a large army of orc petitioners that were just waiting to deal a fatal strike.

“It still happened...” Tyr shook his head in helplessness. This was the one situation that they didn’t want to see.

“How is it in the prime material plane?” he asked.

Mystra’s eyes flickered with light, and the events occurring in the prime material plane flashed before her eyes. “Both sides have assembled at the Thunder Valley, and are ready for war any time. Alustriel and Elminster will be barely enough to hold back Saladin and the Thunder God’s Hammer...”

“Then all the more reason that we can’t retreat now...” Tyr made up his mind, slashing down with his hand. An explosion sounded as space itself cracked apart, a colourless hole appearing in mid-air with a crescent blade behind it. The attack struck the borders of the orc wasteland.

The powerful divine attack caused the entire planes to rumble. A huge rift was formed at the border, large whirlwinds spreading out as paladins charged into the divine kingdom.

“Charge!” The orcs had been waiting patiently all this while, and now they rushed forward as well to meet the paladins.

The petitioners in the divine kingdom were the most fervent of zealots, their gazes filled with fanaticism as they met the wave of paladins. They pit the boost from the divine kingdom against the superior numbers and strength of the paladins and wizards, the two armies clashing violently as a chaotic war erupted. The world seemed to stand still the moment they came into contact.

“Your greatest mistake was to step in here.” A massive voice boomed in the void, and the clouds in the divine kingdom turned dark.

Bzzt! World Origin Force whistled as lightning rained down upon the paladins and wizards, annihilating a large group of troops in an instant.

“The law of lightning... You actually want to become a Lightning God!” Tyr cried out in alarm as he saw the lightning in the skies. The lightning contained the power of laws, and wasn’t something that could easily be created even in a divine kingdom. What’s more, the law of lightning possessed great destructive force!

# Chapter 1155 - Mark

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“The fight’s pretty intense!” Thultanthar was flying outside in the void, hidden between spatial rifts out of reach of the powerful lightning in the orc plains. It looked like an indomitable mountain, its strength unfathomable.

[Beep! Thultanthar concealed by Shadow Weave, setting defence levels to A1...] A black net spread out in the surroundings of the Netherese city, slowly disappearing as it intertwined with the Weave in the vicinity. It concealed the city’s aura immediately, making it undetectable no matter how close it got to the battlefield.

“Initiate plan,” Leylin ordered indifferently, an icy gaze flashing in his eyes.

He’d taken a risk with his avatar before, engaging with Malar and the orc gods to help Mystra and Tyr deal with the orcs. However, his intentions weren’t to cause trouble for the orcs. After all, they were of the same alignment and were closer to him than Mystra and Tyr.

Still, he was an evil god. The only thing that brought his kind together were benefits, and he wouldn’t hesitate to betray them for his own gains. With the greater gods embroiled in battle, it was the best time for him to execute his plans.

[Beep! Mission established, tracking target... Target found!] the A.I. Chip intoned, a large amount of information being transmitted to Leylin. The backdoor he'd left via that red spot of light activated, allowing the A.I. Chip to execute its mission.

[Beep! Target confirmed! Kingdom's defences have been broken, beginning teleportation.] A powerful hurricane engulfed Thultanthar alongside the A.I. Chip's notifications, the violent gales beginning to glow as the city streaked across the void like a sharp sword.

Buzz! Thultanthar disappeared into the light, reappearing within the orc plains above a magnificent golden palace.

There were many orc petitioners here, praying to a strange orcish statue. They were startled by Thultanthar's appearance, and roared in rage.

[Secondary cannons online.] The A.I. Chip's icy words were the only reply. Numerous cannons atop Thultanthar shot beams of light, dissolving even the holy spirits under their power. A dark web spread across the skies, locking space down before volley after volley of cannonfire razed the palace to the ground.

A god's true body was revealed beneath the palace, dressed in

loose black robes with a black-gold halo of light encircling him. A murky energy shrouded his body. Having suffered a huge loss of divine energy and being forced out of slumber, he roared at Leylin in rage.

“KUKULKAN! AND THULTANTHAR!” His voice held extreme rage and shock, but there also a major portion of fear. He hadn’t been prepared for the flying city at all.

‘That tracker was effective after all.’ Leylin looked at the forlorn Yurtrus before him, his eyes flashing like that of a predator looking at prey.

Malar had never been his target. That ape was only a wild beast that had mastered a part of the law of massacre, not worthy of his attention. The only god of massacre he’d consider targeting was Cyric.

No, his real target was the death god of the orcs, Yurtrus. Massacre and death complemented each other perfectly, each domain being able to support a greater god. They synergized very well, their powers compounding upon each other. They’d definitely serve well as Leylin’s final trump card.

Back on Debanks Island, the innumerable deaths caused by the plague had allowed Leylin to touch upon the law of death. However, it hadn’t allowed him to comprehend much, leaving him miles away from comprehending the law of death.

However, this was the World of Gods, and he was a Magus! Why

would he slowly comprehend a law if he could just kill a god and directly steal his position?

There were many Gods of Death in the World of Gods, the strongest of them being Kelemvor the Greater God of Death. However, he was someone too strong for Leylin to scheme against right now, and there were others from different pantheons he could target. Leylin had chosen Yurtrus, because he was considerably weaker than the others as a mere lesser god. An orc god would be much easier to deal with than the gods of the other pantheon.

More importantly, the orcs were currently at war! It was the best chance to strike! With various reasons merging together, Leylin would feel sorry for himself if he didn't seize the opportunity. That's why he orchestrated these events.

To fulfill his goal of killing Yurtrus, Leylin had used Malar as a distraction. He pretended to fall for Malar's schemes in the Moonwood, using his avatar as bait and giving up his location to Mystra and Tyr to have them wipe the orcs out in one shot. The entire process was extremely perilous. If not for multiple trump cards, his avatar would have fallen to Mystra and Tyr.

However, all of that paid off. The orcs suffered huge losses, and Gruumsh was forced to engage in a divine war that dropped all defences. Yurtrus had nobody protecting him, so now was the best time to strike.

Leylin had managed to plant a tracker on Yurtrus in the midst of battle, allowing the flying city to instantly teleport to Yurtrus'



position and slay him.

With Thultanthar having been used against Sekolah before, the gods would definitely have prepared against a greater god with a Netherese city. They concealed their true bodies, preventing instant teleportation into their divine kingdoms. Had Leylin not made all this preparations, he would've had to enter Yurtrus' divine kingdom and track him down inside. By the time the A.I. Chip was done with its scan Gruumsh would have appeared to reinforce.

However, there were no what ifs in the world. His plan successful, Leylin would enjoy his spoils of war.

“What are you trying to do? This is the orc plains. My divine kingdom is extremely close to the Gruumsh. He can immediately send any of his clones over...” Yurtrus golden face seemed to be disconcerted right now, which was an extremely rare expression on a god.

This was the fruit of Leylin's labour. Several of Yurtrus' avatars had been slain by Mystra and Tyr, causing enough damage to send him to sleep. Even though he'd sensed the incoming danger now, it would be a wonder if he could use 60% of his power, and he was facing a peak form Leylin alongside Thultanthar.

“Yurtrus... In the name of the God of Massacre, I proclaim you dead...” The phantom of a powerful winged serpent appeared behind Leylin's back, its demonic wings spread out to cover half of Yurtrus' divine kingdom. A terrifying gloomy darkness loomed over Yurtrus, devouring him whole.

The serpent's eyes only contained apathy and greed, causing Yurtrus to be overwhelmed with despair.

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Rumble! The powerful lightning suddenly stopped in Gruumsh's divine kingdom, and he roared in fury.

"What happened?" Mystra and Tyr looked ahead in surprise, watching a terrifying scene unfold.

"Yurtrus... You damned vermin, pigmy, bastard of the hells, you actually dare..." Gruumsh roared but it was too late. A divine kingdom dimmed within the orc plains, leaving the area as it headed for the void and fell into the darkness. Anguish surged in Yurtrus' petitioners as they died without warning, and his priests in the other planes discovered themselves being cut off by the spells of their god.

This could only mean one thing: the Orc God of Death... Yurtrus... He'd fallen!

"It's the God of Massacre!" Mystra and Tyr understood this point immediately, but were unable to change the outcome. The orc armies only stalled for a moment, beginning to attack even more ferociously than before!

# Chapter 1156 - Death

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A powerful spatial storm enveloped Whitejade Saint Mountain within Leylin's divine kingdom, space being ripped apart as the silhouette of a flying city appeared within the chaotic region.

A cathedral atop the mountain radiated golden light that protected the surroundings, rendering them unaffected by the flying city.

"Kukulcan, my Lord, you are a star in the skies, the overlord of our souls..." The petitioners on the mountain knew Thultanthar to be their Lord's mount, a sacred artifact of the Giant Serpent Church. They were not fazed by its appearance, instead kneeling down to pray.

"A.I. Chip, report Thultanthar's status," Leylin said as he opened his eyes, sitting in the main control room dressed in gold.

[Beep! Thultanthar has suffered 36.77% damage. Energy reserves depleted, Shadow Weave broken. Secondary spell formations are 22.5% damaged...] The report caused Leylin's eyes to twitch. He remained silent for a long time.

"It's been damaged so badly?" he finally sighed.

Gods really were the darlings of the world. Even Netheril at its peak, with all its research into the arcane, had still been reduced to

rubble under their might. One had to pay a price to slay a deity, even if one was a Great Arcanist controlling a flying city.

Thultanthar had already been damaged in Leylin's fight against Sekolah. It had been undergoing repairs in his divine kingdom, but it had been called out for this strike and damaged even more severely. It was a testament to Leylin's ability that the flying city had even remained intact.

Leylin's will pervaded the entire flying city, seeing through everything. There were many cracks on its silver-grey surface, and the primary cannons had suffered damage from overuse. Even the secondary core had been damaged, the city operating purely on its primary energy source. It was never easy to bear the brunt of a god's death throes.

"Heh... It's all worth it." Leylin looked excitedly at the damaged crystal floating above his hands. "The divine domain of a God of Death..."

This was Leylin's reward for slaying Yurtrus. He'd given up on searching the divine kingdom given how close it was to the other orcs', having to flee the moment he killed the God of Death as he saw a raging Gruumsh rushing over alongside the other orc gods. If he'd tarried a moment longer, even if he could eventually escape Thultanthar would've been destroyed.

However, all these scenarios held no meaning whatsoever. Leylin knew that he has succeeded. and that was enough!

Leylin looked at the divine domain crystal ball and sniggered, “Kukulcan’s words will lose all credibility, and he’ll be labeled unscrupulous and crazy. When news of this spreads, there likely won’t be any more gods willing to ally with me...”

If he really was a being of the World of Gods, his actions just now would’ve led to his death. He’d be isolated by the other gods, having to hide himself in Baator forever.

However, he was a Magus. Even if he didn’t offend these gods none of them would wish to ally with him once his true body descended anyway. Even if he’d offended most of the gods and had his reputation raked through the mud, he’d managed to get what he wanted and that was enough. Baator and Thultanthar would be enough to sustain him until he had the chance to let his true body descend.

“Soon...” Leylin muttered, resolution flashing in his eyes as a phantom Targaryen appeared behind his back. The power of devouring enveloped the crystal, causing the mysterious power of death to reveal itself. He instantly felt a connection to the World Origin Force that allowed him to comprehend the captivating law of death.

The A.I. Chip flashed with notifications as well:

[Beep! Host has devoured a law crystal, absorbing divine domain...] [Beep! Transfer completed, host currently has 50% comprehension of the law of death.]

Unlike other Magi who spent tens of thousands years to comprehend laws without much success, they word skyrocketing wasn't sufficient to describe Leylin's comprehension. He'd managed to comprehend half of a law as powerful as the law of death at one go, and he still felt it wasn't enough!

“A pity... Yurtrus is just an orc god and his law comprehension is 50% at most. He's also a god of orcs, souls, and other things... If I devoured Kelemvor I'd most likely be able to achieve 100% immediately, generating a death domain that belongs to me alone...”

However, Leylin knew his place. He was at his limits scheming against a lesser god, and a greater god like Kelemvor was beyond his reach.

The A.I. Chip's notifications continued:

[Beep! Host had comprehended 50% of the law of death! Activating death domain...] [Death Domain: The user becomes the ruler of death, governing all that has to do with it. Any being who perishes within the domain will lose their souls to the user, giving the domain priority.] [Beep! Host's massacre domain complements the death domain, both domains will experience a boost in power.]

“A simple explanation...” Leylin stroked his chin, thinking of a devastating possibility. “A ruler of death... That is to say that any

souls that perish in my domain are mine? And with the priority, I'll have control even before the god they worship? If that's true, then the worshippers of the other churches would be subjected to my control... If I spread the domain throughout the prime material plane, won't it become a new underworld?"

However, this was all in the future. He still had to finish comprehending the law of death quickly, or it would all just be a grand illusion.

[Beep! Host status has changed, refreshing...] The A.I. Chip sent Leylin the latest stats.

[Name: Leylin Faulen.

Race: Human(Lesser God).

Divine Name: Kukulcan, the God of Massacre.

Alignment: Neutral Evil.

Domains: Massacre, Death

Divine Kingdom: Nameless, located at the first three Hells of Baator.

Divine Rank: 8.

Worshippers: Natives, Devils, Adventurers, Clerics.

Worshipper Alignments: True Neutral, Neutral Evil, Lawful Evil.

Arcanist Rank: 35. Strength: 29. Agility: 29. Vitality: 29. Spirit: 29. Arcane Energy: 350. Divine Force: 800. Status:

Healthy.

Feats: Herculean Strength, Master of Knowledge, Dreamscape Vision, Epic Adaptability.

Divine Feats: Origin Force Detection, Arcane Art Amplification, Illusions.

Divine Abilities: Warp Reality, Epic Massacre]

‘The completely fused domain will come soon... My understanding of the law of death will improve, and it’ll only be a matter of time before I finish comprehending it... Death and Massacre, two extremely powerful roles that lean towards negative energy. What kind of effects will their fusion bring?’ Leylin’s face slowly brightened with anticipation.

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The instant Leylin absorbed the law of death, a roar of fury rang out from the Fugue Plane, within a city filled with souls.

“Someone is eyeing my throne!” The voice was extremely loud, carrying the dignity of a god. Many of the dead souls here couldn’t help but kneel, their translucent bodies shivering in fear.

This was Kelemvor, the Greater God of Death who ruled the Fugue Plane! He was the one who’d managed to build a kingdom of peace for the dead, his impartial attitude allowing him to obtain the favour of the plane’s origin force and bringing him to the apex of the gods!



All Kelemvor had left to do was to weaken the remaining Gods of Death, obtaining primary control of the domain. He was actually happy to see Yurtrus fall, as it meant that there was one less God of Death in the world. Had Leylin offered to trade the domain crystal, he would've obtained the friendship of this greater god.

However, Leylin had used it for his own. The shift in death's origin force couldn't fool Kelemvor, and Leylin had henceforth made an enemy of another greater god.

However, Leylin had no plans to negotiate, or deviate from the path he'd set himself upon. There was nothing he could do about Kelemvor's fury.

Of course, he still realised his position. Before his true body descended upon the World of Gods to initiate the Final War once more, he would sit inside his divine kingdom and not step out. With the protection of Baator's origin force and his divine kingdom, he could still protect himself.

Kelemvor understood Leylin's plans, and the only thing he could do was give Leylin some troubles with his dead worshippers and petitioners. He was left with no choice but to roar in rage.

# Chapter 1157 - Resurrection

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Several years went by in the blink of an eye. Many events came to pass, the most dazzling of which was the battle between the humans and orcs in the north.

Having suffered defeat in the divine war, the orcs retreated between several lost battles. They were eventually pushed all the way back to the Old Silverymoon, with even a natural leader like Saladin unable to reverse the situation.

Old Silverymoon had only survived the assault with its powerful fortifications aided by the Thunder God's Hammer. Saladin had finally managed to repel Elminster and Alustriel, causing severe casualties to the Silverymoon Alliance and forcing them to withdraw in order to consolidate their strength once more.

However, the damage was already done and the orcs had to recuperate as well. Even if they were ready to fight to reclaim the lost land, they didn't have the faculties to start another war. The north had thus been split in twain, entering an eerie, unstable tranquility.

Within the wastelands of the combined divine kingdom of the orc pantheon.

Mystra and Tyr had already retreated, but Gruumsh had already suffered. Yurtrus falling alone was more damage than losing a hundred thousand petitioners, even if they hadn't been the ones to do it.

Leylin's notoriety had spread amongst the gods once more, causing a new wave of fear and hate. He didn't bother with that at all, however.

Right after the battle, he met with a person he was familiar with.

"It's been a long time, Rafiniya," he said from his throne as he looked down upon his new subordinate, his old friend.

"I've given up on my past name, my Lord. Please call me Phoenix — Hellfire Phoenix," the former paladin said emotionlessly as she knelt before Leylin.

'Phoenix' had changed greatly with her fall. She'd grown even more captivating than before, her tender white skin shining with a milky lustre. A pair of beautiful wings sat comfortably on her back, making her look like a fallen angel. Hers was a unique beauty, representative of the aesthetics of the Nine Hells.

"Alright then, Phoenix. Tell me, what do fairness and justice mean?" Leylin asked with a puzzled gaze.

"That answer is my life's goal," Phoenix said as she lifted her head, her exquisite face filled with determination. "However, this corrupt, filthy world cannot give me that answer. Equality can only come when the entire world is destroyed and rebuilt from scratch; I shall use my hellfire to purge this dirty world clean!"

“Words of wisdom...” Although Leylin was praising her calmly on the surface, he rolled his eyes inwardly, ‘So now she’s an advocator of the purge? Rafiniya is Rafiniya, even if she’s changed...’ All that didn’t matter, however. Another legendary devil who worshipped him was worth it.

Leylin waved his hand once Phoenix left with a bow, a mirror appearing in his hands that was connected to the prime material plane. A legendary devil hunter appeared on the mirror’s surface, the same one that had travelled with the Neon Merchant Group to the Orc Empire. He greeted Leylin in respect.

“Kukulkan, my Lord, you are the Lord of Massacre, the Keeper of Order. You are the Ruler of Devils....

“I’ve done as you wished, my Lord. The paladins and priests apart from Rafiniya are already dead, their souls trapped in their burning skeletons. I can convert them once they’re transported to the kingdom...”

Leylin’s mirror showed the prayer and report, causing him to nod his head slightly. Rafiniya’s fall was something he’d orchestrated long ago, but a single paladin or priest would’ve been able to stop her from turning when she did. That was why he’d had his devil hunters focus on them, rendering them unable to assist the Lady of Hope. That was how he’d gained a new legendary erinyes in Phoenix.

“You did well. We’ve obtained all we could in the north, and now is the time to return. Leave the necessary information paths and priests, but bring Barbara and the other devil hunters back...” he

decreed.

Leylin knew fully well that this incident had put him at odds with both Mystra's alliance and the orcs. The suppression he would face would soon grow severalfold, and in such circumstances it was better to pull his elites back before he suffered unnecessary losses. If Mystra and Tyr mobilised their forces, he would definitely lose quite a few worshippers.

As a new god, Leylin didn't have many legendary powerhouses or much wealth to his name. Every one he lost would bite him. Anyway, he'd gotten the law of death he was eyeing in the prime material plane so he didn't have much he wanted from it now. The faith coming from Debanks Island in his divine kingdom would be enough to sustain him.

Leylin thus retracted his gaze from the prime material plane, racking his brains as he thought about his new law.

'Massacre and death, a perfect match...' Leylin had obtained a new level of enlightenment regarding his role as a god, 'The power of the law of massacre is boosted by the deaths of the enemy... There needs to be a catalyst between all this... Either law can support a greater god, so if I turn this into a cycle...'

Leylin's eyes flashed with wild ambition. His root was that of a Magus, and with the A.I. Chip and his comprehension of laws he instinctively knew the path he had to take. His future advancements had grown completely clear to him.

Magi started with cultivating spiritual force, before transforming the soul to let them comprehend laws. Even as a mere rank 7, Leylin already saw the silhouette of his path as a peak rank 8. This was an extremely alarming matter to the entire astral plane!

“Death domain...” A dark energy spread out from Leylin’s palace, entering the surroundings. He felt control over the life and death of everything within its increasing range, able to see every organism within.

‘Death is inseparable from the soul. Thankfully I have enough research into the soul that I’m not inferior to the gods...’ Leylin smiled, “A.I. Chip, what’s the progress on the simulation of the law of death?”

[Beep! Law of death comprehension at 50%. Beginning soul simulation with stored data...] the A.I. Chip intoned.

Another notification soon appeared on the Chip’s interface:

[Beep! The law of massacre has influenced the death domain, giving it the Death’s Decree ability.

Death’s Decree: The user of the domain can cause the death of any creature he wills. Those without divine power will lose

their lives immediately, and the effects on divine beings depends on their divine rank.]

The A.I. Chip's powerful calculative abilities had allowed it to derive a new ability immediately.

“The death domain is really powerful...” Leylin inhaled a sharp breath after seeing the results, “Legendary powerhouses without divinity would die immediately, and even their souls will cease to exist without exemption. Even demigods have a fifty-fifty chance of dying...”

Death's Decree would be rendered useless when facing more powerful gods, but with Leylin's strength it made for a powerful weapon against the other lesser gods. He had a chance to kill them directly, one that increased the weaker his opponent was. Even more terrifying was that this ability would grow with him, its effects growing more powerful over time!

‘Death's Decree... What a magnificent ability, Kelemvor has it too huh?’ However, doubt soon filled Leylin's mind, ‘Wait. I haven't heard of such a thing about Kelemvor or any of the other gods of death...’

A possibility surfaced in Leylin's mind, causing him to be elated. ‘Could it be... Only those gods of both massacre and death obtain it, or only if they fulfill some other conditions? If that's the case, once I finish the law of death won't I be able to...’

# Chapter 1158 - Fugue

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The skies of the Fugue Plane were a misty gray. The Styx flowed smoothly on the ground, wiping the memories of the occasional listless soul clean to induce a calm lifelessness.

A city of black granite and rotting mud was erected in the wilderness. This was the City of Judgement, under the jurisdiction of the God of Death Kelemvor.

Countless beings with no faith were half embedded into the Wall of the Faithless, wailing as they seemed to be getting swallowed by it. The faithless in the World of Gods were treated worse than the worshippers of rival gods, demons, and devils. They wouldn't be accepted by any divine kingdom upon their death, only able to suffer eternally on the wall.

It was too late for these souls to pledge faith to any god. Kelemvor gave them three choices upon their arrival, and the other two were even more torturous for the faithless than the Wall. Only the Abyss or Baator would accept these beings, but even they only wished to turn them into soul nourishing bugs.

The City of Death was deathly silent and quiet despite being littered with sluggish souls. Even liches would wish to leave this place as soon as they could.

Boom! A large golden gate opened up all of a sudden, radiating divine light. The glow carried the power of salvation, seemingly adding a ray of hope in this land of death.



However, reality was the exact opposite. The wandering souls shrieked in shock at the appearance of the holy light, avoiding at all costs despite only seeing a single ray. This light held the power of a mighty god, and it wasn't something they could face directly. Had they not escaped, they would have been wiped out of existence without a trace left behind.

“Damn it, a god is descending. It's the Goddess of the Weave...” The City of Judgement bustled with activity as many of the souls hid underground and in towers. Even the liches, devils, and demons cursed loudly as they escaped, portals beginning to flash throughout the city.

Mystra's figure slowly walked out of the bright golden door. Looking at the activity in the city, she smiled meaningfully.

“Mystra!” A giant voice boomed throughout the city, and a middle-aged man in blue robes came to stand before her. He looked extremely common, seeming like a nobleman, but his eyes shone an all-seeing black. A strong death domain was spread out with him at the centre, as if he was the ruler of death in this entire world. This was the king of souls, the Greater God of Death Kelemvor!

“You always bring me trouble!” he said as he saw the city rustling. His death domain reverberated with a tranquil power, soothing the agitated souls and rendering them calm once more.

This was a mutation of the standard death domain, Eternal

Tranquility. It served to protect and soothe the dead, giving them respect.

Kelemvor was a neutral god, and he'd always tried his best to provide peace to the dead. He opposed those who tried to extend their lives, and despised the blasphemous arts of necromancy. His symbol was that of a skeletal arm holding up a balance.

There were rumours that Kelemvor and Mystra once loved each other as mortals. Their relationship seemed to have stalled after they ascended to godhood. Although the two had never admitted it, the current scenario suggested that the rumours were true.

“Why have you come to disturb the peace of the Fugue?” Kelemvor looked at Mystra.

Their current relationship was different from before, and it was partially because Kelemvor hated magic. He felt that magic had disrupted the peace of the dead. There may have been other reasons as well: many liches and devils guessed that Alustriel was a daughter born to Mystra through a mortal named Elminster.

“It's naturally for that God of Massacre... Kelemvor, aren't you angry at the fact that someone is eyeing your throne and prying into your powers?” Mystra laughed coldly.

“He's just a new god, his power is far from Nephthys and Segojan...” Kelemvor said after a period of silence. These other gods he'd mentioned were also gods of death, but they were intermediate gods themselves! Leylin was only a lesser deity, and

without even a full comprehension of the law of death he didn't pose much of a threat.

“Really...” Mystra's expression changed, and she made up her mind. “Have you ever heard of the legend of the Nightmare Serpent?”

“Is this what you foresee?” Kelemvor grew silent once more. “For you,” he started after a while, “I'll lend a hand once more. However, I once made a pact with the circle of gods, and it prevents me from doing many things...”

Kelemvor was a neutral god, and without Leylin even being a God of Death yet he couldn't just charge into his divine kingdom. It would be considered blasphemy, and if he tried it the other gods of death would ally together to suppress him. Such was his fate as the strongest God of Death.

“That's enough... I only need you to...” Mystra smiled beautifully, and spoke of her purpose.

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“My worshippers are being detained by Kelemvor?” News from the Fugue Plane soon reached Leylin's ears, and it caused him to frown.

This was indeed a troublesome issue. Worshippers would normally enter their god's divine kingdom after death, and this

was a pact that could not be violated. However, some things could still be done in between.

While pious worshippers had enough strength of faith to directly move to the divine kingdom after death, and priests would directly become powerful holy spirits, things didn't work the same way for regular worshippers. They first had to be sent to the Fugue Plane, being judged by Kelemvor. The False would be placed on the Wall, and the remaining would be sent to emissaries of their respective deities.

Kelemvor was acting up on his contract with the circle of gods that solidified his position as a neutral god. It would cause Leylin some trouble, after all only a small number of his worshippers were fervent enough to be transported directly.

“The emissary questioned him before, but Kelemvor answered with a condition. He expects you to make a trip to the Fugue Plane yourself before he releases their souls...” the valiant spirit reported, trembling in fear.

Leylin waved the man away before falling into deep thought. He smelled a conspiracy brewing, and it caused him to smile wryly.

‘They’re clamping down hard... Not even allowing me some time...’ Even if he wanted to rest now, they would most likely not give him this chance. His laws clashed with Kelemvor’s own, so the bias would be hard to fight. On top of that Leylin had no friends among the gods, only those who would watch upon his situation with schadenfreude.

‘Thankfully I don’t have many worshippers in the prime material plane. Most of them are here in Debanks Island, and their souls don’t need to enter the Fugue Plane when they die...’ He felt somewhat relieved at this thought. The best way to fight his opponents’ schemes was to avoid walking into the trap, if not his outcome could only be miserable.

Having confirmed that Kelemvor intended for him to travel to the Fugue Plane where he could cause even more problems, Leylin prepared to ignore all matters and hole himself up in his tortoise shell of a divine kingdom. So what if his reputation would be ruined? So what if his faith in the prime material plane would be halted? Most of his operations were within the divine kingdom, hence there was nothing to fear.

Moreover, Leylin was someone from the Magus World. Becoming a greater god was of no use to him, and the more concern he showed about the threat the easier it was to deal with him. He would only end up losing everything if he acted. Instead, he would enter a battle of attrition.

Of course, he still had to attend to the shortage of faith that would be caused as a result of this suppression. At the very least, Leylin knew clearly that the faith from the prime material plane would drop drastically soon. His worshippers in the divine kingdom would slowly turn into petitioners over time, an irreversible process that would rob him of new faith. Although there were profits to holing up inside the divine kingdom, his main source of new faith had been cut off!

# Chapter 1159 - Alliance

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Although his worshippers being in his divine kingdom would benefit him in the short run, over time they'd be whittled away. It'd be akin to a slow suicide.

However, Leylin didn't care about that in the least. What he lacked the most was time, and the longer he could drag things out the more benefits he would get.

As long as he could finish becoming a God of Death before the faith from his worshippers dwindled to nothing, he would be able to bring his true body over and restart the Final War. The greater gods would be forced to deal with peak rank 8 Magi, and Leylin wouldn't have to worry about them anymore.

'But I seem to need something more to comprehend the law of death...' Leylin's eyes flashed, deep in thought, 'It'll go faster if more souls are provided as experimental subjects...'

However, it wasn't easy to find the massive number of souls needed for the A.I. Chip's simulation. Leylin estimated he'd need roughly ten thousand regular souls for every stage of progress, and the total count would need him to sacrifice all of his worshippers. Even he couldn't do such a thing.

"I can only look to the prime material plane, the Abyss, or Baator..." Devils and demons were both formed from soul bugs, so they qualified for the A.I. Chip's requirements. Leylin didn't want to help the demons or devils start a bloody war in the prime

material plane— even if it supported his comprehension of death and fit his role, it wouldn't be of much benefit to him. After all, he was a god as well, unlike the other Lords of Baator.

There was no need to fight the demons either. He already had a third of Baator in hand, and with that amount of origin force sustaining his divine kingdom there was no need for him to dither around.

“With that said... It seems like I only have one choice left?” Leylin's gaze pierced through his divine kingdom, looking at the edge of Phlegethos.

“They seem to be thinking the same...” The place was packed with an army of devils. Leylin's worshippers recognised him as the Lord of Baator, so it was a given that he would take over the other levels as well. The remaining lords would definitely prepare against him.

Although all of them remained guarded against each other, and with their leader-in-name being lost scattering them further, they still maintained a unanimous front against Leylin. They'd managed to stop him from advancing into the Fourth Hell, the powerful Samuel most likely able to escape even if Leylin tried to use his flying city. By that time, the other lords would come to aid him and stop any other sneak attacks.

Now, the armies at the border had grown even more massive. They didn't seem complacent in defense, instead going for the offensive as they moved to attack Leylin's divine kingdom!

“Interesting... The armies of pride and lust as well?” The presence of the other lords’ aid was extremely obvious to Leylin’s divine will, “They finally decided to ally together against me, huh?” he smirked.

‘Even if Asmodeus was in peak form, he wouldn’t be able to bring them together like this. They wouldn’t join up even if I continued to parade as the Supreme... Furthermore, how could Asmodeus recover so swiftly without a greater god helping him?’

Leylin immediately understood the danger this time. Asmodeus had definitely obtained the help of a greater god, unifying the other Lords of Baator to deal with Leylin. The gods would need to train another ten thousand years to be able to scheme against him.

‘So then... Is it Gruumsh, or Mystra?’ Leylin had immediately listed out the greatest suspects, and his personal opinion shifted more towards the latter. ‘The chances that it’s Mystra are extremely huge. She’s been after me for a long time.’

Anger welled up in Leylin’s heart. He immediately saw through her intentions, ‘First she colludes with Kelemvor and stops my supply of worshippers. Next she uses the help of the devils and turns the tides to attack my divine kingdom... She’s prepared to bleed me dry until I’m forced to make a trip to Fugue. Then she’ll ambush me?’

“However... The only miscalculation you made was my strength...” he laughed coldly, his conscient travelling through his



divine kingdom to bring two people before him.

“The devil hunters are prepared and awaiting orders, my Lord...” Isabel was dressed in crimson armour and what seemed to be a cape of flames, radiating an aura of valiance. She’d grown much more powerful than before, seeming like a massive beast of ancient times as the dragon blood in her body was further purified by Leylin. She was now at the peak of the legendary realm.

Beside her was the former Lady of Hope, Phoenix. The more devout someone was before their turn, the more power they would acquire with their fall. Rafiniya’s staunch faith had pulled her up to become a high-ranking legendary when she turned.

Although Phoenix could adopt the appearance of a pit fiend, Leylin ended up choosing to model her after Glasya. The erinyes form gave her strength equivalent to a greater devil, and Glasya’s expression if Phoenix eventually evolved to become an Erinyes Queen would be delightful to watch.

“Good! Remember, your mission is to defend and not step out of the kingdom’s boundaries. My avatars will assist as necessary.” Handing command of the devil hunters to the two of them, Leylin continued with his plans.

The greatest strength of devil hunters was in their ability to seal devils to use their powers. With a constant war against the other Lords of Baator ongoing, they would prove to be extremely beneficial. As long as they stayed within the divine kingdom and remained protected by its laws, they would only grow stronger with every wave of devils fighting them. And if they lost numbers?

He could just recruit some more from among his worshippers.

Leylin had already considered all problems when he designed this profession, so the natural talent required of a devil hunter was not high. Their strength depended almost solely on the devils they sealed. Thus, the devil army was like paradise for those who wished to improve!

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At the same time, the Queen of Lust was bowing towards an older devil in the endless void, “The preparations are complete, father,” the Lady of Malbolge said.

“Cough... Very good, Glasya...” The old devil seemed frail, wrought with illnesses. He had black eyes, a goatee, and a horn on his head. This was the Lord of the Ninth Hell, the Supreme of Baator—Asmodeus!

“Samuel, Levistus, Baalzebul, Mephistopheles... Thank you all for making it here, we Lords haven’t met in a long time...” Asmodeus looked at the figures of the other devils nearby. With all the remaining Lords of Baator gather together, even the space around them was screeching with agony under the burden.

“There’s a few faces lost and another gained. Beelzebub, Mammon, and the Hag Countess are here no more, but my beloved daughter is now amongst us!” Asmodeus spoke incoherently.

“Enough!” Samuel roared, flames of anger blazing on his body, “We’re gathered here for one purpose, and that’s to deal with Kulkan!”

The other lords here may just be fulfilling their curiosity, but he himself could not remain relaxed. Phlegethos was right under Leylin’s divine kingdom, putting the greatest pressure on him. He’d had to hide within the depths of the Fourth Hell ever since Leylin slew Mammon, holing himself up in his fortified castle with curses and traps so he could retain a sense of safety.

“Indeed... We need to kill the God of Massacre, bringing Baator back to its former self.” Asmodeus’ expression hardened. Although he didn’t need to face Leylin’s pressure directly, the new god gave him a very strong sense of danger. Not to mention that Leylin’s worshippers declared him the Ruler of Devils in their prayers day and night, a resounding slap to his face as Supreme of the Nine Hells.

“Hehe...” A strange sound travelled, causing Glasya’s face to sour.

“I suggest we sign a contract immediately, splitting the tasks amongst ourselves and the united front. I can guarantee that I don’t need any of the first three Hells after the war, I only wish for Baator to regain its former self as we bury that God of Massacre in the dirt.” Asmodeus flipped open the black contract book in his hands.

The elated lords did not seem to notice the icy gaze hidden deep in his eyes.

# Chapter 1160 - Rejection

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“In the name of the Supreme, KILL THEM!” The great army that had gathered in Phlegethos charged out with a roar, entering Leylin’s divine kingdom under the guidance of the pit fiends present.

Rumble! However, they were greeted by lightning and thunder the moment they entered the place. Bolt after bolt crashed down, leaving huge pits in the ground as they completely decimated the devils in range. Some devils were even being burnt by flames, screaming miserably as their resistance to fire proved to be useless.

Although the devils had come to a ceasefire agreement with Leylin, it hadn’t been all that restrictive. The contract was broken the moment the devils made their move, so Leylin had nothing holding him back.

“My Lord, Kukulkan, bestow upon us the power of massacre!” Numerous devil hunters were lying in wait behind defences created by devil slaves. Some of them watched their opponents with apathy, while others looked on with greed, even enthusiasm filling their eyes.

In their perspective, these devils were only a source of power. On top of that, they could give up everything for the divine kingdom of their Lord.

Isabel and Phoenix were completely fixated on a projection of the battlefield within a command centre, one of Leylin’s avatars at

their side.

“This war shall last a long time...” he prophesied.

.....

Several decades passed in the blink of an eye. Leylin's divine kingdom stood tall in Baator, and even though the battles did not cease at all the petitioners and natives of Debanks Island slowly forgot about it.

Things were always the same with gods. Divine wars lasted centuries without conclusions, with few instances like the orc-human war in the prime material plane. Even then the orcs had only been suppressed, and the humans of the north given assistance...

At the heart of Leylin's divine kingdom, within the gigantic shrine atop Whitejade Saint Mountain.

[Beep! Simulation 78923 complete. Test sample ER-3's data has been obtained, storing into the law database under Death -> Raising Souls -> 2...]

The A.I. Chip's robotic voice brought Leylin out of a trance. He glanced over the information the Chip was showing him, taking a look at the records about his comprehension of laws.

[Beep! Host's comprehension of laws: Devouring 100%, Massacre 100%, Greed 100%, Death 99%.]

“It's already so far in, huh?” His eyes flickered with understanding, “These devils have been tremendously helpful...”

An understanding of the law of death required the analysis of a great number of souls, as well as the destructive force formed at their deaths. Even if the other Lords of Baator hadn't provoked him, Leylin was going to invade himself to kill a massive number of people.

Right now they willingly sacrificed themselves in his divine kingdom, becoming free specimens for his experiments. How could Leylin reject their wish? He kept up the fight with the devils, stalling them at the boundaries of his divine kingdom without much damage. He left them with some hope of victory, ensuring that they would send in their troops continuously to allow him to accumulate more and more information.

‘I've almost added death to my role...’ Leylin had now reached a threshold in his comprehension of death. He only had one last fragment before he could condense the law into his domain.

‘Mystra's pressured me a lot lately...’ Leylin lowered his head, his eyes filled with determination and solemnity. The Goddess of the Weave hadn't just colluded with Kelemvor to hold his worshippers back, she'd also instigated the Archdevils to attack his divine

kingdom.

The Giant Serpent Church in the prime material plane didn't have it good either. A large number of wizards under Elminster had abandoned all work, looking for traces of the powerhouses of the church like crazed beasts. Had Leylin not stopped expansion in the prime material plane and summoned Tiff back beforehand, the church would likely have suffered massive losses.

The influence of her actions were already beginning to show. Leylin's faith in the prime material plane wasn't growing anymore, almost on the verge of dwindling down.

Such a situation would be extremely dangerous for gods, who relied on faith. Without enough, they wouldn't be able to sustain their powers and die out slowly, their divine kingdoms descending into darkness as their soul was destroyed. Without worshippers, a god was like a fish out of water.

Leylin was mainly supported by Debanks Island now, but even then the situation was very dangerous. The mortals in his divine kingdom would slowly all morph into petitioners, becoming souls that couldn't eat, reproduce, or do anything of the like. It would be a devastating blow if that process completed, and with the number or generations of commoners in the Faulen Empire it was close to being so.

'Thankfully my comprehension has been smooth. My main body is almost ready as well, and even now I can come in and restart the Final War.' A hint of coldness appeared in his eyes.

Leylin's main body was ultimately a Magus. This clone was merely some preparation on the path of faith, and it was alright to give it up for the sake of his main body's success. Leylin thus decided to drag things out, ignoring Mystra's challenges and refusing to confront the issue. It gave him enough time to develop his laws to this point.

Mystra wasn't a fool, but she'd never have imagined that Kukulkan was merely the clone of a Magus. Her methods could end any lesser god, but without the proper knowledge all her schemes were pointless. Leylin was just using her effectively to earn time, giving him the foundation to take on the coming storm.

All of a sudden, Leylin suddenly felt his heart squeeze. His divine sense told him of the arrival of an absolute danger, and he immediately traced it to the Celestial Hall.

Leylin's avatar opened its eyes from up on the throne, looking at Mystra who was making a speech.

"For all these reasons, I propose the God of Massacre, Kukulkan, be removed!" she proclaimed loudly, looking towards him with a chilly gaze.

The numerous gods in the Celestial Hall sized Leylin up. The good gods would never accept an evil god like him, and the evil ones didn't have much to do with him. Only Umberlee was left, looking on helplessly.



“I agree!” Tyr said immediately after Mystra’s speech.

“I as well!” a voice sounded from the pedestal of death. Leylin recognised Kelemvor at a single glance. The greater god had evidently sensed Leylin’s comprehension increasing, and he’d grown grim and hostile.

“And I!” Gruumsh stood up from amongst the orcs, “A god that kills his kind so brazenly does not need to exist.” His stance was followed up by the other orc gods as well.

In the blink of an eye, Leylin felt himself becoming an enemy of all the gods. His pedestal was on the verge of collapse as well, and the effects of attacking other gods without allies or a foundation were beginning to show themselves.

“Agreed!” “Agreed!”

.....

Waves of origin force gathered around Leylin with the loud clamour of the gods.

If the Overgod had been present the world would have stripped him of his godfire ruthlessly, causing him to fall. However, with the overgod in a deep sleep, the Celestial Hall had no power to punish him. The only thing these gods could do was eject Leylin from the place, isolating.

And isolate him is what they did. Terrifying lightning crashed down on Leylin's cracking pedestal, and the avatar was destroyed without any way to resist.

Of course the amount of divine force he'd lost was negligible, but the follow through would be terrifying. Being rejected by all sides, Leylin would be left with no space to grow anymore.

Leylin had no idea that he had unwittingly created a record. Ever since the Overgod fell into his slumber, Leylin was the only true god to be rejected by both good and evil, being forced out of the Celestial Hall.

# Chapter 1161 - Begin

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‘She got the remaining gods to completely exclude me...’ Leylin grinned coldly within his divine kingdom, ‘So that’s her power? Indeed, with control of the Weave and the backing of the gods of magic she has allies aplenty...’

His grin only grew wider as he recalled what Mystra had whispered to him after being ousted from the Celestial Hall.

‘She’s threatening me to hand over Shar’s location?’ Leylin rubbed his chin in interest as he thought about Mystra’s conditions, ‘Seems like she’s scared... She thinks Shar is hiding behind my back and scheming something... True, she would be an idiot if she did not suspect anything after I demonstrated my ability to use the Shadow Weave...’

Leylin recalled the information he had at hand. Shar and Mystra had been rivals from before the dusk of the gods, their schemes against each other unending. Mystra had eventually been allowed to become the Goddess of the Weave, letting her advance to become a greater god.

‘She’s focused on Shar now, thinking I know her location...’ Leylin found it extremely hilarious. ‘However... Even if I told her that Shar was in the Shadow World of the astral plane, how would she exit the crystal sphere? And assuming she does, what’ll she do about the Magi waiting right there to attack her from all sides?’

“Now that things have fallen to this stage, she’ll most likely keep

this up...” After some consideration, Leylin had rejected her conditions. His eyes flashed as one of his avatars appeared at the border of his divine kingdom.

Rumble! The power of magic surged violently at the borders of Baator, many wizard souls forming a large spell formation with the Weave. Each one of them had stern faces, casting different dazzling spells. An army of golems was beside them, their metal surfaces filled with runes as all their cannons and other weapons were aimed at Leylin’s divine kingdom.

A goddess was standing at the front of this army of magic. She had an extremely exquisite face, looking so fragile that one breath could break her. Her snow-white skin and starry eyes combined with the dazzling light shining off her body to radiate divine dignity.

“Isn’t ousting me from the Celestial Hall enough to quell your rage, Mystra?” the avatar asked.

“I cannot tolerate it anymore. Kukulcan, God of Massacre. Give me Shar’s location immediately, or face my army of wizards.” Mystra’s expression turned icy, “Submit to me, and you will gain the friendship of a greater god.”

The subordinates continued chanting after she spoke, the combined spell forming with a powerful flurry of energy. Each of them had the strength of a high-ranked wizard with the unlimited support of the Weave, the energy they consumed to cast spells immediately replenished by Mystra’s divine force.

“A threat? This is your usual style...” Leylin was currently under extreme pressure. His faith in the prime material plane had suffered, and the worshippers he did have were being detained by Kelemvor. He’d also been at war with the devils for decades, and Mystra had just ousted him from the Celestial Hall. Even with all this, she immediately came knocking on his door to threaten him.

The Goddess of the Weave thought Leylin would submit quickly with the size of his divine kingdom, not costing much at all.

However, not everything worked according to this goddess’ will. Leylin had prepared for this the moment he was kicked out of the Celestial Hall.

“SUBMIT!” “SUBMIT!” “SUBMIT TO THE LADY!”

Leylin only shook his head at Mystra and the chanting of her subordinates. “Mystra,” he said sternly, “I ask sincerely, consider this once more. Do you really want to wage war with me? You won’t be able to face the consequences.”

‘How?’ Mystra’s mighty will trembled th that instant, and she seemed to feel a scary omen.

However, she was a greater god! That fear was followed by utter disgrace, ‘I actually fear a lesser god? Even if he’s related to Shar and that legend of that Nightmare Serpent... Dammit!’

She had only hesitated for that one moment. Her thoughts moved towards her allies in Tyr, Kelemvor, and the others she'd made after the battle of the north. Her forces had almost doubled since then.

“Indeed. If you still continue to resist, then there can only be war!” Mystra waved her hands, and powerful spells surpassing even the legendary realm began to converge.

“In that case,” Leylin's avatar slowly vanished. He appeared with his main body, carrying a strange circular disc.

“What are you trying to do?” Mystra grew extremely wary. After all, it was inconceivable for a god to step out of their divine kingdom with their true body. Furthermore, she felt a strange chill being emitted from that strange plate.

“If you want war... Then war it is...” Leylin Faulen smiled gently, but it looked extremely malevolent in Mystra's eyes.

.....

Many Magi of laws had already gathered together outside the crystal sphere of the World of Gods.

“As was decided, Mother Core and Leylin will decide upon the first batch of Magi to descend. Is that alright?” Ignox looked at the surrounding Magi, a large bone timepiece in his hands.

It wasn't just the Magus World. Existences from the Purgatory World, Icy World, and many others were present here. This included the Nefarious Filthbird and Trial's Eye.

“No problem!” “I concur!”

The other Magi agreed. Leylin and Mother Core had been given exclusive rights to decide the first batch of Magi to descend, granting them a lot of benefits. Leylin's own aura had already become extremely hard to fathom, and nobody knew what his current strength was.

“It has begun... The destiny of billions of years... The final war with the gods...” many existences muttered to themselves, many emotions welling up within them.

It was at this moment that they saw a small hole opening on the crystal wall, intertwining with evil intent. Merciless roars sounded out as several of them launched themselves through.

.....

“Then I shall fulfill your wish.” Kukulkan was looking at Mystra with a faint trace of pity, “The Manderhawke Plate... Show your power to connect worlds!”

He tossed the strange plate in the air. Countless repairs and improvements had brought it to a new level of completion, and it dazzled in the air as milky white light formed a passage connecting

the World of Gods to outside the crystal sphere.

All of the gods watched on incredulously as their eternal wall, the unbreakable wall fortified by the Overgod, slowly melted away to reveal a passage to the outside. Several overpowering auras rushed inside, carrying the power of evil.

“Haha... It’s indeed the World of Gods!”

“I can smell the aura of the gods, and these souls... More beautiful than a skylark!”

“Kill... The divinity and ichor of the gods will fertilise my lands, until truth is found and eternity attained...”

.....

“What’s happening?” All the legendary beings of the world immediately shifted their gazes to this region. The mysterious evil aura seemed to dig ancient memories out of their minds.

“This magic... MAGI!” Oghma was the first to exclaim, “Heavens... the ancient dusk of the gods, is it about to happen again?”

The frightening news instantly echoed through all the divine kingdoms, alerting even the demons of the Abyss and the devils of Baator.



“Magus! You’re a Magus!’ Mystra was stumped when she saw Leylin’s true rank 7 body standing behind his clone. Her following screams almost pierced through the skies.

[Beep! Host is a rank 35 arcanist.]

“In my name as a Magus...” Leylin walked forward, powerful origin force welling up within him as it carried the intent of the Magus World’s World Will. Many Magi of laws roared out.

[Outer Weave 100% analysed, Inner Weave at 50%.]

“I announce...” The World Crystal covering the overgod’s throne in the Celestial Hall began to tremble. The entire world seemed to roar out in grief.

The one that felt these changes the greatest was Mystra. She looked at Leylin’s Magus body, and the fear she felt from that familiar aura almost caused her to turn around and run away.

However, it was too late.

[Beep! All conditions met, rank 12 arcane spell, Karsus’ Avatar

— Activated!]

“LET THE FINAL WAR BEGIN!”

# Chapter 1162 - Crumble

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Karsus' Avatar had been launched! Leylin was going to take over the Weave, effective immediately!

He'd tried the spell he'd inherited from Distorted Shadow once before when he was in the Shadow World. Although there had been many side effects to it, he'd managed to get rid of Shar and obtain victory in one move. The A.I. Chip had been improving it ever since, and now it was as powerful as a rank 8 spell from the Magus World as it barrelled towards Mystra.

Rumble! The entire World of Gods trembled as the Weave materialised all around it, brimming with boundless energy.

"Mystra..." Leylin turned towards the goddess, proclaiming, "Your everything, is now mine."

'So he was the one I feared all this while, with strength that could claim my life at any time...' Mystra's enlightenment had come all too late, at her dying breaths. With control of the Weave shifting to Leylin, her true body revealed itself. Her face was filled with fear as the silverflame on her body raged out of control, engulfing her entirety.

.....

"NO!" "HOW?" Gasps of exclamation were heard from the upper planes and even the underworld. Mystra's divine kingdom crumbled away, falling into the infinite void.

“Our Lady... why would the Lady...” Mystra’s priests wept in the prime material plane, feeling the great agony of divine power being stripped from their bodies.

Even more shocking was the scene outside Leylin’s divine kingdom. The petitioners in the place collapsed lifelessly, their auras waning as their bodies disintegrated. Several valiant spirits and holy spirits tried to resist, but with Leylin’s control of the Weave they were wiped out immediately as well.

‘The Weave of the World of Gods...’ Despite prior experience with the World of Gods, Leylin felt an extreme burden on him the moment he took over the Weave. He felt like a little boy trying to use a large axe, about to hurt himself at any moment.

‘The Weave is incompatible with my domain. Fusing with it by force will only taint my path...’ Leylin concluded immediately after he wiped the army out, ‘On top of that, there’s still problems even if the A.I. Chip optimised the spell...’

At the same time, Leylin Farlier sneered as he felt a force of distortion congeal in the void.

“You want to control me to release your conscient? Dream on... Collapse!” With Karsus’ Avatar giving him the Weave, Kukulcan ordered its destruction immediately. This wiped out the divine role of the Weave in itself, and explosions sounded out as the network of purple veins that covered the world broke apart. The sound of weeping travelled across multiple worlds.

Boom! An explosion rocked the Celestial Hall the moment the Weave was destroyed, coming from the Overgod's throne.

Many wizards were shocked by the destruction of the Weave. The construct that they'd used from the start had lost all connection to them, and any who were casting a spell at the time of collapse suffered from an explosive backlash that left them without a complete corpse. With the Weave gone, all of the wizards in the world had become worthless!

As for the gods, they roared in rage. They'd lost the channel they used to acquire faith and converse with their worshippers. The convenient Weave gone, it was a disaster to have to expend the divine force it took to contact or bless their worshippers directly.

The so-called strongest system of the World of Gods had disappeared just like that. Even the devastation it caused right away was only the surface, the heavy repercussions of this loss only to be felt much later.

Still, the most dangerous effect of the destruction of the Weave had revealed itself.

"Jeje..." "Hahaha..." The core of the Weave revealed itself, and the seal that the gods had built to trap the consciences of many fallen Magi was broken apart. Leylin opened the doors of this prison, allowing these hardened criminals to escape!

Mortals, Professionals, various creatures... They all raised their

heads, only to see the sky swamped with darkness as the moon connected to the Weave shone brightly in the skies. The Weave continued to crumble apart, severing its connection to the moon as dozens of powerful evil laughs escaped into the prime material plane.

“The moon! The moon has changed!” The white moon turned a dark purple to the shock of the mortals. A large, vile eye opened up in the centre, seemingly watching over the World of Gods.

“So the conscients were sealed in the moon, huh?” Leylin looked at the now-black moon, grinning, “BREAK!”

Rumble! The eye on the moon shattered to the tune of Leylin’s roar, several dark shadows immediately covering the world in darkness as they spread out.

“We may have been forgotten by the passage of time, but we shall never forget. VENGEANCE AGAINST THE GODS!” The fragment of a peak rank 8 Magus resurrected itself, turning into a great evil that caused the gods to turn green. The shattering Weave continued to affect the entire world, only abated by the sea of origin force doing its best to suppress the violent ripples of energy.

“The Overgod is acting? Pity, trying to stop the effects of the Weave breaking will only aggravate your wounds,” Leylin said grimly.

The attack that should have destroyed more than half the world had been suppressed by the Celestial Hall. However, Leylin felt it

more effective to deal the Overgod a serious injury than destroy some plains or kill a billions useless creatures.

“You... YOU DARE!” Kukulkan moved to encircled a power of distortion, causing a black figure to appear behind him and howl in rage.

“Distorted Shadow... You wished to make use of me and inserted a backdoor into Karsus’ Avatar. Don’t think I’m unaware of your wishes to escape the Weave.” A golden net began to cover Leylin’s clone, extending to the warped shadows nearby, “My path was never the path of the gods. Here, suffer the backlash of the Weave with me!”

Kukulkan laughed maniacally as several golden lights escaped from his body to be absorbed by the main body.

There was a serious flaw to Karsus’ Avatar. Nobody in the astral plane could withstand an instant transfer of the Weave’s authority to them, even Shar would need to spend ten thousand years adapting. On top of that, Leylin had destroyed the Weave after he gained control of it. The backlash from such an act was so devastating even the Overgod would be grievously injured. The spell was but a deathwish.

But now, Leylin’s Magus body had begun to reap the fruits of his labour in the World of Gods. Although the clone perished together with Distorted Shadow under the backlash, he remained indifferent. He’d already made preparations to transfer what was important.

[Beep! Clone's comprehension of laws received— Massacre: 100%, Greed: 100%, Death: 100%.]

The killing of the greater god to obtain the Weave had pushed Kukulkan's law of death to completion. The clone would likely have added death to his portfolio, but as a Magus Leylin had no need for that.

"I was prepared to lose this clone ever since I named it Kukulkan..." When he'd sent the clone into the World of Gods, Leylin had been prepared to give up on it completely. The clone would have to bind its powers to faith and worshippers, something that disagreed with his roots. Even a greater god would die without faith, and Leylin considered that simply too sorrowful.

As a Magus, he was different. Every ounce of his strength belonged to him and him alone. Nobody could take it away!



# Chapter 1163 - The Path

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Devouring, massacre, greed, and death... Various powerful laws converged in Leylin's body, causing him to grow without end. The path to becoming a rank 8 Magus was the control of several laws, and with three new laws added Leylin quickly broke through from the peak of rank 7.

Everything fell into place. Even just one of death or massacre could have brought him to rank 8, but with four different laws condensing together he broke through to a different realm entirely.

A terrifying phantom Targaryen appeared behind his back, hissing like an ancient ruler of beasts. Its body guarded by fine crimson scales covered the skies, and it flapped its devilish wings as its single horn radiated terror. The most intriguing of all was its third eye, the pupil within that was as large as a star containing a trace of cold-blooded indifference.

The Targaryen was a representation of the laws Leylin comprehended. Every scale contained the power of laws so strong that another Magus could comprehend some of a law just by looking at it. It was extremely precious for Magi ranked 4 to 8.

Now, even more laws were infused into these scales. Death, massacre, and greed converged in a whirlpool as the Targaryen continued to grow. The creature hissed as multiple bulges appeared at its neck.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Three loud explosions rang out at the Targaryen's neck as three more heads popped out, carrying the new laws Leylin had obtained. They were slightly smaller than the original, having neither the horn nor the third eye, but other than that they were identical.

Many more heads grew beside these four as well. However, they seemed illusory, as if they lacked something important that prevented them from materialising.

“A rank 8 Magus needs to comprehend multiple laws To reach the peak of rank 8 one needs to comprehend their own path, cultivating their own set of laws...” The serpent howled as Leylin's spoke, each note causing the astral plane to tremble.

“My path is the root of all evil. With dreamforce as the foundation I shall fuse gluttony, greed, and wrath, pride, lust, sloth, and envy. This shall couple with massacre and death, forming the path of original sin.”

“Henceforth, I am the Lord of Original Sin!” Leylin's voice at this moment travelled across the entire astral plane. Dreamscape trembled with joy, it's origin force converging as Leylin unleashed a dark red dreamforce at the peak of its power.

With the Nightmare Absorbing Physique having sacrificed a Lord of Calamity to the world, Dreamscape gave Leylin the highest level of access to its origin force. Using it to fuse his laws would not be a problem.

Hsss! The four-headed Targaryen roared, using the law of devouring that mutated from devouring to fuse massacre, death, and greed. Crimson dreamforce catalysed the fusion, forming the basis of a perfect path.

An incomplete, seemingly weak light shone right into the phantom Targaryen. Leylin's path having materialised, the beast underwent a complete transformation. Crimson light covered its body during the act, before fading to reveal a massive and powerful figure in the Targaryen's place.

This creature had nine pairs of devilish wings, each wide enough to cover an entire world. The scales on its body were now black, interlaced with complicated crimson runes. Nine malevolent heads roared in different directions, four real and five illusory. The head in the centre, the one with the horn and third eye, was radiating an incredibly powerful aura.

This aura far surpassed rank 7, pointing towards a path that led to truth.

[Beep!] the A.I. Chip sounded out, [Host bloodline has advanced, approaching the limit of its roots. Retrieving stats... The Targaryen Serpent's genes have been transformed, reaching perfection. Analysing law runes...]

As if dictated by something like fate, the A.I. Chip returned with a truename for this nine-headed serpent, [Beep! Host bloodline's truename is now Nine-Headed Nightmare Hydra(incomplete)].

Law of devouring has evolved under the influence of the bloodline— Devour is now an innate rank 8 spell.]

‘Nine-Headed Nightmare Hydra?’ Leylin looked over all the information provided by the A.I. Chip. His bloodline had been transformed, but it still lacked the necessary laws to reach completion. It would have to wait until he devoured the remaining Lords of Baator, clearing all obstacles to his breakthrough to rank 9.

“The seven sins are the basis of vile thoughts. These thoughts lead to violence, and violence causes death. The cycle is thus formed...” The Nightmare Hydra roared from behind Leylin at this moment. Every emotion of gluttony and greed, every murder, and every death was absorbed into a black fog that shrouded it, making it seem more sinister and darker than before.

The source of these emotions wasn’t restricted to Leylin’s divine kingdom. Nay, all of Baator, the prime material plane, indeed even the entire astral plane came under his control. Be it worshippers, friends, enemies, or even strangers, the sins of all beings in existence would be absorbed by him. With the foundation of dreamforce, Original Sin would cover the entire astral plane!

“As long as intelligent beings remain in this universe, I will never die,” Leylin proclaimed.

The power of sin would become his strength, a power that nobody could escape from. Put bluntly, be it gods or Magi, nothing

could ever kill him unless the entire astral plane was destroyed. Even if he was attacked and slain, he would revive from the sins of any being! Such was the might of dreamforce combined with original sin!

There were various paths that led to the truth, and thus there had been many peak rank 8s that had survived to this point. However, Leylin's path of original sin was at the top of the list, a result of every move of his being painstakingly planned out.

Leylin shifted his gaze towards his divine kingdom. Despite his god clone being devoured by the main body and a small part of it dying with Distorted Shadow, it had remained upright. This was extremely unfathomable to the World of Gods, breaking all known laws.

“Kukulcan, my Lord, you are a star in the skies, the Lord of the Natives, the Ruler of Devils... You have shown mercy on my soul, and are my only haven in death...” Many petitioners continued to pray in the divine kingdom, feeling nothing amiss. It was like Kukulcan's death hadn't affected them in the slightest.

[Experiment successful. Divine kingdom remains stable, and the power of faith is moving smoothly.] Another of Leylin's clones appeared within the divine kingdom, carrying the dignity of a god. However, its voice was the extremely monotonous tone of the A.I. Chip.

Indeed, this new 'clone' was being operated by the A.I. Chip,

having fused with one of Kukulkan's avatars. Even as the true body fell, this clone took over everything just as Leylin had planned.

This was also a decision Leylin had made in the past. He didn't like how faith had so much of a hold over gods, but he didn't just want to toss his divine kingdom and petitioners away. He'd instead have the A.I. Chip take control of an avatar, becoming the god Kukulkan itself.

This would be downright impossible for a god, but with the A.I. Chip having fused with his soul Leylin could do it. The A.I. Chip at this point was another Leylin, even one that had passed the probe of the World of Gods as it took over his divine kingdom.

"Great!" Leylin nodded, and the Nightmare Hydra spat out an illusory divine spark that it inserted into the clone. Having gained control of the divine domain, alongside the fact that this auxiliary A.I. Chip was under the control of the central one within Leylin, Kukulkan was reborn once more.

Even though the divinity the Hydra gave the clone was only a simulation, it was just like a greater god authorising their subordinates to manage their divine kingdom. Despite Distorted Shadow's plans, Leylin hadn't suffered any repercussions at all!

# Chapter 1164 - Breakthrough

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“I am Kukulkan, the God of Massacre!” The A.I. Chip clone released a powerful domain after getting the authority from the Nightmare Hydra, seeming just like the original.

[Faith channeled successfully, blessing system in order.] A lot of data appeared from the A.I. Chip.

The clone was but an intermediary. It allowed Leylin’s Magus body to borrow the powers of his divine kingdom, using the divine domains he’d possessed as the god. Even as the A.I. Chip made its report he could feel his main body connecting to a massive sea of faith.

Kukulkan had accumulated decades upon decades of faith, and now it was all being absorbed by the Nightmare Hydra. It made Leylin feel stronger with each passing moment. Combined with the power of emotions he just absorbed, it pushed Leylin towards a higher realm.

[Beep! Emotion energy has been accumulated, beginning breakthrough to rank 8.] Leylin was a Warlock. It wasn’t just laws that he had to worry about, his bloodline and power had to be accumulated as well. However, he’d spent all this time accumulating resources, and the fusion with the divine clone brought him up to standard. Advancing was only a matter of course now.

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Hssss— The four physical heads of the hydra continued to spew out the energies of their respective laws. A perfect path of original sin took place, forming a phantom behind the Nightmare Hydra that repelled even the origin force of the World of Gods.

Time seemed to pass in an instant, but it also felt like a million years. By the time Leylin recovered his senses all the power inside his body had fused, forming an extremely powerful bloodline that filled each and every cell in his body with power. A black stream of energy appeared before him as he raised his hand, carrying traces of the Weave.

“The fusion of bloodline and laws, coupled with dreamforce... My power has already evolved, transforming my path into one that is completely my own. This strength, this path...” The feeling of extreme power caused Leylin to grin widely, “It shall henceforth be known as the power of Original Sin, something that can only be used by its Lord!”

The A.I. Chip had a lot of information as well.

[Beep! Host has advanced to rank 8, obtained the strength of Original Sin. The Nightmare Hydra bloodline has evolved the Devour skill; obtained innate skill— World Devour.

World Devour: The laws of devouring have reached their limits. With the support of other laws, host has gained the ability to



devour worlds. The Nightmare Hydra can devour all dimensions, semi-planes, and small worlds. It can absorb the bloodlines, emotions, and even laws of what it devours...]

“Even with a small world as the limit... What a frightening ability!” Leylin sighed. No matter how small a world in the astral plane was, it still had billions of lives within it. The origin force of any one could give birth to at least a rank 7 Magus! However, these small worlds were now an insignificant meal in Leylin’s eyes.

[Beep! Host’s stats have changed, recalculating... Changes have been detected in the world due to a shift of laws. Stats calculated on the basis of the World of Gods’ standards.

Name: Leylin Farlier, Rank 8 Warlock.

Bloodline: Nine-Headed Nightmare Hydra (Incomplete Body)

Strength: 45. Agility: 50. Vitality: 65. Spiritual Force: 99.

Soul Status: Soul of Original Sin

Laws: Devouring (100%), Massacre (100%), Death (100%), Greed (100%)

Path: Original Sins

Innate Talent: Nine-Headed Nightmare Hydra! Devour World!

Abilities: Dreamscape Vision, Origin Force Detection, Illusions, Warp Reality, Epic Massacre, Death's Decree]

‘It adjusted my stats since we’re in the World of Gods?’ Leylin looked at the stats of his Magus body. His lips curled upwards as he looked at most of his divine force being retained, “Even a greater god only has stats hovering around 50. I’m only a new rank 8 Warlock, but my stats already surpass so many of them...”

This was quite logical. The power of a god came from their divine kingdom, their power being distributed by faith unlike Magi whose power was their own. The gods were thus weaker overall, only able to contend with the Magi due to the buffs from their divine kingdoms.

Additionally, Leylin himself had overpowering strength. He’d formed his path before even approaching the peak of rank 8, ensuring that his path of advancement smooth and his battle prowess exceptional. He was almost a peak rank 8 fighter himself, so he was vastly different from other Magi.

“This power... I can determine the life and death of a divine being!” Leylin no longer bothered with the prime material plane after his advance. It had already turned into a land of screams, being ravaged by the Magi new and old. With Mystra’s fall and the collapse of the Weave, the world had turned into a mess.

With Distorted Shadow and the Goddess of the Weave taken out, there remained nobody foolish enough to challenge Leylin outright. The region around his divine kingdom was actually relatively peaceful.

“How can a Warlock’s advance not be celebrated with blood?” Leylin smiled lightly. He took a step into the Fourth Hell, where the devils and devil hunters were still embroiled in war.

He looked at the armoured devils, only speaking two words, “Original Sin!”

Hsss— The phantom of the Nightmare Hydra appeared behind Leylin’s back, seemingly turning into a black hole. The dark power of original sin that contained a trace of blood turned all the devils into ashes in an instant, even absorbing their souls.

Each of the four heads of the Nightmare Hydra had turned into a sinkhole, absorbing everything connected to original sin without end. As evil beings themselves, these devils would not be able to escape.

Phlegethos immediately turned silent, and only the six Lords of Baator showed themselves.

“Magus!” Asmodeus looked at Leylin with the greatest fear his daughter had ever seen on his face.

“The primordial contract states that even demons and devils must put aside their differences against the Magi, forming an alliance of blood. They must even join forces with the gods... For this is an apocalypse of multiple worlds!” Both of Asmodeus’ hands trembled as he flipped to the last page of his book of contracts, “If the Magi are not stopped, that shall be the end...”

Devils were naturally lawful. Looking at Leylin’s Magus body, every cell in their body radiated fear and rage, even their souls trembling. The lords showed themselves without the slightest reservation, all six putting aside their differences as they roared in unison, “More evil than the devils, and more chaotic than the demons... Magus, scram from Baator!”

Each Lord of Baator was a being of laws, and Asmodeus had inconceivable might. Even the gods dreaded their combined strength.

However, Leylin Farlier was not Kukulkan. Having advanced to rank 8, he feared nothing unless he was surrounded by a bunch of greater gods or was forced to fight in one’s divine kingdom.

“Do you know why I brought my divine kingdom to Baator? Indeed I wanted to avoid the gods, but there’s more to it... I wanted to collect your power...” A phantom hydra appeared behind Leylin, the ravenous manner in which the illusory heads looked over at them causing the Archdevils to feel fear.

“Your strength will define me. Be honoured to be a part of my path!” The void trembled with Leylin’s proclamation, as an extremely sharp weapon descended from the skies.

The weapon was extremely strange. It seemed to possess the distinctive traits of all weapons at the same time, like an ancient beast of times past thirsting for blood. Dazzling origin force radiated around its body, cutting apart the very world without end.

Dazzling origin force radiated around its body, causing the void to be cut continuously. This was Leylin's origin force weapon, similar to the overgod weapon once attempted in the World of Gods. It had the power to kill gods, being the result of an ancient civilisation's research coupled with the A.I. Chip. This was something Leylin had taken several centuries of hard work to create!

Hss— The Nightmare Hydra roared, and the nine different heads each spit out a black gas that formed more runes atop the weapon, as though celebrating its birth.

“You are now my overgod weapon, the Seven Sins!”

# Chapter 1165 - Seven Sins

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With the baptism of the Nightmare Hydra, Seven Sins let loose a terrifying buzz of origin force. It roared with power, thirsty for the blood of beings of law.

[Beep! Information on Seven Sins has been added to the database] the A.I. Chip reported.

[Seven Sins: Overgod Weapon(Origin Force Weapon).

Source Materials: World Crystals, Blood of Apollo, Dreamforce, Shadow Force, Mermaid Scales, Prophet's Bones.

Abilities:

Gluttony's Devouring: Seven Sins can devour the blood and souls of its enemies, obtaining their power.

Blessing of Greed: The weapon's greed boosts the user's powers.

Massacre Amplification: The souls of any beings of law killed by Seven Sins will be dispersed.

Silence In Death: Any existences killed by Seven Sins will be wiped from the passages of time, removing all chances of resurrection.

Further effects remain locked(Respective laws required).

This weapon is bound to the Lord of Original Sin. No other existence will be able to wield it.]

The weapon that Leylin had devoted hundreds of years to finally reared its head, showing off its viciousness to the world.

“Haha... Good abilities, I like it!” Leylin grasped Seven Sins with both hands, and the weapon buzzed in harmony as it revealed a sword’s blade.

“This... Overgod weapon!” The Archdevils gasped in fright, looking at the weapon’s splendour with fear.

“Indeed. Your blood shall become its power!” Leylin’s eyes were filled with indifference as he appeared before Samuel, the Lord of Wrath who ruled the Fourth Hell.

“Damn it... What have you done to my land?” Samuel roared in rage. His strength increased in the midst of his fury, flames howling forth from Phlegethos as a massive wave of origin force surged into him.

“You may be an Archdevil, but the origin force of just one level of

Baator will not protect you from my weapon's terror." Leylin swung the massive sword without fear, the weapon buzzing violently as phantoms of Dreamscape and the Shadow World took form behind it. The rage of two large worlds immediately shattered the phantom of Phlegethos behind Samuel's back.

"Haha... Seven Sins was baptised with the origin force of two large worlds in its creation. What can a mere ninth of the origin force of Baator do to it?" Leylin was laughing like a maniac, the huge sword easily sweeping away the surging flames to sever Samuel's right hand. At the same time, it left a deep gash on his chest.

"ARGH..." Samuel screamed in agony, not daring to face Leylin directly anymore as he retreated. A being of law, an Archdevil, had been severely injured and sent into retreat in a single strike.

How would Leylin give up on such an opportunity? "Come back!" he howled, Seven Sins transforming into a bladed chain with a black hook at the end. It hooked onto Samuel, culling him back.

"Blessing of Greed!" Seven Sins transformed continually, becoming a horned hammer. With the Blessing of Greed and two large worlds backing it, it immediately crashed down Samuel's head.

The overwhelming attack caused Samuel to finally feel despair. He lost all confidence and dignity, beginning to plead for help from the other lords, "QUICK, SAVE ME!"



“Stop him! He’ll become harder to stop if he gets Samuel’s powers!” Everything had happened too quickly. A Lord of Baator had been defeated in almost an instant, and even Asmodeus didn’t have the time to react. By the time he moved together with the others to surround Leylin...

“A pity... It’s too late!” Leylin laughed loudly, a layer of origin force melting off from Seven Sins to cover his entire body in armour. With that protection and his own might as a rank 8 Warlock, he had no fear of the devils’ attacks.

“Cry, scream! Your resentment and anger shall become my power. Even Asmodeus won’t be able to save you now...”

Asmodeus was indeed a crafty old devil. He was much more powerful than the rest, his blazing fists breaking through Leylin’s defenses. However, Leylin was still a step ahead. Even if he was injured by hellfire the hammer continued to smash down.

BOOM! Phelegethos seemed to freeze in that moment. The other Archdevils cursed, screamed, and roared in rage as one of their own fell to Leylin in front of their eyes!

Leylin didn’t care about all that, however. He was focused on the A.I. Chip’s notifications.

[Beep! Host has killed Samuel. Seven Sins has activated Gluttony’s Devouring, absorbing new law... Law of wrath currently at 100%.]

Hss! The Nightmare Hydra behind Leylin hissed loudly as another head materialised from its neck. It absorbed all of the fury in the astral plane, quickly healing itself of its injuries.

[Beep! Host has comprehended the law of wrath, Seven Sins has gained the Fury Amplification ability.]

Fury Amplification: The user can double their stats by consuming the powers of wrath.]

‘It really is great to battle devils! I can get stronger and gain more abilities as I kill them...’ Leylin was extremely elated by the acquisition. He immediately activated the new ability.

Rumble! Asmodeus felt Leylin’s strength doubling in an instant as it pulsed with fury. The Archdevils were immediately pushed back.

“Samuel’s strength... You absorbed it so quickly?” Glasya cried out in shock. The other Archdevils, including even the haughty Levistus, turned pale. How could they deal with an enemy that got stronger the more he fought?

“No! He’s only putting on a strong front. Even a greater god can’t escape our combined attack without injuries, he’s nothing!” Asmodeus was indeed a sly old devil. He saw through Leylin’s

disguise immediately, “Let’s attack together! We’ll be able to take him out.”

“I am indeed injured...” Leylin’s broken armour merged back to form Seven Sins, and the weapon grew in size. “But before I die, how many of you will pay the price and join me in death? Is it two of you? Maybe three?”

Leylin mocking gaze swept past Levistus, Mephistopheles and Baalzebul, causing their expressions to change. Even average humans would double guess themselves in a time of death, let alone these powerful devils.

Asmodeus almost vomited blood at this. Even now Leylin hadn’t forgotten to pick at their natural disposition. With him and his daughter being together, the ones being sacrificed would most likely be the other three. They wouldn’t want to die just like that.

The other lords began to have second thoughts, exposing the fatal flaw of their unreliable alliance. With this thought in the back of their minds as they faced powerful opponents, Leylin could even turn the tides and corner him instead!

“Damn it! Let’s retreat!” Asmodeus said as he looked at the evident mistrust in the eyes of his ‘allies.’ He seethed with fury, but all his preparations had come to naught and he had no choice but to retreat.

The other Archdevils retreated as well. Seeing the divine light from Leylin’s clone covering the entirety of Phlegethos, they felt

extremely humiliated.

The Lords had spent decades and sacrificed countless life to besiege Leylin's kingdom. The result? They'd ended up suffering devastating losses. Forget conquering Leylin, they'd even given him the Fourth Hell now. Snot dripped from their noses as they cried in shame and agony.

"Leave now! It'll be too late when his divine kingdom covers this area!" Levistus transmitted to his subordinates. As the Lord of the Fifth Hell, he was the most affected by Leylin's actions. He would be Leylin's next target, and this Magus was more fearsome than Kukulkan, and much harder to deal with.

"Not you." Levistus had never thought a single sentence would crush all his hopes. He'd only been slower than the rest by a beat, but Leylin caught up to him immediately. The razor sharp blade of Seven Sins was pointed at him, carrying the power of death.

"Divine ability— Death's Decree!" Leylin didn't even attack him. Levistus' consciousness just... stopped in an instant.

Powered by the laws of death and massacre, Death's Decree was an ability that grew with its wielder. With Leylin now being a rank 8 Warlock, he was at the peak of intermediate gods, rank 17. Levistus was a peak lesser god at the most, and with the sheer difference in power he was incapacitated at once.

# Chapter 1166 - Intermediate God

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Levistus was actually extremely lucky. Perhaps because they were both at the level of gods in the end, Death's Decree didn't have full effect.

However, the ability had still stalled him for a moment, a moment long enough to determine his fate. By the time he recovered his senses, the sharp blade of Seven Sins was already at his neck.

[Beep! Host has killed Levistus. Gluttony's Devouring has been activated, host has gained a new law... Comprehension of law of pride currently at 100%.]

Hss! The Nightmare Hydra hissed once more, another head materialising on its body. It absorbed the pride of the entire universe, turning it into the power of original sin.

[Beep! The law of pride has awakened a new ability in Seven Sins:

Prideguard: The armour of Seven Sins has been fortified, nullifying all physical and magical attacks at the legendary realm.]

“Remember this... The hatred of an Archdevil cannot be

ignored!” Asmodeus said in his fury. However, the other lords had only sped up on witnessing Leylin kill Levistus, and he was helpless to do much more.

The light of Leylin’s divine kingdom didn’t stop at the Fourth Hell, instead spreading out to shroud the icy lands of Stygia as well.

“Alright... With the Fifth Hell in hand the devils won’t be able to turn the tides...” Leylin had possessed an advantage in power before, but now he’d become the absolute dominant force in Baator. With five of the Nine Hells in hand, the remaining Archdevils wouldn’t be able to perform a miracle.

‘I need to return... There are many things to do, and many comprehensions to be had. I need to heal up as well, I should be at my best for the coming fights...’ Leylin seemed to be warning himself. He soothed Seven Sins down, and vanished into the void.

By this time, Kukulkan’s divine kingdom already covered the first five levels of Baator. The World Origin Force whistled as it was absorbed continuously, turning the five separate levels into one whole. Many devils wept and wailed as they scampered further below into the last four.

Those who couldn’t escape were given two options: They would either be sealed and killed, or they would become slaves as they pledged themselves to the God of Massacre. They would then be turned into devil petitioners.

By the time Leylin returned to Whitejade Saint Mountain, his gigantic divine palace was giving off a very imposing aura. His worshippers felt the effect of his increase in strength, causing them to kneel on the ground and pray from the bottom of their hearts.

“Kukulkan, my Lord, you are brighter than the stars in the sky. Your powers of massacre and death maintain order, and our souls belong with you in your haven...”

Massive amounts of faith surged forth, forming a golden whirlpool around Whitejade Saint Mountain. The entire divine kingdom cheered as Baator’s origin force gushed in as well.

‘Did the clone just advance? It makes sense, it added a lot to its portfolio and its divine kingdom advanced greatly as well...’ Although Leylin could govern the divine kingdom himself, he was unwilling to bind the power of faith to his body. Using a puppet clone was a much better choice. Even if faith in him collapsed, the most he would lose was an auxiliary A.I. Chip routine and some energy. As he was right now, he wasn’t afraid of such minute losses.

The power the Nightmare Hydra relied on was far more astonishing than the power of faith. Each of his heads could absorb certain emotions across the astral plane, and its reach wasn’t limited to those who worshipped him. Even though the power of emotions was weaker than the power of faith head on, the sheer magnitude more than made up for the gap.

With the hydra already having six heads, Leylin no longer needed

to rely on the power of faith. Divinity would at most be some additional support at this juncture, so it was important to adopt certain measures to help with that.

Leylin was happy at the thought of his clone becoming an intermediate god. After all, the auxiliary chip was under the direct control of the A.I. Chip in his soul. The clone only had a simulated godfire anyway, so even if the clone wasn't a real divine body it wasn't different from one given his control.

Bzzt! A special tremble rippled throughout the World of Gods, the energy emanated as a lesser god advanced to become an intermediate god. It would be an event noticed by many powerful beings in the past, but now there were few with the time and energy to mind such things amongst the gods.

The origin force of multiple worlds gathered together, forming a faint, distant hymn. Petals of gold light fell to the ground as Leylin's Magus body shut his eyes, feeling the benefits of the advancement.

With this clone not being a separate being like, Leylin could feel his advancement himself, to indescribable benefit. Immersed in the energy of the World of Gods, he saw a bunch of notifications from the A.I. Chip.

[Beep! Clone has advanced, currently at rank 12. Class rank increased to level 39. The multitude of divine domains have amplified the power of the clone: +4 to all stats.] [Clone body has undergone massive changes. Recalculating stats...]



It wasn't long before the A.I. Chip with new information.

[Divine Name: Kukulkan, God of Massacre (Controlled by auxiliary A.I. Chip)]

Race: Unknown (Intermediate god)

Alignment: Lawful Evil.

Divine Domains: Massacre, Death

Divine Kingdom: First five levels of Baator (nameless).

Divine Rank: 12.

Worshippers: Natives, Devils, Adventurers, Clerics.

Worshipper Alignments: True Neutral, Neutral Evil, Lawful Evil.

Domain Powers: Massacre, Death, Devour

Arcanist Rank: 39. Strength: 33. Agility: 33. Vitality: 33. Spirit: 39.  
Arcane Energy: 390. Divine Force: 1000. Status: Normal.

Feats: Herculean Strength, Master of Knowledge, Epic Adaptability.

Divine Feats: Origin Force Detection, Arcane Art Amplification, Illusions.

Divine Abilities: Warp Reality, Simulate Reality, Supercomputing]

“Not bad. I still have most of the abilities, and the battle prowess only went up...” Leylin stroked his chin in appreciation.

The clone didn't just inherit Kukulkan's abilities and name. It gained two new skills of its own, namely Simulate Reality and Supercomputing. Of course there were also losses, most of his abilities had been transferred to his true body causing it to weaken.

‘Death and Massacre, alongside four of the seven sins... I would've gotten to rank 17 immediately. But the laws were integrated into my path, it's already great that I could push up all the way to rank 12...’ Leylin felt rather regretful, but he got over it quickly. Moving along on his own path was far more rewarding than becoming a peak intermediate god.

With these thoughts in mind, Leylin looked behind his back. The Nightmare Hydra had grown more solid than before, but there was still some illusory darkness around its neck. It seemed like as he walked further on the path of Original Sin, the power of evil from the path grew greater. Only that one part of his path seemed to be

missing something.

‘So... Lust, sloth, and envy, huh?’ The most convenient way for Leylin to obtain the three sins was to steal them from the Archdevils. It was a matter of utmost importance to him.

After all, they were in the midst of a war. This was a precarious situation, and it was hard to say whether some furious gods or Magi would intentionally slay them to stall his advance. It would then take him up to tens of thousands of years to comprehend them, delaying his entry into the Final War until it ended without giving him any benefits.

He thus made up his mind. The outside world didn’t matter to him; his body would camp within his divine kingdom until he had Baator under control and absorbed the remaining Archdevils.

The outside world now would be facing complete disaster, and nobody would bother him at this time. Naturally, this was the best time for him!

“Glasya, Baalzebul, and Mephistopheles...” Leylin muttered the names of his targets, “That will finish off the seven sins, but I also need Asmodeus as well...”

Although the self-proclaimed Supreme of Baator didn’t actually have any laws to his name, he was in fact shrouded by them all, making him a true embodiment of evil. He was the core of Leylin’s path of Original Sin, so Leylin held him in high regard.

“My worshippers...” the clone declared, “Pick up your weapons! Help me conquer Baator, turning the entire place into a true paradise...”

The clone was still trying to adapt to its current rank, but it didn't sound different from before. Tiff, Phoenix, and even Isabel who was the closest to him didn't feel anything changed.

With their Lord's commands, the entire divine kingdom began to counterattack. Countless devil hunters surged into the Sixth Hell Malbolge, causing the devils to wail endlessly...

# Chapter 1167 - The Abyss

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The Magi had appeared once more, and the Final War had resumed. There would be no news more terrifying to the gods, and Mystra would never in her dreams have thought that cornering Leylin would cause him to open up the World of Gods to the Magus threat, leading to her own death.

The chaos began at Baator, quickly spreading to the other planes. Calamity befell the prime material plane, and even the Abyss was affected...

The 45th to 47th floors of the Abyss, also known as Azzagrat, were covered entirely by a single palace that represented a power of order amongst the chaotic demons.

Furies circled the skies of this Triple Realm, with innumerable demons guarding on the ground. The Argent Palace was built from whitestone of the Celestial Planes, and rumour had it that its owner once tricked an entire city of celestials into entering the mountains and mining ore for him. They hadn't even known it was going to be transported to the Abyss.

The archfiend that guarded these three levels was named Graz'zt, nicknamed the Devilish Demon. In spite of being aligned to chaos, he possessed the wits to plan far ahead, his vast lands filled with so many elite demons they could frighten multiple worlds.

As one of the three Abyssal lords, Graz'zt's name had spread across the prime material plane. He had many worshippers, ruling

from his proud throne within the Argent Palace.

Only after Leylin's actions did the peace this archfiend maintained in his realm get challenged. The Argent Palace was covered in flames, chaotic green energy spreading through its entirety.

Furies were crashing to the ground like airplanes, splattering blood as they hit the surface. Countless demons were decaying to death, wailing in agony as they were turned into a putrid liquid that eventually formed a river.

The sixty six ivory towers of the Argent Palace were collapsing one after the other, the attacker powerful enough to wreak chaos across Graz'zt's lands. Explosions sounded out as altars fell, eventually forcing someone out of the core of the Argent Palace.

## 7

The person looked quite human, the only differences in appearance being the small horn on his head and his six-fingered hands. However, the power of evil surrounding him easily gave away his identity. This was Graz'zt, the Dark Prince of the three Abyssal Lords!

“The scent of a Magus...” Graz'zt frowned. Even the Abyss knew of the dusk of the gods, and he'd feel nervous fighting the Magi that had caused the fall of countless gods regardless of his personal strength.

“Damn it... Why aren’t the Magi attacking the Celestial Planes? It would be so much better for them there...” Graz’zt knew his complaints would not change reality. He pulled out his acid-drenched greatsword from the Argent Palace, slashing towards the skies.

An immense power of darkness swept across Azzagrat, dispelling the chaotic green energy from the skies. The green clouds parted, but as the sky brightened they revealed a green eye in the air that was filled with wisdom and greed.

“I am the chaos Lord of the astral plane. Graz’zt of the Abyss, your power and authority are mine!”

The Chaos Lord’s conscient swept across the Triple Realm, causing Graz’zt’s expression to darken. He’d detected power equivalent to a greater god from this Magus.

‘Magi can even kill gods... They definitely aren’t simple.’ Graz’zt could not help but grasp the hilt of his sword more tightly.

“Ahh... This aura of chaos, I love it...” The Chaos Lord had chosen to attack the Abyss for two reasons. He’d made a pact with the other Magi that stopped him from going to the Celestial Planes, and the Abyss suited his laws and abilities better anyway.

Being at the peak of rank 8, the Chaos Lord wanted to try and use the power of the Abyss to comprehend the laws of space and time, moving towards rank 9. This was, naturally, the goal of every peak rank 8 that had started the Final War once more.

Green and black energies continued to fight each other, soon covering the entirety of Azzagrat. The demons of the other levels looked on at the Argent Palace in shock, witnessing an energy they'd never seen before suppress the Dark Price and cover the entirety of the Triple Realm.

“Don't think of asking for help. There aren't many archfiends like you in the Abyss, and they're mostly chaotic and selfish...” The green energy converged into the shape of a giant that could cover the sun. The Chaos Lord was dressed in large green robes, his face covered with eyes that swirled with the power of chaos. He'd grasped Graz'zt inside his palms, and the archfiend was trying to escape.

“What? Trying to ask Mommy for help?” The Chaos Lord mocked the Dark Prince trapped in his hands.

But then, the voice turned female, “Someone else has gone to deal with the Mother of Demons. Even if Pale Night isn't injured, she won't be able to come save you...”

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Boom! Shockwave after shockwave carrying the power of origin force rocked the entire Abyss as the Chaos Lord spoke.

“The Endless Maze... That's Pale Night's bone castle...” Many demon lords diverted their attention to the 600th level of the Abyss. They soon saw a horrifying scene of disgusting filth



drowning the Endless Maze, carrying the pollution of the entire astral plane.

A number of seals and spell formations activated within the core of the bone castle, helping it resist for a while. Pale Night's faint figure showed itself, but she was like a river fighting an entire ocean, soon overwhelmed.

"Filthy Evil Eye... So disgusting... You can't wash yourself of its odour for tens of thousands of years..." The Chaos Lord's face was riddled with disgust as she looked at the 600th floor.

"Gugu... Jiji..." On the contrary, the ocean of filth covering the Endless Maze let out a roar of delight.

"I should've known the Abyss would definitely attract that disgusting beast... Just my luck..." The Chaos Lord seemed extremely displeased as she reached her hands out. A ball of chaos burst forth, and one of the three Abyssal Lords was wiped out of existence just like that.

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"Please awaken, my Lord. Your worshippers are lost sheep, and we require your guidance..." Cyric's pope was kneeling before his statue in the Palace of Shadows.

However, the God of Murder's madness had set in, and he completely ignored his pope's words. A layer of crimson energy

covered the statue, causing it to look even more terrifying than normal. It only caused the pope to grow more frantic.

As a legendary being, the pope was vaguely aware of the changes happening in the World of Gods. He noticed all the other churches preparing for war, and it only caused him more despair.

“Please don’t let me down, Merrick...” The pope gripped the hem of his robe tightly, praying with his utmost sincerity...

At the same time, Merrick had finally caught traces of Cyric within the Shadow Plane. Braving a perilous journey, the shadow thief finally handed his Lord the Book of Truth.

‘I wonder why the Lord would leave his divine kingdom and come here...’ the former merchant thought to himself.

The pope and his own sources had confirmed that the Lord’s madness stemmed from the Book of Cyric. Once he read the Book of Truth, he would recover his sanity. The glory of saving a god and the blessings arising from it would definitely bring him to a whole new level!

Merrick yearned for this beautiful future, and he soon cast his gaze at the dark figure reading the Book of Truth.

‘Please awaken, my Lord, and give me your blessings...’ Merrick prayed sincerely.

“This... This... Argh...” However, things did not go to plan. Cyric only grew more manic as he read the Book of Truth, the holy light shrouding him beginning to flicker.

‘How... How did it turn out like this?’ His eyes almost popped out of his skull as he stared at his Lord in disbelief.

# Chapter 1168 - Distorted Shadow

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“ARGH! Just who am I? Cyric... Distorted Shadow...” Terrifying divine force was launched in all directions with Cyric’s screams, disintegrating Merrick’s body and soul without pause. But then again, it might have been kind to this worshipper that he didn’t have to see what happened next.

A faint red light enveloped Cyric’s body. The Book of Truth transformed into astral light that ignited upon contact with the red light, forming faint red flames. Cyric’s body abruptly split in two.

The new being was a hazy shadow that radiated the might of a Magus. “I’m back!” Distorted Shadow proclaimed, “The World of Gods, and that puny Magus... I’ve returned!”

Being at the peak of rank 8, Distorted Shadow wasn’t someone who’d die so easily. How could resurrecting with the Weave’s destruction be his only plan?

He’d inserted some of his power into Cyric’s true body before, giving himself a chance for revival as he killed the god. Using the remaining pieces of his soul, he’d successfully fooled the pope of the Church of Murder and Merrick into bringing him the Book of Truth. Even if some of his conscient had been eliminated by Leylin, his thousands of years of bitter plots had finally succeeded!

Distorted Shadow immediately recovered to the peak of his power, having robbed everything from Cyric when he ascended to godhood. Even if there were some imperfections in his cultivation,

he had an obvious advantage over the other ancient Magi who only had their conscients remaining.

"I...I shall not fail again!" he roared, his entire body shattering to form a shadow that covered the sky.

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"How could this happen?" The pope looked at the shattered divine statue before him, sinking to the ground as if all his bones had been lost.

"So he revived using Cyric's body..." At the same time, Leylin got wind of these events as well. He'd felt a sinister intent envelop him along with Distorted Shadow's revival. With the damage he'd done to the ancient Magus' conscient, he definitely wouldn't let him off without issue.

"Heh... I don't want to let you go either. You've just revived yourself, so what if you're at the peak of rank 8?"

Leylin flicked a finger, and a golden sphere of light surged out from his divine kingdom. The expanding sphere caught hold of some shadows, and they occasionally shrieked as they fled far away.

"Damn it... He's already found a path, it won't be long before he's at the same level as me..." The shadow in the sky radiated endless rage, looking at a round eye that appeared in front of him.

“You seem to have some disagreements with someone of the Magus World,” Mother Core said. The air in her surroundings froze in place, making her seem terrifyingly grand.

Both being at the peak of rank 8, Mother Core and Distorted Shadow should have been similar in power. However, Distorted Shadow had been sealed for several thousand years. Even if he’d recovered most of his power by sacrificing Cyric, he was still nowhere close to Mother Core.

“Jejeje... I don’t need you to mediate,” the black shadow yelled before exploding. Mother Core sighed, earthy yellow flames instantly sweeping across the sky and trying to eliminate Distorted Shadow, but the power of distortion had already faded from the sky.

“This is going to be troublesome...” One of Mother Core’s clones made its way to Baator, entering Leylin’s divine kingdom, “This brat really does bring a lot of surprises...”

”Mother Core!” Leylin greeted her in person, having felt the clone’s arrival a while ago.

”I know everything already. Pity, Distorted Shadow didn’t let me mediate in this. His crazy and cold personality is famous throughout the astral plane...” Mother Core’s conscient emitted.

Following that, several vines dug their way out of Baator to embed themselves into the soil of Leylin’s divine kingdom, as if

completing some sort of interaction.

“Not bad!” Mother Core nodded. Leylin’s rate of improvement had impressed her greatly, “You’ve gotten us into the World of Gods, and even found your own path. You’ll definitely be something in the future.”

“Everything is fated, Leylin. I’m starting to believe your existence will be the key to the battle between the Magi and the gods...” This was another reason why Mother Core wanted to help Leylin. With his rate of improvement, it wasn’t far off from the Magus World having another peak rank 8. With her vast experience, Mother Core definitely felt something about him.

“No matter how the future turns out, I will always be a Magus. The Magus World is my home,” Leylin promised.

“Good!” Mother Core replied. The two seemed to have reached an agreement.

The tendrils from the clone spread across Leylin’s divine kingdom, penetrating deeper and deeper into Baator. The clone found and attacked all of the shadows in the area, making Leylin believe that Distorted Shadow would find it difficult to affect his life with her as a guardian.

Bang! A part of the earth erupted to reveal a distorted lay of light. It was being plucked out of the ground by Mother Core’s plants.

”This is a seed of distortion,” Mother Core explained calmly, “It’s the usual kind of move Distorted Shadow makes...”

Leylin heaved a massive sigh of relief. Distorted Shadow had already been spying on his divine kingdom, something he could never have thought of. If he wasn’t careful, he would’ve suffered major losses in the future.

“Even though divine kingdoms are powerful, they pose too many restrictions to their owner. Take now, for example. We’ve learnt from experience, and are attacking the prime material plane instead of the divine kingdoms...”

Leylin nodded at Mother Core’s words. One would only be seeking death if they wished to fight a god in their divine kingdom. The smart thing to do was to attack their churches in the prime material plane, destroying the peoples’ belief in them. It was easy for Magi to bring about disasters, inflicting damage and disease that even the Goddess of the Plague could not match.

This was similar to how Leylin had attacked Debanks Island before. The divine kingdoms would lose their source of faith in the prime material plane, some even falling from the Celestial Planes directly.

Such was the result of relying on faith. It left a big gap in one’s defences, allowing them to suffer severe blows without any good way to prevent them. This was why Leylin decided not to become a god.



“Of course, it’s best that we don’t make our move at the beginning. We should wait and see how the others act...” Mother Core reminded him.

“I definitely don’t plan to participate in the Final War before I’ve forged my path completely, breaking through to the peak of rank 8.” Leylin naturally understood Mother Core’s intentions. He followed the statement up with a request, “I hope you can protect this place well after I leave...”

Boom! Leylin instantly left his divine kingdoms, carrying Seven Sins in hand as he infiltrated the Sixth Hell with Mother Core protecting his base. There had been a huge army of devil hunters in this place, and Leylin’s arrival caused all of the Lords of Baator to be alarmed and angered...

Of course, Leylin had pondered the consequences of having Mother Core protect him at home. He could rest assured that Mother Core didn’t interact much with Distorted Shadow in the past, and that the two had some animosity between themselves. On top of that, he was from the same world as her.

But then, they also had a contract between them. This protection was also an exchange of sorts, and Leylin believed that what he brought to the table was enough for Mother Core to do her best to protect him.

‘I don’t have to worry about my divine kingdom. Be it Distorted Shadow or any gods, Mother Core will be able to stop them. Even if she fails there’s the A.I. Chip clone there as well...’ Undaunted by worries, Leylin moved to attack the rest of Baator to complete his

path of Original Sin.

At the same time, Distorted Shadow let out a terrifying roar from within a secret dimension. “Damn it... Mother Core dares to defy me, the master of distortion who’s annihilated three Magus alliances and five different worlds...”

Despite his anger, he felt somewhat helpless. Mother Core wasn’t an existence he could provoke right now, and even Leylin himself wasn’t easy to deal with. Having been enlightened on his own path, the Warlock was already at the threshold of the peak of rank 8.

On the other hand, he himself had just been revived. He’d suffered a severe loss in power, and if he tried to make a move he wouldn’t have much of a chance of taking out a Leylin protected by Mother Core. Not to mention that all Magi were extremely crafty, and it was unknown how many trump cards each one held in their hands. It would be troublesome to annihilate them.

‘I should deal with the other gods first to get back my powers. Moreover, I should definitely hinder him from completing his own path...’ This so-called hindrance was an aim to stop Leylin from killing all of the Lords of Baator, preventing him from obtaining all the laws he needed. This would greatly decrease his opponent’s rate of improvement.

# Chapter 1169 - Evacuation

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Magi were a patient breed. Since he couldn't deal with Leylin directly right now, Distorted Shadow would instead wait at the side, recovering to full capacity. If Leylin did not increase in power himself by that time, he would have a chance for revenge!

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The commoners of the prime material plane treated powerful existences like the gods and Magi like they came out of a fairytale. Regardless of what such powerful people did, all they cared about was earning a few more coppers for the next day. They just wanted bread to eat and beer to drink.

Doron was one such commoner. He came from a line of carpenters, having been forced into the job due to his background. However, his inheritance was lacklustre. In fact, he had to maintain the furniture of the regional lord for free a few times a year, including the mangers of the barn. He wouldn't even be given food.

Clearly, matters related to gods and devils were like the epics sung by bards to him. Such events did not have anything to do with him, and listening to them would only be treated as a pastime.

However, all of this changed one day. Seeing the purple moon explode as it formed an evil eye, he felt like his quiet life had come to an end.

The loss of the moon's light was a minor thing— after all, most normal families went to sleep early because they couldn't afford the oil for their lamps. There were many stars in the sky as well, so it didn't really affect the night much. The only exception were ladies who loved to admire the moon with a midnight drink.

No, the important issue was the revelation the moon's destruction brought about. Be it the moon turning into that eye or the terrifyingly large Weave shattering along with the moon, this was too similar to the work of demons and devils...

“The end is nigh. A powerful existence is about to destroy the world...” A few deranged minstrels in the town had changed from their usual waltz music, replacing it with a solemn prophecy that made Doron's heart feel heavier.

“The gods above... perhaps i'm thinking too much. I should head to the church more often and ask Priest Rockefeller for help...” Doron looked at the amount of money in his pocket. There were a few copper coins within, shining with how worn down they were. The edges were badly damaged as well...

‘Damned Lady De Lise, she must've gotten that fat pig of hers to cut the coppers at the edges...’ Doron couldn't help but complain to himself when he looked at the meagre salary he got for an entire day's work. Of course, he wouldn't dare to directly rebut his employer.

Having witnessed the strange phenomenon a few days ago, the

uneasy Doron was considering making a trip to the local church, making a donation or something so he could ask for the Lord's protection.

The system of church and state ruled the World of Gods. With one controlling the people's faith and the other wielding authority over their lives, the poorest of commoners would still give one of the two all they could. Only the former may have been voluntary, but they exploited the commoners all the same.

"Doron!" A cheerful whistle sounded on the street, "You've finished up with Lady De Lise?"

Doron was familiar with the owner of this voice, turning around to face a young man wearing abnormally loose clothes. The freckled youth was called Mitch, and his eyes seemed to shine with brilliance.

"Mitch! Weren't you working at the Church of Magic? Why are you back now?" Doron asked in surprise.

The town Doron lived in was under the control of a feudal lord, and the man had built a Church to Ilmater in it. Royals greatly favoured this god, wishing to make all their followers his worshippers.

On the other hand, a church dedicated to Mystra was only available in a faraway town, requiring a day and a half of carriage travel. This was basically the distance between the ends of the world to Doron—he'd only been there once and had been deeply

stunned by the bustling of the heavenly city.

He was extremely envious of Mitch's job. Even if he was only a lowly servant, the man was working at a church. He could one day awaken the power of magic, becoming a wizard respected by the rest.

Mitch grew crestfallen upon hearing this, waving his hands. "Sigh... Don't even mention it. I came back because the church closed down."

"The church... closed down?" Doron's mouth fell open. He clearly couldn't understand how these words were sharing a sentence.

Churches were overseen by their respective deities. Priests all controlled bizarre spells, and the fees of even the lowliest of churches could still make them quite a bit of wealth. How could such a place actually close down?

"It seems like you don't know... Most of the priests of the church faced a sudden death on the day of the black moon. The rest of them cried all day long..."

Having come back from the city, Mitch was full of conversation. He shuffled closer to Doron, hiding his mouth with his hands as he whispered, "I heard the Goddess of the Weave has fallen..."

"The Goddess of the Weave fell?" Doron didn't have much to say

about this incident. It was far removed from him, and with Mystra not being the deity he worshipped he couldn't comprehend the stakes of the situation. Hearing that a true god had fallen, the only feeling he felt was a slight bit of schadenfreude just like when a king died.

“Mm, the wizards are out of luck...” A smile appeared on Mitch's face. It seemed like the bullying he'd faced from the priests and wizards wasn't just occasional. “A lot of wizards were already beaten to death by a mob of people...”

“What does this have to do with wizards? Couldn't they use magic to avoid being beaten to death by the commoners?” Doron was obviously suspicious of Mitch's 'secret.' Wizards to him were all superior individuals, people whom even the lords had to be respectful and courteous to.

Even the domineering Lady De Lise didn't dare to offend Wizard Holdman who stayed near their town.

“Hehe... The wizards lost their ability to cast spells once the Goddess of the Weave died... Say, would the lords and commoners they persecuted before let them off?”

Mitch revealed a sharp, toothy grin, “That's why I came back. I didn't have much chance to become an effort anyway, so I'm here to hide... Anyway, let's stop talking about this! We should head to Buck's Tavern to celebrate our reunion!”

“But...” Doron touched his cash-strapped purse, “I still want to

visit the church once!”

“Church? Oh right! Some of the other churches seem to be busy all day, preparing to evacuate or something. Even businessmen and nobles can’t have priests cast spells for them right now... The church here should be the same...” Mitch patted Doron’s shoulder, his look telling the carpenter not to waste his time.

“No!” Doron’s faith was more or less solid.

“Okay then,” Mitch shrugged his shoulders in frustration, “I’ll follow you.”

The town church wasn’t all that large, only the size of a few houses. A small fountain towered at its front, but unfortunately there was no spring water flowing out of it.

The shrine looked empty, with numerous items missing. Even the remaining servants gave off a languid air, with few people here to pray. Doron clearly noticed the change, but he still asked a servant, “Hello! I would like to see Priest Rockefeller!”

Doron still held a good impression of the kind and benevolent Rockefeller. Although the man could only cast a few low-grade spells, he could treat common injuries and had saved numerous lives in town. Doron had decided to donate to him, just in case he’d have to ask the man for something in the future.

“Priest Rockefeller...” the old fellow watching the door took a



long time to react. He rubbed The sand out of his eyes, “He’s already left. He took everything, only leaving a few piles of potatoes for this pitiful old baker...”

“Huh? Nobody took over either?” Doron was surprised. There were a considerable number of worshippers in town despite its small size, and no church would let go of a base where its foundation had already been laid. There should have been another priest coming over even if people were transferred.

Situations like this one were quite abnormal, and it caused a bad premonition to rise within Doron’s heart.

“Why? Do you want to pray and confess? Perhaps I can help you!” Old Baker Tanner’s eyes Were already aimed at Doron’s purse.

“No! There’s no need!” How could Doron not understand his intentions? He immediately grabbed his purse and ran away, Mitch following him.

Only after they’d left the town did Mitch turn around, fiercely laughing at his friend. “Haha...” he said between ragged breaths, “I’m right, aren’t I?”

# Chapter 1170 - Feast

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“Maybe... Maybe Priest Rockefeller had an emergency...” Doron tried to defend his stance, but that didn’t last long under Mitch’s bantering gaze. “Alright alright! Let’s head to the bar, I’ll pay...”

Once they arrived at the tavern, Doron and Mitch ordered some liquor and sat side by side, enjoying this flavour they didn’t normally get to taste— even this cheap liquor was extravagant for the likes of them.

The bar was evidently a place where information flowed. An unending stream of news entered Doron’s ears from all sides.

“All the wizards are finished... Hévíz, Arundel, and the city of Minaret; there were waves of wizards perishing everywhere...” a burly red-nosed man said. He looked like a mercenary, his voice so loud that it dropped dust from the tavern’s ceiling.

“Hey Red-nose! Didn’t you come back from outside a short while ago? Is there any news?” The world had no lack of curious people. A scrawny figure made a hand-gesture to the bartender, having him place a large cup of honey liquor in front of the red-nosed mercenary.

“Hehe... Whose news is more accurate than mine? My reputation is no joke...”

The mercenaries around the man began to mutter as he got to the point.

”The world outside is a mess right now. All the churches and soldiers are retreating, they’ve lost the ability to suppress the chaos. The wizards suffered the worst consequences...

“Losing their magic, those lofty mages are ordinary people like us, or even weaker...” Red nose chugged down a large cup of alcohol, and his whole face became red. ”Think about it... Just by getting rid of an shivering old man would allow them to obtain everything of theirs... Beautiful slaves, fertile lands, huge gems and bright dazzling gold... All the commoners are going crazy, and even some aristocrats fell out with the wizards while thinking of how to take action...”

Power begets power, and influence begets wealth. The wealth of the powerful wizards of the prime material plane would definitely attract the jealousy of others.

Those who could use magic were high and mighty, enjoying the best treatment no matter where they went. Wizards no longer had magic with the Weave broken apart, and with no power anymore they were just fat sheep attracting greedy gazes.

Even the wizards who paid attention to their reputations had slaves, and they’d indoubtably rely on their power to bully them. Given the chance, those with ulterior motives kicked off a vandalous rebellion.

Once it was confirmed that the wizards had no power to resist, the aristocrats were the first ones to take action. They roused the

masses into fighting the wizards. The peasants could take away the trinkets, but important assets like land and property would eventually fall into their hands. They could send their troops out at a later date, pressuring the mobs into giving up what they'd plundered.

All aristocrats were skilled at maintaining personable appearances on the outside, hiding a bellyful of evil tricks that allowed them to gain the greatest benefits with little effort.

Without any more power, the wizards could only sob as their families, their riches, and their lands were taken away. They themselves would suffer horrible punishments before death.

“Hey Red nose! Are you sure those wizards have lost their powers?” a burly man in a black cloak asked. He had a large scar on his face, and standing up he was two heads taller than average.

“Of course... It's just that I arrived late, else I would definitely be able to snatch those gems or even women full of life back... those wizards are all rich...” Red-nose patted his chest in assurance.

“If that's the case, what are we waiting for?” the imposing man laughed maliciously, “Isn't there still a Lord Holdman outside town?”

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Whoosh! The cold winds caused Doron to shiver. He found that

he'd unknowingly made his way to the house of the only wizard in town, Holdman. There were many people surrounding the residence, cursing loudly as sounds of things being smashed could be heard.

He looked upon himself in surprise, realising he was holding a sharp wooden stick that were stained with traces of blood. Several parts of his body were hurting, but he was unaware of how he was injured. Luckily he only had minor injuries, just some scraping of the skin.

He was still dazed by the alcohol, and it took him a while to remember what he'd done under the influence.

Affected by greed, they'd all fallen to become common thugs. Led by the burly man and the red-nosed mercenary, they'd arrived at Holdman's mansion outside town quickly. They broke through the building, merrily acting out their roles.

"Blegh..." He couldn't endure it anymore as he saw the corpse fallen at his feet, kneeling on the floor to vomit as he cried.

"Oh God... What have I exactly done..." He looked at the mob around him as he cried, seeing some of them even burning torches. This conduct was in stark contrast to the words of Ilmater, almost making him feel like a devil had invaded his body.

"Everyone take a look..." A man with a red beard and bright mottled clothes threw out a white-haired old man to the tune of applause. The old man's hands were like firewood, and he was

hugging his head while his body shivered. It took Doron a lot of effort to connect this to that insufferably arrogant Holdman.

“This is the old fella... Not only did he instigate the noblemen to construct a wizard tower, he even wantonly looted our wealth and manpower... Take a look at this...” Red nose point towards the opened granary. Fragrant wheat filled the entire place, “We’re all starving, and this old man hoards so much food and wealth through cruel exploitation...”

Those with wealth were what the mobs hated the most in time of famine. More and more eyes turned red as the mercenary spoke, and even Doron seemed to remember Holdman’s butler kicking him and taking away some good wood from his home. Anger surged to his head.

“Kill him!” “Kill him!” “Kill him!” Numerous thugs cheered, their voices getting louder and louder. In contrast, Holdman seemed to have seen something as he struggled to climb towards a youth’s corpse and started crying.

Sadly, his death throes couldn’t wake up the thugs who were intoxicated with rage. Doron managed to clear his mind as he saw that weeping face, but then he saw Mitch climb out of a temporary tent as he buckled his belt. He gave him a glance any man would understand.

“This is a noble lady! Don’t you feel like playing?” he asked.

A memory instantly emerged within Doron’s mind. He’d once

been summoned by Holdman to repair the furniture in his house, and he'd seen a beautiful noble lady in there. She'd been dressed in white, looking like an angel.

Of course he hadn't been paid for the job, and the dirty look in her eyes had etched itself into Doron's mind. He'd been deeply hurt, and was even depressed for a long time.

As if the devils felt that the stimulation was insufficient, two white jade legs with elegant curves stretched out of the tent. The purple daffodil on the toenails constantly aroused Doron's brain, and he couldn't help but release a bestial roar as he rushed forth...

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Mystra's fall was only an opening. What was important was the destruction of the Weave. Wizards may have been the most hurt by its loss, but the gods had lost its convenience as well. The energy it took them to bestow divine spells increased greatly, making it impossible for them to cater to their worshippers as they came up with retreat strategies. This only exacerbated the corruption and the attacks on the wizards.

There hadn't been much centralised power in the World of Gods before, and a part of its management had been left to the churches. With the churches losing faith and authority, the power of the mobs was extremely terrifying.

Wizards without magic were just like guns without bullets. Other than those with enough scrolls and supplements or legendary

wizards who'd managed to break away from the Weave, everyone suffered the calamity. The aristocrats pushed the simmering anger of the commoners into boiling point, laughing in secret as they toasted their new harvest.

When the riots ended, these mobs would only be executed or reduced to their previous, poor state. The nobles would take the greatest wealth, and almost every noble with power would gain something from this...

However, an epidemic hit the prime material at that exact time. The raging laughter was replaced by deathly wails, becoming the theme of the world.

Some said the Goddess of Plagues was hatching a scheme, others that this was a curse cast by the dead wizards. The only thing that stayed true? With the plague spreading continuously, the population of the prime material plane was dropping quick!



# Chapter 1171 - Consensus

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The pantheon was in disarray, an imposing atmosphere shrouding the disorderly Celestial Hall. The gods were all seated respectfully on their pedestals, not one of them missing. None of them were even focused on comprehending their laws, their gazes instead focused on the central region around which the greater gods sat.

Two formidable greater gods were missing from their position. Cyric was ultimately an evil god, so the others didn't really miss him, but Mystra's loss had struck them hard. With the Weave destroyed, they were grieving the fact that numerous ancient Magi had escaped into the world. Although only a few had revealed their existences so far, it still caused a huge effect.

"Oghma! You are the wisest of us... Please, take a look at the future of the greater gods," one of them asked. He possessed strong divine force, being seated on a pedestal shrouded by morning light.

"Not good..." the God of Knowledge turned his gaze away from the greater gods, shaking his head.

"The Weave being destroyed hurt multiple worlds, and even triggered turbulence in the four elemental planes. Most of the prime material plane is destroyed as well... This was originally the combined power of the gods; nobody here can prevent harm... The Overgod tried to stop the damage from spreading, but I'm afraid he had to pay a large price..."

A feeling of unease spread around the room with Oghma's sigh. The gods secretly whispered amongst each other as they looked at the huge crack on the World Crystal. Their gazes were filled with worry. Of course, there were still a few with ambition glowing in their eyes.

"That damned God of Massacre... You should have listened to Mystra and attacked his divine kingdom!" Tyr was clearly flustered and exasperated. He'd lost an important ally with Mystra's fall, and more importantly the chaos that had erupted in the prime material plane was great cause for regret.

"It's all a conspiracy by the Magi! We didn't realise it in time..." The gods started to whisper. The word Magus had become a forbidden word in their circles, but they finally had to face this ten thousand year old threat. The Final War was already underway once more, and even the formidable powers couldn't guarantee their own safety.

Ding! A crisp bell ring echoed throughout the entire Celestial Hall, and the gazes of all the gods fell upon Kelemvor.

The God of Death coughed, looking around before speaking with a low, hoarse, voice, "I suggest we stop all current internal conflict, banding together as we prepare for the second dusk. We are to make an oath, the violators to be eliminated..."

"I agree!" Tyr was the first to express his approval, followed by the Morninglord, Lathander.

“I, as well.” Surprisingly, the third person to approve was Gruumsh! The tall golden orc stood up, every strand of hair on his body erect as he spoke with a resounding voice, “The fight between the orcs and the north is only an internal conflict. Right now, we should focus our strengths against our common enemy. The Orc Kingdom will stop all attacks on the Silverymoon Alliance effective immediately, and the current line of control will be our border.”

With their goddess dead and the Weave destroyed, the Silverymoon Alliance was on the brink of collapse. They were after all an alliance of wizards, and with a majority of them losing their abilities they suffered devastating damage. As long as the Orc Empire continued to attack, they would definitely be able to chase Alustriel out of the northern lands.

With Gruumsh proposing this right now, there was no need to suspect his sincerity. Oghma and the other intermediate gods expressed their stances as well, and the evil gods eventually decided that their hatred for the Magi was more important than short term goals. Everyone made an oath, the Styx being the witness.

“First we need to verify the number of Magi that invaded the world. Oghma should be able to take care of this...” Kelemvor initiated.

“Mm. My intelligence says those Magi are more cunning than before. Most of them have hidden themselves, leaving only a few revealed...” Golden divine force formed a screen that displayed the image of a different world. “The Filthy Evil Eye and the Chaos Lord are in the Abyss, while the God of Massacre Leylin is in

Baator. There's also Distorted Shadow as well, and the latter two are confirmed to be related to the epidemic spreading around the prime material plane right now...

“And these are only the confirmed ones. Even more have hidden themselves...” Oghma raised his brows, deep in thought, “The prime material plane is the foundation of our faith. These Magi have grown smart, starting a massacre there instead of directly fighting us in our divine kingdoms...”

The many gods grew gloomy. The Magi had directly struck their weak spot this time. With the prime material plane being their biggest source of faith, the death of all its mortals would cause the fall of at least half the gods in the world.

“These despicable Magi, aiming directly for the mortals...” The gods roared in anger, their helpless voices seemingly piercing through the void of the Celestial Hall.

“Talona...” Oghma looked at a lady behind him, wrapped in layers of black gauze as she emitted a putrid smoke.

This was Talona, the Mistress of Disease. Her prestige within the prime material plane was such that some even linked the current epidemic to her. She was an expert in matters of disease.

The Mother of All Plagues stayed silent for a long time, however, before speaking with a hoarse voice, “I am a goddess of poison and disease, not cures. I can only say the Magi are using an interesting thing... It seems to be related to what Kukulkan used when

conquering Debanks Island...”

How could the Lady of Poison not notice what Leylin had done on Debanks Island? His ambitions had been exposed early, or it wouldn't have been a problem for him to get a place in Talona's church.

The World of Gods and the Magus World were both of equal rank, possessing terrifying suppressive power. A majority of the Magi chose to stay low-profile, living quietly in seclusion as they accustomed themselves to the changed laws. It was unlikely for common bacteria and viruses to have such an effect after being suppressed, so the scale and damage of this plague caused everyone to think of Leylin's methods.

“You're saying Leylin did all this?” Tyr stared at Talona.

“No,” Talona chuckled, “Well, not necessarily. They seem like an inferior imitation, perhaps the work of another Magus. Leylin is currently stuck in Baator, and he won't be able to come out without killing Asmodeus...”

Talona stole a subconscious glance at Umberlee. This intermediate god was unusually quiet, a repulsive aura being radiated from her as she clearly tried to avoid previous incidents.

“However, I have good news. Those Magi aren't working together, and there are conspiracies and fights amongst them. It's even scarier than our own conflicts...” Talona declared loudly.

“Silence!” Oghma saw the disorder in the Celestial Hall, and had to be loud to stop the gods from whispering in secret. “Since the Mistress of Disease does not have a good method, we can only rely on our priests...”

Helplessness surfaced on Oghma’s face as he said this.

Originally, gods could bestow an inordinate number of divine spells as compared to demigods. A single Remove Disease would be able to eliminate any troublesome plague no matter the complexity. However, that was all in the past. With the Weave broken down, spell transmission took far more energy than before.

With a limited number of divine spells, the priests could only remain at a loss as huge swathes of innocent commoners died. The gods were losing their foundation.

Only now did Oghma realise the depth of Leylin’s progress. The Weave’s destruction had released the ancient Magi, yes, but it had also destroyed the strongest class of Professionals in the prime material plane. At the same time, the energy consumed in granting a divine spell had increased severalfold, rendering them unable to make an accurate and timely response.

Such deep cunning was terrifying, and it left the powerful gods feeling a chill of fright.

# Chapter 1172 - Isolation

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“We cannot remain reserved anymore. Everyone, do not worry about the consumption of divine force... the prime material plane is our foundation.” Oghma’s voice was filled with heaviness, “If we really can’t handle it anymore then our only option will be to migrate all our worshippers into our divine kingdoms...”

Divine kingdoms were indeed only suitable for spiritual existences. Mortals would undergo an irreversible transformation within, but there were still benefits to such an action. At least, for the next decade, the gods wouldn’t have to worry about declining faith. They could deal with the Magus assault and then settle their worshippers in the prime material plane once more.

“Agreed!” “I Agree!” The gods quickly agreed with Oghma’s suggestion, starting to demarcate lands as they determined times to open and connect their divine kingdoms. Looking at the heated discussion, terrifyingly dark clouds appeared on the faces of Lathander and Tyr.

“Everyone...” Tyr eventually stood up, “What we should be discussing right now is how we defeat the Magi, wiping away the disgrace of the dusk of the gods. We shouldn’t be acting like cowards, searching for ways to escape! Still, if that’s what all of you hope for, forgive my absence.”

Bang! His avatar slowly dissipated, and the other gods could sense Tyr’s will leave the Celestial Plane.

“I agree. However, I agree with Oghma as well: moving our worshippers into our divine kingdoms will protect them to an extent.” Having expressed his own opinion, the Morninglord left the Celestial Hall as well...

Even without two of the greater gods, various decisions had been made in this discussion. The gods quickly instructed their priests to begin executing plans, attracting more worshippers to their divine kingdoms so they could attain ‘eternal life.’

.....

Leylin naturally learnt of the events in the prime material plane. However, his true body was still taking care of Malbolge, and he had no time to care about this. He instead sent Kukulkan in his place, the clone walking out of the tall church to arrive at the location where Mother Core was.

A towering mountain had been formed at her location, flush with a molten core that flowed out of it in endless patterns. The mountain was connected to the earth, seemingly detecting the surroundings. An eye appeared from the lava as Leylin’s clone arrived.

“Great Mother Core, I believe you know why I’m here...” The eyes of the A.I. Chip clone were dead and indifferent, like a puppet that could only carry out orders. However, it still had the power of an intermediate god, so Mother Core couldn’t afford to neglect it.

After all, rank 8s were at the forefront of existences in the Magus



World. What's more, the rank 8 puppet in front of her was only a avatar of Leylin's true body.

"Of course. The epidemic in the prime material plane caused at least ten million deaths, some even call you the new Lord of all Plagues now... Even though we know this isn't your doing..." Mother Core's conscient released a vast amount of force, and some roots extended out to form an image of the prime material plane.

"Indeed. I sensed the fear and faith headed my way recently..." Kukulkan's expression grew a little ugly. Someone was evidently trying to pin crimes upon him, and there was only one who was familiar with his actions and could evade the laws of the World of Gods. "Is it Distorted Shadow? We really can't chase him away..."

"Perhaps he wanted to attract the gods' attention towards you. However, he isn't the only one capable of such things..." Clearly, Mother Core had even more information. Her path was the path of the world, and nothing could escape her eyes.

"There's a lot of Magi who invaded the prime material plane, and the ancient conscients who escaped are doing the same thing. They wish to strike against the gods' faith, perhaps to gather enough spirits for them to recover..."

This information left Leylin wondering about something.

"How well are we prepared?" he asked. He was naturally paying attention towards all the intelligence about this. After all, the war between the gods and the Magi was directly related to the path of

eternity. It could not be neglected.

“We’ve learnt our lessons from the last time. Other than a few crazy ones who are attracting attention on the surface, the rest of us are hidden well. We’ve established contact with the ancient conscients, and they’ve promised to do their best to conform to our plans.

“Nine wormholes have been opened up, and the passage connected by the Manderhawke Plate is quite stable as well. We’ve shifted it to the void sea...” Good news after good news came from Mother Core.

“What about the suppression of the World of Gods?” Leylin asked the most crucial question. Being similar in power to their own world, the World of Gods had a somewhat horrifying suppression of Magi who were outsiders.

“We’ve considered this as well. We’re quite lucky in this regard...” Mother Core’s voice was very heartening. “The World Will here, their Overgod, is in a deep slumber so the suppression we’re facing is much less than that in the first war. It was hurt more during the destruction of the Weave, and we have you to thank for that...

“Even if we’re not going to drop in rank, it’s still a troublesome matter...” Leylin frowned.

Of course, this was all an act. When he merged with his divine clone and advanced to rank 8 with the path of Original Sin, his

bloodline had transformed into the Nightmare Hydra. He was stunned to find out that the World of Gods stopped suppressing him at that moment, as if he was a native of this place!

The laws of the two worlds hadn't been fused before in the history of the astral plane, and it was precisely due to this that a miracle had happened. The current Leylin was unimpeded by both worlds, not facing any suppression whatsoever.

He'd kept this all a secret, to be treated as the biggest of trump cards. Those who were unaware would be ruthlessly conned by him at the end.

Mother Core frankly addressed Leylin's 'concerns,' "Naturally. We've been performing research on how to avoid the suppression of other worlds, and we already have some results..."

Rumble! The earth split apart, and numerous tree roots formed a palm that shot out to place a silvery-white metal ball in Leylin's hands.

"This is..." The fluorescent light of the A.I. Chip flashed within Leylin's eyes, but several probes only returned with question marks as the screen prompted an 'unknown' message. The silvery-white ball's surface was extremely smooth, yet it didn't reflect the world around it.

Leylin was speechless for a period of time before he spat out a sentence, "The World Origin Force, it's blocked!"

“Correct... We’ve called this technology World War Armour. It was created using a new alloy that can block origin force, protecting our true bodies so we can evade the restrictions placed upon us by the worlds. It lets us display our peak strength!”

“That’s great, but... This thing seems too fragile to support beings like us for long...” After testing it for a while, Leylin could pinpoint the armour’s weakness. It was a film that isolated the Magus from the world around them, but as armour it was useless once broken. From what he’d seen, it wasn’t exactly durable.

“We’re still trying to improve on this. However, even this version is enough for us to launch a small-scale war. Take this, it’s a gift...” Mother Core spoke generously. Leylin was after all a Magus, and he’d given up several benefits for their world. She had to display some goodwill as well.

“Then I’ll skip the thanks. I really am interested in this...” The alloy entered his skin the moment he pressed the ball to his chest. A strange white pattern appeared on his body, as if an armour protecting him.

‘It’s cut off origin force, really magical... There seems to be room for improvement, though...’ Light continuously flashed from the A.I. Chip clone.

[Reverse engineering from sample... Possible optimisations deduced!]

Having fused with Kukulkan, the current A.I. Chip had grown far more powerful. With Supercomputing and Simulate Reality, its calculative powers far surpassed those of a peak rank 8 Magus.

‘It seems extensible into the Magus World and Dreamscape as well...’ The only ability of the A.I. Chip was to deduce. As the user, Leylin could do things the chip could not, which was the advantage of out-of-the-box ideas that a mere tool could not achieve.

The discovery of this weapon instantly gave Leylin another plan. If he succeeded he could rush to the peak of rank 8 quickly, and even lay a solid foundation for comprehending the laws of space and time!

# Chapter 1173 - Strategy

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“Something’s brewing in the prime material plane...” The clone returned to the church just as Leylin arrived at Malbolge.

He looked at the tilted floor beneath his feet. The Sixth Hell was a boundless slope, a plane of constant landslides as the fortresses built on these slanted lands shifted constantly.

The plane was blotted out, swarming with devil hunters that had chased the devils out of this layer. Sadly, they couldn’t find Glasya. The cunning and beautiful Queen of Lust had been incredibly decisive, abandoning her dignity as an Archdevil to give Malbolge up to Leylin. She’d escaped to the lower hells.

“Devils without a leader are a giant without a head or a beehive without a queen. They’re a complete mess...” Leylin didn’t encounter the slightest of troubles in taking Malbolge over, but there wasn’t any excitement on his face. His brows were instead furrowed, a trace of gloom in his expression.

“This should have been the best point to block me... My powers would only increase the more layers I conquered, and their powers would weaken...” Leylin smelt an obvious conspiracy from the retreat of his opponents.

He wasn’t afraid of a combined resistance. He was only scared they’d abandon Baator entirely to hide themselves within the void. That would be troublesome.

Of course, this was not an easy task. Without control of their layers they'd be abandoned by Baator's origin force, the more serious cases losing their authority in Baator and falling from the realm of laws.

As long as there was even a glimmer of hope, the Lords of Baator wouldn't choose to do this. Glasya's decision to flee made Leylin sense something strange.

'I can't keep going like this, something big will happen. Distorted Shadow is still keeping an eye on me...' Leylin looked at the occupied land of the Sixth Hell, and suddenly smiled. 'I'll still accept gifts on my doorstep, though...'

Bang! A layer of golden light suddenly spread out from Leylin's divine kingdom, shrouding the entirety of Malbolge. Golden light filled the entire sky, and under the prayers of the devil hunters endless laws began to merge and transform the Sixth Hell.

The rolling earth rumbled as the divine light flattened it out. The landslides lost all momentum, dying into the ground. The Sixth Hell fused with Leylin's divine kingdom, radiating endless divine light. The last three layers seemed small and frail under this radiance, seemingly overwhelmed by it.

....

Hurl! Just as Malbolge was fused into Leylin's divine kingdom, the beautiful Queen of Lust screamed within Malbolge. She spat out large mouthfuls of filthy black blood that dissipated into the

air, faintly transforming into grotesque life forms before returning to normal as a frightening pool formed on the ground.

“He... devoured... all of Malbolge...” Glasya looked unsightly as she lost her territory, as she became an Archdevil with an empty title. Glasya’s facial expression was unsightly as after losing her own territory, she as an Archdevil was only left with a empty title.

That wasn’t the worst of it. Having lost the World Origin Force, she felt her own powers regressing without end as she almost fell out of the realm of laws.

Crash! Right at that moment, Malsheem suddenly exploded within the canyon. An all-powerful hand reached out of it, crushing millions of devils living within and sending flesh and blood flying everywhere. Distorted screams sounded out as the souls were fused into a dazzling black lightning that entered Glasya’s back.

Zzzt! A layer of frightening scales emerged on Glasya’s body, endless black wings extending from her back. The screams of the killed devils seemed to be captured within. Glasya continued screaming as her energy stabilised. She’d avoided the fall.

“I’ve failed, father.” Glasya looked like a black bat now, standing on the huge pal as she looked at the silhouette of an old devil.

“You did not fail, my daughter...” There wasn’t the slightest change within Asmodeus’ black eyes as he looked at the large contract in his hands. The mysterious Supreme of Baator closed



the giant parchment in his hands after a long time, a smile on his face.

“Your survival is the greatest victory. With the Magi invading at the Second Dusk nigh, opportunities are aplenty. Our current job is to prepare to seize as much as we can in the future, retaining our strength as we wait for future chances...”

“Perhaps...” Glasya could faintly understand Asmodeus’ thoughts. The Lord of Nessus had always remained in human form, hiding behind the scenes. He’d finally revealed some of his ambitions.

“Are you thinking of becoming a god?” Glasya’s voice was trembling. If he wanted to become a god while already being an Archdevil, he definitely didn’t just aim to become a lesser god! His final objective was undoubtedly to become the ruler of devils, the God of Baator who truly controlled the Nine Hells! That would put him at the peak of gods.

There was one other contender for that position right now. It was the God of Massacre who’d occupied six layers of his world, the Lord of Original Sin Leylin Farlier!

“The God of Massacre’s true body is that of a Magus. He’s bound to be attacked by the gods because of the destruction of the Weave — Tyr, Kelemvor, and Lathander won’t let that go. We only have to wait...”

“But...” There was obvious hesitation on Glasya face. She didn’t

believe they had the time to wait for Leylin to be attacked. He'd be here soon to kill them!

“Nessus is different from the other eight layers of hell. This is the deepest layer of Baator, the ultimate land of evil. I've made preparations...” Resolution surfaced on Asmodeus' face, “With my true body's power and three Archdevils, we'll separate the plane and seal it for a few thousand years...”

“Seal all of it?” That moment of shock exceeded all the surprises Glasya had ever felt put together. If they sealed themselves they wouldn't receive any more fallen souls. They'd gradually be forgotten by the world, and they'd have to pay a huge price in order to separate in the first place.

“Keke... Don't worry, my daughter. I've long accumulated enough souls in Nessus to last us that length of time. On top of that, we'll be obstructing Kukulcan as well...”

Asmodeus let loose a sinister smile, deceit and intelligence reflected from his eyes, “He needs to unify all of Baator to become a greater god. Once Nessus separates itself, he'll be dealt a terrifying setback. Furthermore, the defensive power of a separate Nessus alongside three Archdevils will be no less than a greater god's divine kingdom...”

“Once he loses the most important part, his plans to advance rapidly will definitely fall through. He'll fall under the attack of the gods!” Asmodeus was sure about this.

“The only way for him to survive is to unify Baator and kill us?” Glasya looked at Asmodeus, feeling like his words were extremely foreign to her. “Why are you so sure about the matters of Magi?”

“Let me answer that question.” The shadows atop the huge hand distorted, causing Glasya to reveal a look of fear. She hadn’t sensed the fluctuations of power from the other party’s body, and they’d easily approached her... This was an unbelievable thing for a rank 7 Archdevil!

“Magus!” Glasya screamed. Distorted Shadow hadn’t hid his aura when he revealed himself.

“Keke... We’re currently allies, and we have a common enemy,” he sneered. He then looked towards Asmodeus, “I’ve convinced Baalzebul and Mephistopheles. They’ve agreed to our plans and are willing to use their layers to delay Leylin’s progress, allowing us to complete the separation. Of course, you need to guarantee assistance in regaining their powers and that you won’t harm them.”

“Not a problem!” Asmodeus guaranteed, “I’m a devil. I shall honour my pact!”

““Let’s hope so!”” two voices said in unison. The silhouettes of Baalzebul and Mephistopheles emerged in mid-air, one a disgusting worm and the other a flaming humanoid with devil wings and horns.

# Chapter 1174 - Self-Destruct

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“It’s great that the two of you could join our alliance...” The grin on Asmodeus’ face turned wider as he signed the contract.

“I’ve already ordered my subordinates to resist at all costs in Maladomini. We should be able to delay him for a while...” Baalzebul said. His aura had grown weak, apparently having severed connections with the Seventh Hell. Even if his subordinates knew they’d been given a suicide mission, as lawful creatures they could only surge forth to complete their orders. Such was the dignity of an Archdevil!

“Same here,” Mephistopheles chimed in, “I hope that buys us time...”

Leylin’s fearsome image, Seven Sins in hand, had evidently been etched deep into the minds of these Archdevils.

“I stand by my previous suggestions,” Distorted Shadow said, “It’s a better idea to hide in the endless void or the elemental planes than to defend Nessus at all costs...”

“That’s something that will only benefit you,” Asmodeus coldly interjected. “Once we lose all nine layers all our authority will be stripped from us. We’ll lose Baator’s origin force, bleeding in power without any chance to return...”

“Hehe...” Distorted Shadow only smiled coldly at Asmodeus’ retort, not speaking another word.

“Of course... We’re all common enemies of this God of Massacre,” Asmodeus said slowly. Devils were extremely crafty creatures, and this was especially true for their Supreme, “I wonder if Your Excellency can call upon any other Magi who are unhappy with this God of Massacre, and...”

“My apologies, I cannot do that right now.” Distorted Shadow expressed his regrets, “Leylin found passage into the World of Gods, and the Magi of other worlds have already made a pact with him. He’s also the one who released the ancient conscients sealed in here long ago, so they already owe him a favour...”

Asmodeus’ face darkened just from hearing those few sentences.

“So Leylin is like the leader of their alliance, a mascot amongst the Magi...” Glasya sighed.

“Indeed! We can only make full use of the gods’ powers to destroy him alongside his divine kingdom.”

“Damn it!” the lords cursed. They’d never thought they’d meet an enemy as powerful as Leylin in Baator. Asmodeus saw them losing morale, quickly interjecting, “Alright. As long as we stand together Leylin won’t be able to make his most crucial advancement. His death will be but a matter of time...”

However, the old devil’s expression changed the very next moment. His gigantic body shuddered, causing endless tremors through the earth.

“It’s him! He’s here!” Asmodeus exclaimed. There was only one person that could cause his expression to change this quick.

“Leylin!” the four other people gathered shouted.

Rumble! At this moment, an enormous flying city descended outside of Nessus. Leylin was stood atop it, looking down at Nessus which stretched far beyond what the eye could see, his gaze filled with mockery, “You thought I’d be baited by Maladomini and Cania? How childish!

“Compared to those two levels, I value you lords more...” The Nightmare Hydra phantom appeared behind Leylin’s back, its three remaining illusory snake heads staring at their respective lords like predators stalking their prey.

“Seal the place now!”

Boom! The earth was blasted open, revealing Asmodeus’ massive true body. His black wings covered the skies as he stood up, revealing the severe injury inflicted upon him back in ancient times. The wound had been exacerbated by Leylin’s attack when he’d brought his divine kingdom down.

Facing Leylin, Asmodeus didn’t have the leeway to consider his injuries. He unleashed the full extent of his power, as a dark web appeared from his hand to envelop the entirety of Nessus. A power of isolation stopped Thultanthar from entering the Ninth Hell.

The three other lords used their own authorities as well, mustering what origin force they could in a final struggle. Distorted Shadow disappeared into the darkness, the shadows shifting formlessly as if he was planning on something.

[Beep! Target locked. Space has been sealed, preparing primary cannons...] A white light appeared on the main cannon of the flying city, so bright that it could kill a god.

[Netherese core prepared, firing!] A powerful light seemingly born of the very universe shot forth under the fearful eyes of the devils, its absolute power unleashed on the barrier around Nessus. The barrier rumbled as the energy scattered in all directions, annihilating hordes of devils. The energy was so powerful that it attracted the attention of many powerful beings from the Abyss and the Celestial Planes.

The stunning white light blinded the Lords of Baator. Glasya gripped her hands tightly as the energy waves began to dissipate, sighing in relief after she saw Nessus undamaged.

“Hehe... With us here, Nessus is like the divine kingdom of a greater god... What will you attack it with?” The other two lords seemed to be encouraged by the sight. They’d just been far too fearful of Leylin slaying them.

“A weave, origin force, spells, and elemental particles as well...” Leylin looked at the dark web that stopped his attack, and how it was being replenished by origin force. The A.I. Chip recorded everything he saw.

“It seems like you’ve struck quite a few deals with Distorted Shadow, Asmodeus. I can’t let you carry on any further, or the consequences will be too dire.” Leylin stepped forward, leaving the flying city. The gem of Netheril that could house hundreds of thousands began to descend slowly, heading for Nessus like a meteorite.

“What is he planning to do? Not good!” Distorted Shadow exclaimed in shock. He had never lost his bearings like this before.

[Beep! Authorisation valid, initiating self-destruct.] Light flashed from the A.I. Chip, and all of Thultanthar’s energy converged into a massive aura.

“Explosives prepared, beginning collapse of secondary dimension. Preparing Netherese Core...” There was no expression on Shaylin’s face. The city continued to descend, growing faster and faster.

“Preparations complete. Impact in T minus 3, 2, 1...”

BOOM! The light generated this time was far brighter than before, unleashing great explosive force upon Nessus.



An indescribable scene occurred as the pinnacle of technology destroyed itself under Leylin's orders. It was thousands of times more powerful than the Tunguska explosion back on his old world, feeling like the big bang as its undeniable might seemed to shoot the force of the entire world at Nessus.

"You think losing the city hurts me?" the Nightmare Hydra phantom roared, dark clouds appearing above its head. This being that absorbed strength from the emotions of all beings protected Leylin.

Seeing this explosion, Leylin smiled. "Material things are just that. So what if it can kill gods? A flying city is nothing on my path to power!"

Leylin had been extremely clear on the situations. If he hadn't taken Nessus out immediately, the Lords of Baator would very likely hole up like tortoises and render him helpless. Hence, he did not hesitate to use his trump card as he sacrificed Thultanthar to kill his enemies.

Even if multiple renovations had given Leylin full control of the city, he couldn't help but be wary of any backdoors Distorted Shadow had placed into it. The safest way forward was to destroy the city, just like he'd killed his divine clone after using Karsus' Avatar to avoid harm. The deed was done now anyway, there was no need to analyse costs anymore.

Distorted Shadow grew extremely impatient when Leylin

sacrificed Thultanthar. A large writhing shadow with boundless power headed to the boundaries of Leylin's divine kingdom.

“Leave!” the void flickered, and Leylin's clone appeared alongside Mother Core. The two gave him a strong warning at the border.

# Chapter 1175 - Ruthless

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Facing the powerful Mother Core, even Distorted Shadow had to retreat.

Having ousted his true body, the two returned to the divine kingdom, shattering any and all wild dreams from the other powerful beings.

A large hole had been blasted into Nessus by the explosion of Thultanthar. The entire plane was badly damaged, and even the deep gorges and valleys had been destroyed. Even if Nessus was as powerful as the divine kingdom of a greater god, it had still been damaged. Half of its powers of law had been destroyed, weakening it significantly.

Shing! Leylin darted in through a gap in the skies, Seven Sins howling as he killed Distorted Shadow's clone immediately.

“Now that I'm here, what else have you guys got to say?” Leylin looked at the four devils before him, weapon in tow. His smile caused them to shudder in fear.

Rumble! The earth continued to tremble underneath them, Asmodeus' clone having been destroyed with the explosion of the flying city. Having been the greatest contributor to Nessus' defence, he was the one who was hurt the most by its destruction.

And now, his main body was forced to face Leylin. He looked extremely miserable, multiple scars on his body from the explosion

alongside cuts from when the rift was destroyed. The wounds had grown bigger than before, and a part of a wing had been torn off.

“Hurry and leave! Don’t let him gather all our power!” Asmodeus howled. He knew well that Leylin had already broken through Nessus, destroying their last hope. Their only counter left was to leave Baator entirely, stopping Leylin from completing his path of original sin. He would lose momentum, and the war would come to an end.

However, how could Leylin give them this chance? The phantom Nightmare Hydra appeared behind him, each of its head releasing a deafening roar. Boundless power of laws surged forth from six of them, forming a powerful web of energy that trapped Nessus within.

“He sealed space!” Glasya screamed, the light of her teleportation spell dimming. Asmodeus cursed as well, shouting in shock.

Speaking of shock, Mother Core had been far more surprised than even the father-daughter duo. She’d been observing the scene from his divine kingdom, and she noticed Leylin seal off space to prevent all escape. “The power to seal spacetime... He’s already come into contact with rank 9 laws? Such terrifying talent...”

To be able to seal the teleportation of a being of law meant meant he had high comprehension of the law of spacetime. This fellow wasn’t even peak rank 8 yet! This achievement surpassed those of many of his predecessors.

‘He really does have a chance to reach rank 9...’ Mother Core made a silent evaluation. Although Leylin was still far from being able to harness the complete power of spacetime to reach rank 9, she still had high hopes for him.

“Asmodeus... I am not the Supreme of Baator.” Leylin’s body grew exponentially as he moved forward, matching the size of the self-proclaimed ruler of hell. Seven Sins roared ceaselessly as two rays of light were unleashed, each containing the power of laws.

Blessing of Greed! Fury Amplification! The two buffs put Leylin quite close to the peak of rank 8. Each of his actions could crush multiple smaller worlds!

Boom! Seven Sins changed forms, taking the shape of a dazzling six-bladed battle axe. Leylin roared out as he swung the axe downwards, like a giant splitting the earth apart.

“Argh... The origin force of Baator, please abide by the primordial contract...” Asmodeus chanted as he revealed an ancient scroll. The parchment floated in mid-air, glowing with dull light as it attracted the last of Baator’s origin force. This was the original copy of the primordial contract, Asmodeus’ final trump card!

“Your methods are outdated, Asmodeus. I am the sole ruler of hell now, its overlord!” The battle axe shone brightly and as it swung downwards, leaving a brilliant afterimage behind.

Crack! The origin force from the primordial contract broke

immediately upon contact with Seven Sins, and the axe swung towards his body without mercy. It caused another grave injury as he flew backwards, levelling a massive canyon.

Buzz! Asmodeus wasn't the only one to feel the aftereffects. The moment the primordial contract was broken, the devils in the last of the Nine Hells began to wail. They could clearly feel that the surging power of Baator's origin force was waning, causing their powers to deteriorate.

“Baator is now my divine kingdom. All devils who do not become my petitioners shall die!” Light flashed in Leylin's eyes as the crimson power of original sin appeared in his hands. Seven Sins turned into a javelin as he willed it, containing the energy to split apart laws themselves.

“The Path of Original Sin is the end of all things!” The javelin was as fast as lightning, repelling even the origin force of the World of Gods. Its sharpness could destroy all laws, and this instrument of destruction appeared before Asmodeus.

Pu! The javelin pierced through the Lord of Baator, devouring all her powers and destroying all signs of life. Glasya's face turned sluggish with disbelief as she forced herself to look backwards, seeing her father.

The moment the javelin was about to strike him, he'd sent a powerful force to bring her before his body. She'd been used as a meat shield to block this fatal attack! Glasya's beautiful face smiled wryly, and before she could say anything, she turned into dust.

The A.I. Chip's notifications sounded in Leylin's ear.

[Beep! Host has killed Glasya. Gluttony's Devouring activated, absorbing new law... Law of lust currently at 100%.]

Hss! The Nightmare Hydra behind Leylin hissed loudly as another head materialised from its neck. It absorbed all of the lust in the astral plane, turning it into his law of original sin.

[Beep! Host has comprehended the law of lust, Seven Sins has unlocked Fantasia.]

Fantasia: The user can elude the detection of beings of law.]

“This decisiveness, should I say as expected of a devil?” Glasya's death had only bought Asmodeus some time. Seven Sins glowed once more as the effects of Fantasia were released, causing Asmodeus and the other two to grow dull.

Hiss! The Nightmare Hydra roared, as an incomplete path of original sin materialised around it. It seemed like a long flowing river that immediately consumed Asmodeus' true body.

Having entered Leylin's powers, Asmodeus shrunk continuously

before becoming a bug. The bug was encased in amber and sealed by the Nightmare Hydra.

‘Asmodeus is the key to merging the seven original sin, and the spawn of hell. His energy can catalyse the fusion of all evil, and he’s irreplaceable... However, this isn’t the right time to fuse it...’ Leylin retrieved Seven Sins, turning it into a crossblade with complicated runes inscribed atop it.

At this moment, the last two Archdevils were running towards Leylin, fear clouding their expressions as if they’d seen ghosts.

“You still think you’re running away?” Leylin brandished the cross blade. “Fantasia can even cast an illusion on rank 8 beings, how can the two of you resist it?”

With the power of dreamforce as a foundation and the strength of Seven Sins, Leylin could toy with rank 7 beings. The Nightmare Hydra hissed as the two remaining illusory heads stared down at the lords.

“Become my strength...” Leylin chanted, and the Nightmare Hydra howled as the power of original sin sealed off the space around them. Mephistopheles and Baalzebul were suppressed, and the two heads opened their maws and devoured the two Lords of Baator who could only watch on in despair.



# Chapter 1176 - Peak

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[Beep! Host has killed Baalzebul. Gluttony's Devouring activated, absorbing new law... Law of sloth currently at 100%.

Beep! Seven Sins has unlocked Sloth's Recovery.

Sloth's Recovery: User recovery is boosted by 500% when inactive. Seven Sins can now repair damage automatically.

Beep! Host has killed Mephistopheles. Gluttony's Devouring activated, absorbing new law... Law of envy currently at 100%.]

[Beep! Host has comprehended the law of envy, Seven Sins has unlocked Envy's Thief.

Envy's Thief: User can steal the divine weapons and laws of other beings.]

The multiple notifications put Leylin in a good mood. The Nightmare Hydra's body behind him materialised completely, each of its heads containing a different law. The power of sin across all intelligent beings was now absorbed by Leylin, forming a thick dark mist around his massive body.

At this moment, the A.I. Chip sent another notification, and Leylin grinned even wider than before. [Beep! Path of original sin completed, Nightmare Hydra bloodline has achieved complete form.]

In an instant he'd felt the power of his bloodline reach the limit, coming into contact with an extremely obscure door of sorts. The door was guarded by the power of spacetime, forming a mountain pass. Leylin knew fully well that it was the bottleneck to rank 9.

Buzz... The power of original sin thundered in his body as the dark mist grew even more black. The crimson energy became more animated, showing signs of life. Feeling the power of original sin as the river formed behind the Nightmare Hydra, Leylin felt like it was extremely picturesque.

He'd now completed his laws, opening his path up for further travel. However, there was something still missing.

“Gluttony, Greed, Wrath, Pride, Envy, Sloth, Lust... The seven sins form original sin, combining with Massacre and Death to form a perfect cycle. However, all this lacks an embodiment of pure evil...” Leylin looked at Asmodeus who'd been sealed within the river. Once he extracted the essence of this devil, his path would be completed and allow him to become a peak rank immediately!

However, Leylin's incredible willpower stopped his urges. “Although I can wield dreamforce at its peak, it's still not perfect. I need to subjugate Dreamscape's World Will, and get it to hand over the essence of dreamforce so I can lay a perfect foundation for my advancement...”

Since he'd achieved everything he set out to, Leylin naturally intended to do things to perfection. Although peak dreamforce allowed him to harness the powers of spacetime, Leylin wanted more! He didn't just want to become rank 9, he wanted to be the absolute best of rank 9 Magi. That was a given on his quest for eternity!

Hence, this dreamforce that would even satisfy other peak 8 Magi and cause them to be envious of him was not enough in Leylin's eyes. The essence of Dreamscape's origin force was an evolved form of dreamforce known as nightmare force, and that was what he wanted!

"Just nice! I have the strength to execute my plans now..." Leylin did not give another look at the broken Nexus as he vanished from Baator...

Boom! Boom! Boom! Three consecutive explosions reverberated across the many worlds. Be it gods, Archfiends, or even lich kings, everyone cast a look of shock towards Baator. A golden divine kingdom within was now shining brightly, rapidly swallowing up the last of the Nine Hells. Baator was one once more, radiating with holy light as its surging origin force was converted to the power of the divine kingdom. This place could cause even greater gods to be fearful now.

The Nine Hells having a new owner meant that the devils had been destroyed. The eight Lords of Baator had been a force to be reckoned with even for greater gods, never having lost an inch to the gods or demons and instead counterattacking all this while.

Now, they'd been vanquished by a Magus. Baator was the first to bow out of the Final War, reminding the gods once again of fearsome memories they'd chosen to wipe from their minds.

The powerful energy of a god strengthening themselves travelled past many worlds, causing many powerful existences to frown.

““Kukulcan, my Lord! You are the guardian of our souls, the stars in the skies! You are a haven for my soul, the God of the Nine Hells. You are the keeper of strength, the God of Wrath and Order, the Ruler of Devils...”” Under Tiff's guidance, everyone in Leylin's divine kingdom was praying to him. The power of faith converged into a holy river, causing Baator to roar as powerful origin force entered Leylin's clone.

Mother Core chose to leave Baator on her own accord. There was in fact a trace of alarm in her eyes as she looked at the divine kingdom, feeling a powerful repulsive force.

“This isn't inferior to the divine kingdom of a greater god... With this as your base, you'll be able to hold for a long while even with multiple greater gods attacking you at once. Leylin... You really have found a good place within the World of Gods.” Traces of complex emotions appeared in her eyes.

Having swallowed the Nine Hells and obtained new laws, Leylin grew quickly in power, shooting through the ranks to quickly reach rank 17. She felt like Leylin wanted his clone to advance to greater godhood!

However, the tides of faith soon dissipated, under the complicated congratulations of many powerful existences. Leylin's rank remained at 17.

However, even this was extremely inconceivable given his birth year in the World of Gods!

Atop the Whitejade Saint Mountain, the clone opened his glowing golden eyes. Lightning that could form and destroy entire worlds seemed to streak past its gaze.

[Beep! Clone currently at rank 17.] Blue light flashed in Leylin's eyes.

His old clone had been a part of his soul, but this one was under the full control of the A.I. Chip. With the two being originally one anyway, the auxiliary A.I. Chip could also receive faith in him, being controlled by the primary chip. He'd even managed to retrieve the split soul, so there were no longer any side-effects binding him to the power of faith.

Large streams of information flashed in the clone's eyes.

[All stats +5! Host's arcanist ranking has increased by 5, currently rank 40. Obtained divine domain— Fall of Seven Sins.]

The power of a domain stemmed from one's divinity, something a demigod did not possess. Every additional domain brought great boosts to one's strength. That is why gods focused on increasing their divine ranks, not paying much attention to other matters.

Leylin looked at his stats.

[Name: Leylin Faulen.

Divine Name: Kukulkan, the God of Massacre (Controlled by auxiliary A.I. Chip).

Race: Unknown

Alignment: Lawful Evil.

Divine Domain (Simulated): Massacre, Death, Gluttony, Greed, Wrath, Pride, Envy, Sloth, Lust

Divine Kingdom: Baator

Divine Rank: 17.

Worshippers: Natives, Devils, Adventurers, Priests.

Worshipper Alignments: True Neutral, Neutral Evil, Lawful Evil.

Domains: Massacre, Death, Devouring, Seven Sins

Arcanist Rank: 40. Strength: 38. Agility: 38. Vitality: 38. Spirit: 44. Arcane Energy: 440. Divine Force: 1500. Status: Healthy.

Feats: Herculean Strength, Master of Knowledge, Dreamscape Vision, Epic Adaptability.

Divine Feats: Origin Force Detection, Arcane Art Amplification, Illusions.

Divine Abilities: Warp Reality, Supercomputing, Simulate Reality, Fall of Seven Sins.]

“The increased divine rank gave me a new domain, huh...” Leylin’s attention was drawn to his new ability, and the A.I. Chip showed information about it.

[Divine Ability— Fall of Seven Sins: As the Lord of Original Sin, the Host can use any negative emotions to affect the target’s mind, inducing the power of nightmares to have the target turn. Applies to beings of law as well.]

“Even law existences can be affected if they are consumed by the emotions of original sin. I can then subjugate them into my slaves?” Leylin rubbed his chin and sighed. In the World of Gods, be it the Magi or the gods themselves they were consumed by their inner desires. Anyone could become his puppet.

Even peak rank 8s weren't devoid of emotions. However, they did have the ability to stem their desires once they manifested. However, how powerful was the strength of inner desires? As long as a peak rank 8 had flaws, they could be used by Leylin!



# Chapter 1177 - Mediate

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The power of dreams converged in the boundary between the real and the illusory, forming a boundless strange world. A Magus dressed in black robes stood at the corners of this world, his arrival causing the world to cheer as if a child had returned home. Dreamscape opened its doors up wide.

“It’s still this desolate here...” Leylin stood in midair, absolved from the powers of the laws. His soul of original sin allowed him to survey most of the world at once.

Dreamscape was still as desolate as before, from when dreamforce was waning and the Lords of Calamity had to seal themselves.

Leylin was here in his true body, having left the World of Gods to enter the astral plane. With the Manderhawke Plate in hand and an intermediate god as a clone, the World of Gods was like a back garden that he could enter and leave as he pleased.

With all of Baator as his divine kingdom and the A.I. Chip managing things, he had no need to worry for the safety of his assets. Unless the gods could find another flying city from somewhere and have it explode on him, his defences were airtight like those of a greater god’s divine kingdom. Leylin could leave and come to Dreamscape at ease.

‘Dreamforce has been waning for thousands of years despite me killing a Lord of Calamity...’ Leylin discovered the laws of

dreamforce in an instant. The current state of dreamforce didn't make a difference to him, though. Having already grasped its laws, he could harness the peak power of dreamforce at any time.

“Those Lords of Calamity have indeed become much smarter...” Leylin smiled. A slight scan revealed that the Lords of Calamity had sealed themselves together this time, apparently cautious of his previous actions.

“Since that's the case, then let me greet them!” The crimson runes of dreamforce appeared on Leylin's body, opening up his third eye. His Nightmare Absorbing Physique peaked, and the entirety of Dreamscape rejoiced as powerful destructive lightning appeared in the skies.

Unlike before, Leylin didn't need to act stealthily. He spread his aura fearlessly to the edges of the world.

“It's the Nightmare Absorbing Physique!”

“The eternal nemesis of the Lords of Calamity— Nightmare Absorbing Physique!”

“Damn it... Ever since the Magus World opened the crystal sphere, I knew that the Nightmare King would return...”

The slumbering Lords of Calamity were like cats whose tails had been stepped on. They woke up immediately, unleashing their auras. A blizzard of destructive snow howled, but it was repelled by

a crystal mountain.

A crystal exploded as one of the Lords of Calamity walked out, possessing devastating strength. This was the Eye Emissary, the protector of light and darkness, wielding both laws to be one of the stronger Lords of Calamity.

“Molina...” Another crystal broke as well to the Eye Emissary’s voice, and a female thundergiant walked out.

“Nightmare King! No... Something more devious and inconceivable... the Nightmare Absorbing Physique has finally reappeared...” Molina roared. Her body darted like lightning towards Leylin.

The dark earth split open and a three-headed Lord of Calamity appeared. It had the head of a black goat, a green snake, and a mysterious human face. “Oh! Molina... You’re mine...” it muttered as it turned into a black mist, chasing behind the female giant.

All of the Lords of Calamity in Dreamscape were soon awake, roaring and howling as destructive powers of calamity caused Dreamscape to tremble. The surviving creatures were pressed down to the ground, praying for these superior beings to be appeased.

“I never thought there were so many hidden experts in Dreamscape. Eighteen... No, nineteen Lords of Calamity, it’s enough to crush the Purgatory World and Shadow World...” Leylin was surprised.

These Lords of Calamity had sealed themselves in due to waning dreamforce, not joining in on the attack on the World of Gods. This made them the largest force in the rest of the astral plane, strong enough to perhaps attack even the Magus World if dreamforce recovers.

“They’re all hovering around rank 8, yet there isn’t a peak rank 8 existence... Is this the suppression from the World Will?” Leylin’s eyes flashed, and he was more confident in his plans than before.

“Nightmare Absorbing Physique... Die!” The Nightmare King was the eternal enemy of the Lords of Calamity, so one of them immediately attacked Leylin.

Boom! A powerful force of calamity struck down, alongside the face of a ghost that was large enough to blot out the sun rearing its bloody mouth at Leylin.

“Darned thing hiding in the shadows, come out!” Leylin’s face turned violent as a longsword formed from Seven Sins slashed forward.

Sssii! A bright white light flashed, and the face was slashed apart before shattering, forming corrosive rain. A strange multifaced creature appeared, wailing as it was forced out of the void. Seven Sins slashed mercilessly into its body, containing even more domineering force.

Blessing of Greed! The power of original sin was unleashed,

causing the figure with many faces to be destroyed immediately. A dark current appeared, and was absorbed by the Seven Sins. It seemed to be a taotie with endless power, devouring its opponents' strength.

“Darkface was taken out in one blow...” The other Lords of Calamity looked at the ghost faced creature who couldn't recover its body anymore. Its face filled with fear as it turned wary, stopping its attacks.

Boom! Leylin's dark path of original sin appeared behind him, alongside the Nightmare Hydra with the vertical pupil at its central head. A powerful web of original sin appeared and enshrouded Leylin within, giving him strength comparable to the peak of rank 8.

“The Nightmare Absorbing Physique!”

“Path of laws! Peak rank 8 Magus!”

“The powers of the ancient Nightmare King!”

The other Lords of Calamity stepped back unconsciously, looking at Leylin in fright. After swallowing the Lords of Baator, Leylin was now only one step away from peak rank 8, yet his own battle prowess had already entered this realm!

The ancient Nightmare King had the strength to slay more than half of the Lords of Calamity present. Leylin was even stronger, so

it would simply be too easy to beat them all.

“So, now can you listen to what I have to say?” Leylin looked around him, at the Nightmare Eye, Eye Emissary, Molina, and the three-headed beast. These were the strongest Lords of Calamity.

“What do you want to say, inheritor of the Nightmare Absorbing Physique?” The Eye Emissary’s eyes blinked continuously as it looked at Leylin. Unlike the others, he knew full well how powerful Leylin was. With this power before he even reached peak rank 8, when he advanced with the help of Dreamscape there would be no way for them to survive.

“I know... You all fear me, hate me...” Leylin looked arrogantly at the Lords of Calamity, as if he controlled their lives and deaths, “But my purpose for coming here this time is not to kill any of you. I want to give you and the World Will another way to go forward.”

Crack! Leylin’s words were earth-shattering news to the Lords of Calamity. They entered fervent discussion immediately, and even the World Will began to rage with lightning.

Hiss! The Nightmare Hydra roared, repelling the destructive snow.

“How is it? Do I look sincere enough?” Leylin smiled at these Lords of Calamity.

The many Lords stood staring at each other. It was the female

thundergiant who spoke up eventually, “How do you want to do this?”

“The Lords of Calamity are like leeches feeding off the origin force of Dreamscape, causing the world to continuously regress. You put a heaven burden on it, so the World Will wants to reverse the tide and weaken your supply of dreamforce. That’s why it gave birth to a Nightmare Absorbing Physique. All of this was just the beginning...”

Leylin spoke frankly yet with conviction.

“The origin force of Dreamscape is not endless, yet you lot feed off it without end, causing the world to deteriorate. Even you yourselves have to suffer the consequences... I wish to make a pact of the truesoul with all of you, the entire astral plane being the witness. Each of you will be given a fixed time to absorb origin force, and it has to be within the limits set by the world. On top of that, you have to find ways to make up for the World Will’s losses.

“In return, the World Will will assure that you have an endless supply of peak dreamforce. There will be no more weakening, and you won’t have to seal yourselves in...” Leylin’s voice was extremely loud, the power of laws it carried causing the Lords of Calamity to ponder his proposal.

Although they were extremely unhappy at not being able to ceaselessly absorb the origin force, it seemed much better if dreamforce was not weakened. Moreover, they wouldn’t have the threat of the Nightmare Absorbing Physique looming over their heads anymore!

# Chapter 1178 - Nightmare

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“Agree to these conditions, and I won’t aggress in the future. We can even explore the World of Gods together, the bounty you’ll receive there is more than what you can accumulate here in ten million years...”

Even though Leylin’s intention to tempt them with the World of Gods sounded easy, there were some difficulties he had to cross to get to them. The hardest was to showcase peak rank 8 might, suppressing all these rogues with the fear of death. He then had to deal with Dreamscape’s World Will.

Molina looked at her peers, answering after a period of hesitation, “This matter... We have to discuss...”

“Of course, discuss away. I’ll be here waiting.” Leylin smiled and waved the Lords of Calamity on, watching their conscients converse.

These conscients conversed at the speed of thought, discussing a thousand years of information in but a second. It wasn’t long before they gave Leylin a reply. The three-headed beast came forward, its goat head speaking as the human one showed a strange expression, “We accept, on the condition that you ensure the World Will honours its side.”

“Of course!” Although he knew what this creature was scheming, Leylin still readily agreed.



“Very well... Upon our truesouls as beings of law, in the name of the astral plane...” The Lords of Calamity looked at each other and nodded their heads, making an oath with their truesouls. There was simply no pretense from the reverberation of the truesouls,, and they also could not mask themselves in front of Leylin’s power of original sin anyway.

“Alright!” Leylin turned around and looked at the endless void.

“O’ Mighty Dreamscape, I will need you to honour this agreement!”

Rumble! Boundless dreamforce gathered, forming a pair of furious eyes. The entire Dreamscape was seething in rage!

From the World Will’s point of view, the successor of the Nightmare Absorbing Physique was supposed to kill these Lords of Calamity. Yet here he was, making agreements with them instead. This was blatant betrayal!

Purplish-gold lightning made of origin force converged in the area, possessing enough power to destroy beings of law. The crimson runes on Leylin’s body writhed, as if wanting to break free.

Rumble! A mighty bolt of destruction crashed down, and the three-headed creature sniggered, “Haha... You’re just a lackey reared by the World Will, and you actually want it to subjugate? The World Will is strong enough to take your bloodline back and not allow you to ever resurrect... Everyone, attack now! This

Nightmare Absorbing Physique has a death wish!”

The human face of the creature guffawed. As for the green snake head, it opened its giant jaws and the laws of corrosion formed an acid rain.

“Don’t you think I’m aware of your thoughts?” However, Leylin remained extremely calm under the double team of the lightning and rain, rendering the other Lords of Calamity uneasy, “I am different from the Nightmare King. All of my powers are of my own, and that is the same for dreamforce...”

He reached out, and a platinum barrier formed around him. The origin force armour that could repel World Wills showed its prowess, pushing Dreamscape back as the power of original sin rumbled behind his back. The Nightmare Hydra roared, continuous streams of attacks shooting forth from its nine heads to destroy the lightning in the skies.

“Don’t think that you can control me like you did the Nightmare King!” Leylin had always enjoyed freedom, so how could he have been made an example of by the World Will?

Having obtained dreamforce at its peak, Leylin had constantly conducted research into absolving himself of the World Will, controlling the crests and troughs of the energy himself. With his power nearing the peak of rank 8 and his being within the World of Gods, Dreamscape had found out about it too late.

Right now, Leylin wished to suppress the Lords of Calamity and

the World Will, becoming an arbitrator between the two parties. The power of original sin rumbled and repelled the dreamforce, causing the clouds in the skies to dissipate.

Having repelled the World Will, Leylin turned around and faced the three-headed beast.

“What are you trying to do? I...I...I...” The green snake head muttered, and the black goat head looked at Leylin in disbelief. It had never imagined that the Nightmare Absorbing Physique formed of dreamforce could repel the World Will itself!

“Impossible!” it raged silently, but it was too late.

“Watch, this is the outcome of betrayal.” Prideguard was activated, forming a silver-white armour around Leylin’s body strong enough to repel the attacks of some beings of law. Leylin moved through the corrosive rain unaffected, turning Seven Sins into a morning star that roared mightily as it landed on the creature.

Boosted by the Blessing of Greed and Fury Amplification, a mountainous force smashed the human head down in an instant, following up with the other two heads as well. Massacre Amplification and Death’s Decree erased all traces of the creature’s existence, completely removing any chances of its revival.

Gulp! Gulp! The Lords of Calamity just stared blankly as Leylin’s mace devoured the flesh of the beast, augmented by Gluttony’s Devouring and Sloth’s Recovery. Even his armour was repairing

itself.

What had they just seen? One of their strongest fighters had been killed by Leylin just like that?

“I don’t feel any of the black goat’s aura... It has three lives, and was supposed to be able to be reborn in filth...” The thundergiant grew extremely conflicted. Although she’d never liked that creature, she did acknowledge its power. However, it had died just like that! Its chances of revival were taken out, and it had been done in for good!

“So, who’s next?” Having restored his peak dreamforce, Leylin looked around in satisfaction at the fearful faces of the Lords of Calamity.

“We will comply to your wishes, mighty Nightmare King!” The Eye Emissary yielded first, bowing towards Leylin with newfound sincerity.

“Don’t call me the Nightmare King, I am the Lord of Original Sin, the controller of all evil across the astral plane.” Leylin tossed the remaining carcass of the creature into the void, “Don’t act like I’m bullying you, hurry and eat it.”

The greatest difference of a World Will from a mortal was that it was an artificial intelligence, caring only about benefits. Seeing that it couldn’t take Leylin down, and with something to gain from the agreement with the Lords of Calamity, it would acknowledge reality.

Space ground the body apart like a millstone, using the creature's energy to replenish the world.

‘Giving your leftovers to send the World Will away, that's really...’ the other Lords of Calamity criticised Leylin quietly, but they very soon changed their attitudes, “Mighty Lord of Original Sin, you are the arbitrator between us...”

“In my name of the Lord of Original Sin, I promise to bind both the Lords of Calamity and the World Will of Dreamscape together fairly, all for the sake of the world's development...” Leylin raised three fingers of his right hand and swore an oath. His voice was imposing yet dignified, and the dark path of original sin that had traces of blood rumbled behind him.

“With my path as a witness...”

Rumble! The entire Dreamscape trembled, as if excited upon seeing a new future, and it cheered...

Powerful dreamforce circled around Leylin, peaking with the support of the world. It turned denser in colour, as a sort of innate change occurred within it. It turned into a higher power, containing an indescribable strength. It was like all of the world's evil and dreams had been fused together, surging into Leylin's path of original sin and making it look even more perfect than before.

“Nightmare force!” The Eye Emissary exclaimed. This was the peak of the World Will's essence, something even the peak rank 8

Nightmare King hadn't been granted in the past...

Be it the Lords of Calamity or the Nightmare King, they had only a vague understanding that nightmare force was the essence of the world. Even if they were the spawn of the world, they could not receive the power of nightmare force. Leylin had instead obtained it through his own powers!

The Lords of Calamity stared at Leylin, each with different feelings...

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Each of the Nine Hells in Leylin's divine kingdom had been separated up in an orderly manner, large groups of petitioners scurrying around the place performing their own tasks. Everything was being built up for the future, and this divine kingdom of epic proportions gave them the best protection. Disasters wrought havoc in the prime material plane, and the gods were restless, giving them valuable time to carry out their missions.

Leylin's clones walked out of the borders of his divine kingdom, where Mother Core's clone had been waiting for some time.

"This new power that you speak of is about to come?" Mother Core looked at Leylin.

"Of course, do wait and see..." The clone laughed in reply, opening a passage in the crystal sphere.

# Chapter 1179 - Mortal Realm

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Rumble! The sheer number of rank 8 auras that appeared at that moment caused Mother Core to be startled. “The power of calamity... You managed to get the Lords of Calamity on your side?”

Leylin only smiled, shifting the conversation as several powerful figures passed the crystal sphere to enter the World of Gods.

“The World of Gods... A place of eternal obscurities and mysteries. The Final War has begun once more...” The Eye Emissary and Molina led six more Lords of Calamity into Baator, standing proudly in the void.

Just the gathering of such powers caused calamity to spread throughout their surroundings, causing space itself to wail. Having reached an agreement with the World Will, their powers had been restored. Free of their constraints, they no longer had to seal themselves in that jail of a world.

Leylin, the arbitrator of the contract, was someone neither side wanted to offend. He could suppress the World Will himself, and with nightmare force his power had only increased. The Lords of Calamity came along as free help.

“These eight are about as strong as intermediate evil gods. Combined, they have the power to topple an entire continent...” Leylin smiled.

Of course, he didn't oppress or exploit the Lords of Calamity. He was working together with them to gain more benefits. Dreamscape had given them a tremendous supply of energy to restore their powers, and now they had to go look for resources to replenish the world's origin force. What better a place to plunder than the World of Gods?

There were two other people here alongside the eight Lords of Calamity. One of them was a young lady with extremely fair skin, her face quite exquisite and impish. She surveyed the world around her, and eventually sighed, "The World of Gods... I've returned..."

This was Shar, the goddess-turned-Magus who had come to rule the Shadow World. She had become Leylin's subordinate after being forced into submission, being brought here for the war.

"Hmph..." Another young lady harrumphed from beside Shar. She had a bewitching expression on her face, looking more mature than her companion as each strand of her hair hissed quietly in the air.

"And the Snake Dowager!" Mother Core recognised this familiar face.

The Snake Dowager did not dare to be tardy when speaking to this peak rank 8 Magus, and she bowed slightly, "Mighty Protector of Earth! We meet once again..."

"Ten rank 8 Magi, together with your clone and Magus body..."



Mother Core was now completely in shock.

This force could have helped them greatly in the last battle. Now, it was even more important to her, being able to influence the entire war.

“And you.... Your path is already perfect, and you can advance to the peak of rank 8 at any time you want...” Mother Core looked at Leylin with a complex expression. Although she’d regarded Leylin highly, she’d never thought he’d come to be of the same realm as her so quickly. His strength could not be ignored.

“Mm... The nightmare force completed my foundation. Now all I have to do is completely devour Asmodeus’ essence, fusing all my laws together to form the perfect law of original sin...” Leylin didn’t bother to conceal his path and plans, there was nothing now that could stop him. “I won’t participate in the war before I’m at the peak of rank 8, and nor will they...”

Leylin pointed at the ten rank 8s following him, and none of them raised an objection. This surprised Mother Core even more; she’d originally thought they were just allies, but he had astonishing control over them so it couldn’t be. With eleven rank 8 Magi now standing guard at Baator, even greater gods could do nothing about Leylin’s advance.

This was an absolute confidence, garnered from the strength Leylin blatantly displayed. Each of these existences would be of great use to entire factions!

“I’m about to finish up with my preparations, how are things on your end?” Leylin looked at Mother Core.

“You can be at ease. I already called out to the World Will, it’s slowly recovered over time and will be ready. The World of Gods was injured once again recently, so it’ll be at a disadvantage.” Mother Core’s eyes reflected the depths of the Magus World, “We’re in the process of preparing the spell formation to bring the will here. Five Magi of laws are standing guard, and we’ll soon be able to bring the Magus World’s will into the World of Gods immediately, changing the laws of this world...”

The few sentences that Mother Core spoke revealed a groundbreaking plan. The audacious Magi actually wanted to bring the Magus World’s World Will into this world, destroying the Overgod in one blow!

“It’s hard to predict success, but even in the worst case both parties will suffer grave injuries which will reduce the suppression on us.”

Leylin naturally knew what these Magi were planning. Just like the gods, they didn’t want their World Will to awaken completely. Even he wasn’t willing to just let the World Will wake up and suppress him. He thus had no objections to their general plan.

“Alright. I’ll enter a long period of seclusion now. I’ll leave this to you...” A phantom of the Nightmare Hydra appeared, bringing Leylin’s Magus body to the deepest parts of his divine kingdom.

“Let’s go, everyone.” The A.I. Chip’s clone body had already reached the peak of intermediate godhood. Bringing the ten others, it shot into his divine kingdom like a shooting star. Even without the defence of a divine kingdom this lineup would put fear in the heart of any god.

‘He’ll most likely be peak rank 8 the next time he appears...’ Mother Core looked at the divine kingdom, and light flashed in her eyes before she slowly vanished into the void.

All these events had been noticed by the gods. However, a force of eleven intermediate gods with the additional support of two greater gods and a divine kingdom derailed all their plans. Even Tyr and Lathander wouldn’t dare to fight them within Leylin’s divine kingdom.

As for Distorted Shadow, all traces of him had vanished. Nobody knew what he was scheming...

The plague in the prime material plane continued to spread, and the plans to move the worshippers into the divine kingdom had begun. The Filthy Evil Eye and the Chaos Lord stirred up even more havoc in the Abyss, joined by new beings of law as they headed deeper and deeper.

The aftershocks of dazzling fights lit up the skies of the various worlds, but Baator remained abnormally silent. Leylin immersed himself into finalising and perfecting his path of original sin, and the others had their own tasks to carry out. His clone managed everything else well.

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Within the prime material plane, Doron struggled to bring the last of his belongings to a cart and tie them with a rope.

He felt like all the events of the recent past were a dream. Having expressed their rage, the burly man and Red Nose had disappeared. Farmers and even more thugs surrounded Old Holdman's villa, taking everything. Not even the door was left behind.

They'd plundered everything in sight before setting the house on fire, reducing it to nothing. Doron pitifully dragged himself back home, hiding in there endlessly in fear that guards would barge into his house and hang him at any moment.

After several days of silence, he had realised one fact. The lord had forgiven them, not arresting them at all. The event caused him to kneel on the ground and pray to the gods for their blessings.

However, everything in Old Holdman's house had been recovered a few days later. Doron then realised that his life hadn't changed in the slightest, the same as the rest of the thugs.

However, Doron was simply unable to comprehend it. That mountain of barley and grain, the gold and silver cutlery, that stack of gemstones... Where had they all gone?

He suddenly diverted all of his anger into a pawn shop in the

town, but he didn't dare to take action. After all, the pawn shops were owned by a powerful lord.

Speaking of that lord, Doron remembered that villa that had been razed to the ground. Everything that Old Hoffman had owned now belonged to the him. Somehow, such a normal thing now angered him to no end.

“Those noble lords... They would rather watch the people die of hunger and sickness, and are not willing to even give a bronze coin away...” Normally, he would not harbour such treacherous thoughts, but it was different now...

# Chapter 1180 - Migration

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Doron raised his head, looking at the murky dark skies. Crows were circling above his head, an omen of death.

A powerful plague had swept across their town once Old Holdman passed away. Some said it was a curse cast by the resentful wizard just before he died. No matter how much Doron was unwilling to believe it, it was true that the plague had caused many deaths. Even his best friend Mitch had fallen, and he was only saved from the brink of death due to Priest Rockefeller returning.

“Thank you, Lord Ilmater, for allowing Priest Rockefeller to return, and remove this curse from me...” he prayed piously.

If not for the village priest returning, he would’ve had to report to the underworld. He believed this had to be decreed by the Lord! If not for him, why would Priest Rockefeller to return to them and cleanse them of the plague for free?

However, he was extremely regretful that he had to leave this place of birth, his home.

“Listen, in the name of the churches... Everybody of Blackwood Village has to move to the county town and wait for further commands...” A knight ordered.

Doron looked around his cart. There were a few scattered villagers around, each carrying heavy bags like ants coming

together.

This was the decree of the Lord, and the reason Priest Rockefeller had returned. All of Ilmater's worshippers were to be moved to the county town, an order that made Doron feel like the feudal lord had gone crazy when he first heard it. Were there enough homes there for them to live in?

Rockefeller had promised them that there were. As the plans for migration began, the members of the cities were given priority before the villagers.

"Wuu... My Lord, look at the wheat here first... They've grown so well... Let Old York reap them before leaving..." A farmer was carried out of the fields by a knight. He was holding onto the knight's thighs, begging him to be allowed to stay.

"No means no, do you want to disobey the Lord's order?" The armoured knight kicked the farmer away in annoyance.

Truth be told even the knight found the lord's orders odd. After all, his own manor and lands were located here as well. However, this had been decreed by both the church and the state, and they'd promised to compensate him for his losses. If not for that, he would not have complied.

'I should be given at least twice the lands I have now!' he thought with resolution. He grew louder and more violent with the villagers, scolding or even whipping them if he was unhappy.

“One by one, be inspected by the priest...” The end of the village road was swamped with carts containing the young, the old, and the disabled. Rockefeller had brought a batch of new priests and acolytes along, standing by the road and inspecting the health of every villager with a fever or bloody cough.

Those who had been diagnosed or suspected to have the plague were quarantined, and the people who passed were reportedly handed medicine that was said to repel any plagues.

The fear of the deadly plague was strong enough reason for the villagers to migrate. If some still wanted to stay of their own free will after all these rounds of intervention, the lords and the priests wouldn't bother with them anymore.

“The numbers are here, Father. Over a thousand out of the 4382 villagers have died, and the final number of those willing to migrate is 2900.” An acolyte brought a parchment with a report on it to Rockefeller. He had round glasses on his face that seemed somewhat comical, but his report was given solemnly.

“Almost three thousand worshippers huh? Very well, continue!” Rockefeller nodded his head in appreciation. He looked at the snaking queue, making up his mind, ‘These worshippers of our Lord must definitely be moved to a safe place!’

After the discussion in the Celestial Hall, the gods had all made it a priority for their churches to move their worshippers into their divine kingdoms. Separating the worshippers by god and moving them proved to be an extremely complicated process, troubling even the almighty gods themselves. Such big movements couldn't



ever be completed without several hundred years.

The Magi wouldn't give them such time. Plague after plague struck the prime material plane, ravaging the lands and killing countless lives. Several rounds of discussion later, the gods had just decided to demarcate areas and move everyone within.

Towns like Blackwood Village with only one god were easy to move, which is why they were the first to be moved. Rockefeller had been sent back to the village to perform this task.

"Why, Priest Rockefeller, why... I am devoted to the Lord, but my son and daughter were taken from me... Why?" An old man in ragged clothing appeared at this instant, kneeling before Rockefeller as he cried.

"How dare you!" The priests and acolytes of the church grew furious. Saying such a thing in the open was blasphemy!

"Have faith... The almighty god of suffering wants us to push through this turbulent times..." Rockefeller waved the soldiers away, personally bringing the man to his feet, "Appropriate measures of agony are needed... Our Lord is kind and benevolent, he will forgive this small mistake of yours..."

Rockefeller was a complete priest, and held the highest position here. His word was law.

"Oh... God, I have sinned..." The white-haired old man weeped

even louder than before, causing Doron to feel sorry for him from the side.

That small crooked body reminded him of something he'd tried to forget. He shook his head and managed to push his cart forward. Just then, Rockefeller's voice entered his ears.

"This tribulation is not something that the gods gave mankind. It is instead the beginning of the end."

"The end?" Doron was startled, and he halted unconsciously.

"Plague, war, famine, death... These are things long recorded in the prophecies of the church..." Light glowed from Rockefeller's face, causing him to look even more holy than before.

"The end of the world is fast approaching, and evils of foreign worlds have infiltrated our lands. Only the most pious of worshippers will receive salvation, obtaining eternal life in the divine kingdoms of the gods..."

Rockefeller's proclamation of the end of the world had been prepared by the church after a long period of work. The scenario it described frightened Doron out of his wits.

So the plague that they had experience was not the end, but just the beginning. Under such an influence of the proclamation, coupled with the threat of the plague and death, even the free spirits now obeyed orders and hurried along to the county town.

Rockefeller's proclamation continued, "These evils will infiltrate our earth and plunder everything we have. Life, flesh, and souls... These perpetrators of the end, these reapers of death... They are called Magi!"

After many millennia, the taboo of the Magi finally began to circulate around the World of Gods once more. The Second Dusk was fast approaching!

.....

Black County Castle was only a day and a half of a horse ride from Blackwood Village. It was where Mitch had worked as a servant to Mystra's church, a place Doron had visited once before in his life. When he saw the tall limestone walls, Doron heaved a sigh of relief. He had never expected that this journey would feel this long.

He looked around apprehensively, noticing the tired and weary villagers. Some of them were even injured, and the group looked like refugees from a disaster.

This poorly formed procession of villagers would never cover much in a day of travel. Even Doron himself had tossed away many of his belongings. With the mess of this migration, many bandit groups had tried to rob them along the way. There were too few guards and priests to protect them completely.

A bandit had even charged up to Doron himself once, something

the carpenter never wanted to experience again in his life.

“We can move to the divine kingdom of the Lord now that we’re here, obtaining eternal life?” Doron’s resolution had only lasted this far because of Rockefeller’s constant boasting about the divine kingdom. However, very soon he discovered that he had been thinking too much.

Bang! Bang! Bang! There were large groups of troops around the city walls, all carrying spears that put great pressure on the villagers.

“Listen up! There’s too many people coming over, so there will be a queue. Nobles will have priority, before villagers with an identity. As for the rest, wait outside the walls...” Many knights were shouting orders from horseback as they moved around the group.

There were simply far too many tents outside the city right now, making it seem like a massive refugee camp. Priests could be seen from time to time, casting spells or passing medicine on. Temporary church buildings glowed with a golden light, protecting the area around the city.

The churches protected the people from the plagues. If not for them, with the weak immunity of these refugees and the large numbers of people, the plague would reap all of them and ruin the gods’ plans.

“Alright then... Nobles first...” The carriage of the lord slowly

entered the city, as Doron watched on outside. He didn't know why, but the fires in his heart blazed even stronger.

# Chapter 1181 - Peak

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Doron felt like there was an endless sea of people around him, more than he'd ever seen in his life. Villagers continued to stream in towards the city from the regions nearby, quickly forming a grave problem with law and order.

The food in the city was limited, so the villagers had to find ways to feed themselves. Almost every day there were some corpses being carried out of the refugee camps. In such harsh conditions, Doron waited another two weeks before it was his turn.

“Listen up! Across you is the divine kingdom of the Lord, Ilmater. Listen to the valiant spirits and petitioners when you enter...” A bishop was stood upon a platform, a large gate radiating golden light beside him. The church ordered the refugees into a line, having them make their way to the gates.

‘Behind that gate is endless fertile soil, free from plagues and disaster...’ Doron looked at the people ahead of him and the golden gate, eyes brimming with hope and longing. Finally, it was his turn.

‘New life, here I come...’ His eyes had grown wet. He sighed, preparing to bid farewell to his former life.

Rumble! It was then that a massive earthquake occurred.

“What’s happening?” Doron was knocked to the ground. He looked on blankly as his surroundings turned dark. A winged

serpent with nine heads blotted out the sun as it projected a shadow on the ground.

The entire prime material plane trembled, and the gods seethed in fury. It was at that moment that the connection between the Celestial Planes and the prime material plane was cut off.

Looking at the golden gate shatter, Doron cried out in utter despair, “NOOOOOO!”

.....

Some time ago, within Leylin’s divine kingdom in the Nine Hells.

Shar slowly walked into Leylin’s church, looking at the clone seated on his throne, “I’m done with the construction of the Shadow Weave. The wizards can only download rank 9 spells and below right now, but that should be enough...”

The impish girl handed over a ball of purple essence to Kukulkan. Even now, the fact that a mere clone wasn’t weaker than her let her understand clearly just how freakishly strong Leylin was.

“The core of the Shadow Weave?” The clone took the orb with a half-smile on its face, staring at the former goddess.

Leylin had originally thought Shar would have some problems with a war against the gods, but it seemed like she didn’t care much about that. Put another way, her one desire was conquest,

and she was especially happy to receive the inheritance of her dead rival.

“You’ve done well...” Blue light flashed in the A.I. Chip clone’s eyes, and the core was scanned in one glance. Then, under Shar’s surprised expression, he tossed the core back to her.

“Finish rebuilding it, and have the Shadow Weave replace the original. You have more experience in this than me...” The clone smiled gently at Shar, “I’ll leave the matter of recruiting the wizards to you as well.”

“....” Shar cast a complicated gaze at Leylin.

He’d asked her to build the Shadow Weave once more and recruit wizards to their side! A few moments of thinking easily told her how much she could gain from such a thing.

Even if the Shadow Weave didn’t grow to be as strong as the Weave that was shared amongst the gods, and the wizards would face a great loss, those who were left were still enough to support an intermediate god. Leylin had granted her such a thing so easily!

Shar remained silent for a while, finally asking, “You broke through?”

“The path of original sin does not confound me at all...” Leylin replied in a profound manner.



“Go... Take the remaining wizards under your wing... Careful with those who have too much faith. We don’t want you becoming a god again...” Leylin warned.

Shar nodded and walked out expressionlessly, only leaving behind a divine clone that looked at the phantom in the sky. Given her abilities, it was easy for her to inherit Mystra’s position and build a coalition of wizards. After all, she’d been a Goddess of Magic herself in the past, and she understood the World of Gods like the back of her hand. She’d be able to complete this task quite smoothly.

Furthermore, even if the wizards were useless for now their knowledge and wisdom remained intact. With experience in spellcasting, they also had a tremendous trove of knowledge. Being in dire straits, as long as Shar tossed a few bones down the alley they would pounce over like hungry mongrels.

These wizards still had their strengths, and once they had recovered their spell slots, they would regain their standing in the prime material plane. With Leylin’s body advancing to the peak of rank 8, equivalent to greater gods, he needed to make preparations for war.

.....

A loud hiss resounded within the depths of Baator, all negative emotions being consumed without end by the Nightmare Hydra. The power of emotions became a black mist that shrouded the space nearby.

The power of emotions condensed to a liquid form in the centre of the mist, encasing a black mountain made of crystal. Leylin's eyes opened up from within, his aura now more profound and unfathomable.

“The path of original sin represents all the evil in the world. Gluttony, Greed, Wrath, Pride, Lust, Sloth and Envy... As long as intelligent life is present in the astral plane, these sins will never cease... The seven deadly sins will provoke massacre, resulting in death... This cycle shares its life with the very astral plane itself...”

Leylin felt something profound at that moment, the path of original sin appearing behind him with an explosion. It seemed to embody all the evil in the world, reaching a perfect form.

The Nightmare Hydra hissed once more, as amber light flew out of its jaws. The essence of Asmodeus was sealed within in the form of a bug, containing the root of all evil.

“The core of the seven sins, the last item of evil I need to fuse into my path of original sin... The Supreme of the Nine Hells, Asmodeus!” The path of original sin surged forward, devouring Asmodeus whole.

“NO!” Asmodeus let out one last roar as he was being devoured, but that was futile. The power of original sin completely dissolved and decomposed him, ridding him of impurities as a dark glow of light representing the essence of evil blended into Leylin's path.

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[Beep!]

The path of original sin was now complete and flawless. Leylin's true soul rejoiced, merging completely with his path.

"Now... Nightmare force, fuse!" The more powerful version of dreamforce shifted easily under Leylin's control, flooding into the river of original sin. It refined his main body, making him capable of resisting the attacks of origin force itself. The path of original sin was like the path of the very world!

"From this moment forth, I am Original Sin. As long as the power of the seven sins remains, I shall never perish!" A ringing filled the universe as the perfected path of original sin transformed into a giant Leylin with a tattoo of the Nightmare Hydra on its back. All of Leylin's laws came alive, his body filling up with their strength and causing many worlds to tremble.

[Beep! Host has perfected the path of original sin, advancing to peak rank 8...]

[Beep! Host's soul has undergone a transformation, system upgrade in progress...]

The A.I. Chip that was akin to Leylin's soul gave him some alerts

before going silent. Leylin couldn't feel how much time had passed before it booted up once more, perhaps it was a day or perhaps it was several years.

[Beep! System upgrade complete. Law database completed, beginning research on laws of spacetime...]

Host has advanced to peak rank 8. Stats have changed, recalculating...]

Leylin's stats were refreshed in an instant.

[Name: Leylin Farlier, Rank 8 Warlock (Limit).

Bloodline: Nine-Headed Nightmare Hydra (Complete)

Strength: 90. Agility: 100. Vitality: 130. Spiritual force: 200.

Soul Status: Soul of Original Sin (Peak).

Laws: Devouring (100%), Massacre (100%), Death (100%), Greed (100%), Wrath (100%), Pride (100%), Lust (100%), Sloth (100%), Envy (100%)

Path: Original Sin (Perfect)

Innate Talent: World Devouring.

Abilities: Dreamscape Vision, Origin Force Detection, Illusion Proficiency, Warp Reality, Epic Massacre, Death's Decree.]

Leylin took a quick glance at his stats. He was overweeningly powerful now, far surpassing even greater gods, but he was more concerned with the other information that was displayed. 'Almost everything says I'm at the peak... Does that mean I've walked to the end of my path as a Magus?'

# Chapter 1182 - Devouring

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The path of Magi was a path of truth, each and every step wrought with peril. Many, many worlds of all sizes and powers existed in the astral plane, but few could climb to the peak. A peak rank 8 had reached the limit of all aspects, leaving no more room to grow.

The only way to advance further was to use their own bodies to nurture the power of spacetime, successfully advancing to become rank 9 Grand Magi. Fail and one would be wiped from the sands of time completely, without even a chance to resurrect.

“My path shall not stop at the peak of rank 8. I WILL become a rank 9 Magus, an immortal being that transcends all existence!” Leylin’s giant figure shrunk back down to the size of a normal human being. The dark mist turned into a regal robe that draped itself around him.

“The Lord of Original Sin!” Everyone congratulated Leylin upon his return. His advancement caused waves of energy to ripple throughout the astral plane, his proclamation as the Lord of Original Sin being heard by every being of laws. There was no pretense in the congratulations of Mother Core and the rest, only containing respect for truth and improvement.

“You’ve waited long enough,” Leylin said with an apologetic face, seeing the suppressed killing intent in the Lords of Calamity, “But now, we may rejoice. The real battle is about to begin!”

Leylin had promised Mother Core that he would participate in the Final War once he advanced to the peak of rank 8. Now was the time to fulfill that promise!

Boom! The perfect power of original sin spread out from Leylin's arms, turning into a crimson-veined darkness.

The Lords of Calamity avoided his gaze with fervour. Seeing Leylin seemed to remind them of their worst nightmares. The same went even for Mother Core, her large eye shifting away as she didn't dare to make eye contact.

"Innate spell— Nine-Headed Nightmare Hydra Transformation!" Leylin's body was wrapped up by the power of original sin, expanding as it morphed into the physical form of the Nightmare Hydra. As the primogenitor of the entire bloodline, each piece of his flesh was incomparably real.

Hiss! The Nightmare hydra spread apart its nine pairs of wings, blotting out the entire world as it vanished from the divine kingdom. The black mist whizzed through the air, roaming freely around the lower planes as he reached the Barrens of Doom and Despair.

Leylin followed the oozing river, flying across the Fugue Plane before the gods could even react. He'd reached the end of the Barrens of Doom and Despair in an instant, arriving at a large door located at the Peaks of Flame.

The Nightmare Hydra roared as its nine serpent heads spat out

the powers of laws, immediately blasting the large gate into bits. It continued moving all the while, not even stopping at the entrance.

.....

The gods entered a frenzy the moment the Nightmare Hydra crossed the gates. It was like a calamity had befallen them.

“It’s the nightmare of the gods! The Night Serpent is here!” Many avatars arrived at the Celestial Hall, their eyes filled with worry.

“The final prophecy of the Goddess of Prophecy before her fall, the Serpent of the End... Are we at the end times?” Oghma clutched his beard in vexation.

“Forget why he knows about the secret in the Barrens of Doom and Despair, do we have the time to get there?” The Morninglord was someone who believed in action.

“No... That area is the end of all things. Teleporting there is impossible even for deities, and it’s the same for the oozing river and the Fugue Plane...” another greater god answered.

“Then why could he traverse those lands so quickly?” Lathander frowned, and Tyr did as well.

“Because his speed already surpasses all of us. He represents the end of everything, containing the same essence as the Barrens of Doom and Despair. He won’t be suppressed by the oozing river and



the Fugue Plane...” Oghma collapsed to the ground in despair. “We can only hope that the final guardian will emerge victorious...”

All the gods cast their gazes behind the door, despair and more complicated emotions filling their faces.

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Boom! Past the door was a land of unimaginable heat and blazing fires. A boundless ball of fire floated in front of Leylin, radiating large amounts of heat.

“The sun...” The Nightmare Hydra roared in indignation, activating the power of Prideguard. The heat that could melt all metals didn’t affect Leylin one bit.

“Let’s follow the prophecies of the gods then, and end the world!” The Nightmare Hydra roared and moved forward.

“Wait, Magus!” Just as Leylin was about to take action, another massive figure walked through the door and stopped him in his tracks.

This was evidently a god, yet he took on the figure of a beast like a gigantic monster. The golden light radiating from his body was at the peak of power, and he gave off an ancient, archaic aura.

“The Father of Dinosaurs, Creator of Chult, Ubtao! You’ve been missing for millennia from the Church of Nature... So this is where

you were all this while...” Leylin’s voice sounded from the hydra’s central head.

“To stop the Serpent of the End and protect the world is my calling!” Even if this monstrous god looked extremely malevolent, he actually radiated the power of justice and hope.

“Guarding the sun and protecting the world may be righteous to you, I admit. But... Defeating the entire World of Gods and winning the war for the Magi is true righteousness for me...” Leylin had nothing much to say to someone who stood on the enemy side.

HISS! ROAR! Two massive figures collided in the void, the aftermath of their collision so strong even the sun had to avoid the energy.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Space was destroyed in their fight, disintegrating into the tiniest of pieces as multiple worlds rumbled and roared. They hadn’t felt such destructive force since the dusk of the gods.

“You are indeed a powerful god of ancient times, but your time is over. You can’t compare to me in any aspect, Ubtao...” The Nightmare Hydra roared, and under Leylin’s powers of original sin Ubtao’s body was riddled with holes. The peak of a path’s power, replenished continuously from the beings of the entire astral plane, let Leylin exceed the peak of rank 8 in power. Even Distorted Shadow in his prime would have to give way to him!

“Protecting the world is the mission the overgod gave me.” The powerful beast roared out, a raging aura forming at its jaws.

“Stubborn...” The Nightmare Hydra opened its jaws, chomping down hard on Ubtao. A crimson light appeared from the vertical pupil, entering Ubtao’s head.

“Ubtao!” The fortified defences of Ubtao’s soul were corroded away just like that, and Leylin appeared in front of him with Seven Sins in hand.

Leylin roared out, swinging a large battle axe down on Ubtao’s truesoul. A forthright middle-aged man parried the attack, using a dinosaur claw that looked like a crossblade.

“Wrath!” Leylin shouted just one word in the moment of the collision. The head of wrath appeared behind him, causing Ubtao to lose his concentration. Although his soul could not be corrupted by Leylin, a momentary lapse of awareness was a fatal mistake in such a high-level fight.

Boom! Seven Sins broke the dinosaur claw apart, continuing downwards as it pierced into Ubtao’s skull. It carried the powers of Death and Massacre, destroying everything.

Boom! Boom! Ubtao’s truesoul was destroyed, followed by his body constructed with divine force. An ancient god fell just like that, causing multiple worlds to weep.

“No one, no thing can stop me!” The Nightmare Hydra howled out, heading above the sun.

The sun of the World of Gods was quite different from the other stars of the astral plane. It was extremely large and hot, almost as big as a world! It was projected into multiple different planes, providing a continuous stream of energy to the Celestial Planes and the prime material plane.

It was at this moment that a dark shadow appeared above it.

“Innate spell— World Devouring!” The Nightmare Hydra body grew incomparably large, and its nine heads formed into one huge maw, hissing as a terrifying stormy black hole appeared at the Devouring Serpent’s head. Heat could not escape, nor could small particles, not even light could escape this!

The black hole grew larger and larger, growing into the maw of a beast that swallowed the entire sun whole!

Boom! Beings of multiple worlds saw a horrifying scene— A winged serpent which covered the skies had gulped the sun down!

# Chapter 1183 - Lightkiller Bugs

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The sun of the World of Gods represented the law of light, being the source of energy for most secondary planes. The prime material plane, the various outer planes, even the divine kingdoms of the gods had grown accustomed to harnessing its energy, making it a natural condition for many things to grow.

Such things were normally taken for granted. Only when it was lost would one experience true horror! Multiple worlds entered darkness when Leylin devoured the sun, causing many beings to weep and wail. They all prayed to the gods, but to no avail.

Lathander's face grew ashen in the Celestial Hall. He was the Morninglord, someone closely connected to the sun's glory. With the sun devoured, he suffered heavy injuries.

Crash! His pedestal shattered immediately as he fell down the ranks. He'd become a lesser god in an instant, about to fall if not for several other greater gods helping him.

"Argh... My sun! Dendar!" He roared in rage once his divine force stabilised, his expression contorting.

However, several evil gods looked at him in a different manner. The Morninglord was someone at odds with evil, and he offended them regularly. If not for the Magus infiltration uniting them all, they would definitely have attacked and killed him right away.

Boom! Multiple explosions sounded out in the Celestial Hall, as

all the gods of the sun and light fell from grace. Lathander was actually lucky, several intermediate and lesser gods had just died immediately! It was like when the moon exploded, their fates extremely pitiable.

The gods in the Celestial Hall blanked out, unable to recover from the shock.

“Not good!” Oghma exclaimed, “Our plans to migrate our worshippers to our divine kingdoms... Even if we can create light and heat inside our divine kingdoms, we won’t be able to fulfill the requirements... Our gates were built on the sun’s energy, they’ll need to be rebuilt!”

Divine kingdoms were supported by faith, but they also used several other energy sources as well. The sun was chief amongst them. Gods were extremely stingy beings, so they’d rather use convenient things like the sun and the Weave to reduce their consumption of divine force when they constructed their divine kingdoms.

With the ability to warp reality, gods could indeed create small suns in their divine kingdoms. However, this would consume divine force, a precious resource that came from the faith of their worshippers!

The prime material plane was wrought with disaster, and the Weave had been destroyed. The gods would have to struggle if they couldn’t expend their resources at times like these, but Oghma had discovered that they were at a deadlock. They needed worshippers to win this war, but now they needed the power of faith to move

their worshippers into their divine kingdoms... They didn't have the resources right now to do so, which meant their worshippers would dwindle as the prime material plane was wracked by disaster.

This vicious cycle was the root of Leylin's strategy, striking at the foundation of the gods and shattering it. His own divine kingdom was in Baator, and in the worst case he could just turn all his worshippers into devils. The worst that could happen was the loss of a puppet controlled by the A.I. Chip. On the other hand, the gods would have to give their very lives up!

.....

Doron sat paralysed on the ground within the prime material plane, unable to bother about the belongings that meant the world to him. He was staring up at the sky, his mouth wide open.

What had he just seen? Nine heads had suddenly appeared in the sky, merging into one and swallowing the sun! And then?

Darkness! Darkness enveloped the world, causing him to strain his eyes to see anything at all. He almost felt like he was dreaming.

The camp had descended into chaos. Wailing and weeping resounded throughout the city, the end of the world that the priests had warned them off had actually arrived! The innate fear that caused was enough for a person to suffer a mental breakdown!

“Don’t panic, be still!” Holy light radiated from the priests’ hands, barely illuminating their surroundings. Doron saw only fear on the faces of the others, some of them scared silly. The sun being swallowed was like the skies collapsing!

“Check the teleportation gate!” the bishop ordered.

The priests went up quickly, but after several failed attempts they reported back helplessly, “Not good... The door to the divine kingdom has been destroyed. The Lord’s divine kingdom has shifted as well, so we’ll need to relocate.”

“Then what are you waiting for?!” The bishop frowned, but very soon his expression changed again.

“The Lord has sent a decree! Stop all plans to shift the worshippers...” Fear shrouded the bishop’s face as he spoke of the holy decree word by word.

“What?” The priests were shaken. All along they’d believed that the Lord’s divine kingdom would save them even if the prime material plane lost the sun and headed for doom. However, the plans had been halted. It was like they’d been kicked off the ark that was supposed to shelter them from the apocalypse!

The news wasn’t kept secret, spreading very quickly. The refugees quickly began to howl and clamour, with even the paladins and knights unable to maintain order anymore. They themselves could no longer determine their own future and fate! There were even some who joined the ranks of the refugees in their



outburst.

“Everyone, quiet! We...” The bishop saw things go south, but it was already too late to fix the situation. The clamour grew louder and louder, eventually becoming a violent mob. Doron was caught up as well.

A wave of rioters surged forth, stomping, kicking, and cursing incessantly. Many were trampled to death under the stampede, grabbing the priests and knights in despair as they used any and every weapon available to them to vent their resentment and despair. Some officials were even torn to shreds.

The mob finally lit a large fire, tossing everyone who couldn't escape inside it. The priests and knights were gobbled up by the fire as the rioters watched their struggles in happiness.

Buzz! Doron was at the outer perimeter of the rioters, still managing to maintain his rationality. It was at this moment that his ears picked up a large buzzing noise.

“Strange, what's that?” He raised his head, seeing a giant green bee in front of him. It opened its mouth, letting more bugs fall down.

“Argh!” The rioter closest to the fire had his face pierced by the vile bugs, each the size of a human head. Their sharp stings immediately pierced through his skin, causing him to leak blood profusely as he screamed in agony.

The wailing suddenly stopped. The bug had already pierced through his brain.

“Argh... Monster! MONSTER!” Screams resounded as everyone beat a retreat, clearing up the area quickly. Adventurers and soldiers moved forward, attacking the bodies of these bugs with sharp swords.

A corrosive green substance fell to the ground as the bugs died, but the few kills had no impact whatsoever. The bugs began to blot out the skies, with hundreds of thousands, even millions of them descending upon the prime material plane. Several Professionals were killed in a short time.

The buzzing continued to grow louder, coupling with the screams to form a sort of living hell.

“It’s fire! They were attracted by the fire!” Doron’s outstanding observational abilities led him to discover that there were more bugs gathered around the fire. He screamed out his discovery, dropping the torch in his hands as he ran into the darkness.

.....

“Your Excellency Leylin, what do you think of this batch of Lightkiller Bugs?” A giant colony of hives had been erected within the marshlands of the prime material plane, giant green bugs swarming out from the hives.

Leylin was alongside Mother Core, looking at these bugs that blotted out the sky, destroying everything in their paths.

“This is a lower bound of the colony’s strength. Once enough flesh and souls are harvested, it will evolve to produce stronger and stronger units comparable to Morning Stars and even Breaking Dawns... The strongest broodmothers could even become beings of law!” Mother Core seemed to be flaunting to Leylin.

“There’s already forty different hives here. Our final target is to have them kill all the humans in the prime material plane...” she said indifferently. Even billions of lives were of no concern to an existence on her level.

“I really do have to thank you for your help.” Mother Core was thankful for Leylin devouring the sun. Her innate speed couldn’t let her enter the Barrens of Doom and Despair as fast or as easily as Leylin could from the Fugue Plane, so she’d only been able to watch on as Leylin completed the task.

“With you devouring the sun, our preparations are now complete...” Mother Core’s massive figure appeared, and a killing intent emanated from her body. “In this Final War, we must destroy the glory of the gods!”

# Chapter 1184 - Darkness

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Darkness! Many worlds had been thrust into a sudden darkness.

The sun in the World of Gods was the core of many planes, and it was undoubtedly essential to the growth of many beings. Days after Leylin devoured it temperatures had plummeted down to 0 degrees in the various planes. The frigid cold seeped through the worlds, affecting the prime material plane greatest of all.

Without the radiance of the sun, life had entered a standstill. The gods lost a powerful source of energy, and were rendered unable to bring more worshippers into their divine kingdom. The survivors of the prime material plane would come to call this period the Dark Ages, a time ruled by death and solitude, famine and plague, a generation where all hope was lost.

Three days after the sun was devoured the prime material plane had turned into an icy hell. Large areas of growth withered within the month, dying without sunlight to nurture them. All food supplies were depleted by the year, as famine struck the world.

However, even the weakest and smallest of lives were astonishingly resilient. The creatures of the prime material plane were like cockroaches in the darkness, eking out an existence even as civilisation was replaced by savagery. Even the beloved humans turned into barbarians.

Year 5 of the Dark Ages, where Faulen Island had been located in the past.

A portal opened up from Baator, and Leylin's figure stepped out. Although this was just a clone, the might of a being of law was still enough to shake the lands.

"It's already become like this?" His mind scanned his family's lands in but a moment. The pearl of the south was now filled with death, the grey limestone walls dusty and about to break. Skeletons littered the ground, with absolutely no traces of human life in the vicinity. Even other creatures were few and far between.

Chirp! Several black figures scrambled out of a pile of bones, blinking their large green eyes. Their pupils were like two jade flames in the darkness as they looked around and hurriedly left the area.

"Rats?" Leylin expressed kindness and gentility to such weak creatures that would never be able to harm him. If not, a tiny bit of his Magus radiation would kill all life here.

"Adaptation to the environment is necessary, huh?" Leylin recorded the figures of those rats in his A.I. Chip. They were ten times as large as they were before the Dark Ages, the fur changing colour from black to more grey as it grew thicker to keep them warm.

"The mutation is too fast... just a few years. Is this happening under the influence of the laws in the world? The Overgod is still unwilling to see the prime material plane perish just like that..." Leylin sighed.

Evolution normally required tens or even hundreds of thousands of years, determined by the natural environment of the creature. However, even though it was sleeping, the World Will could bring about such changes much faster, giving the inhabitants of the world a chance to adapt to their surroundings. As the rats scurried away, the change was now more evident than before.

“So the animals had their genetics adjusted to the environment... But the humans seem to be a little bit slower...” The island told Leylin enough to extrapolate to the current situation of the world. “The gods are paying more attention, it seems like they still want to migrate their worshippers...”

Leylin’s motive of devouring the sun wasn’t just to destroy the prime material plane. The World of Gods had a unique system of laws to it, in which the sun had played an extremely important part. Its loss was like a building losing its foundation, causing many mysterious changes like the shift of spacetime coordinates.

This affected the divine kingdoms as well. The gods fumbled to find the new coordinates of their divine kingdoms, unable to attend to the changes in the prime material plane. It had taken them years to regain their bearing, stabilising their own camps in the prime material plane before beginning to launch a counterattack.

Leylin’s clone came to the prime material plane under such circumstances, exploring the changes caused by the Dark Ages and the influence of the gods on the land.

“Desolate... Incomparably desolate...” The clone retracted all the radiance of its aura, looking just like a regular wizard as he made his way towards the continent.

Even the depths of the ocean had few creatures now. Even as the perpetrator, Leylin released a sigh as he saw these circumstances. Of course, there was a limit to his sympathy, it wasn't like he'd make a different decision if the events played out the same way. The only good gods to the Magi were those who'd fallen, so they would take all measures to weaken their opponents.

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The disorderly survivors in the mainland were unaware of the events in the southern seas, and even if they did they wouldn't care one bit. Right now, they'd already grown completely numb to everything.

Surviving and fighting were their only concerns, civilisation forgotten as savagery took its place. The glory of the prime material plane was gone in a mere few years, only leaving behind zombies in its wake.

“I'm going out!” Doron gripped the jacket and leather armour on his body. The dirty leather gave off a putrid stench, filled with traces of blood. However, despite the number of patches on it, he hugged his buffed jacket tightly, giving him a bit of warmth in the frigid cold.

“Come back safely!” a voice sounded from the short room behind

him, a pair of beautiful eyes in the doorway. The eyes seemed to fill his body with vigour and strength, making him forget all regrets as he left the hut and strode forward.

The icy winds whistled, the walls of the city encased in a layer of ice that caused Doron's memories to switch to his warm hut. However, the hunger he felt right now reminded him of something; it wasn't just himself, the lady waiting for him back home would die of hunger if he couldn't find anything.

"Damn it!" Doron cursed, clenching the only valuable item he owned, a gleaming sword, and walking forward.

He'd been living this life ever since the Dark Ages, thinking many times that this was only a nightmare. However, this nightmare was so long it caused him to weep.

He'd only found the secret of the bugs by chance back in that camp, being able to escape because he was at the edge of the mob. He'd conveniently helped himself to a dead paladin's sword then, the same sword that was now his treasure.

However, all of his luck had been used up in his escape. There was still plenty of food. Even if crops couldn't be grown anymore, they already had abundant harvests. He'd roamed through an empty village, using its resources to feed himself for over a month.

However, those days did not last. Food ran out, plague spread once more, and the bugs stole the lives of the people. He tried to join several mercenary groups, but he couldn't last for more than a



month. Either the plague or the hunger took them every time, leaving him alone behind. The bugs had gotten smarter as well, attacking the humans in groups.

What terrified him was that those green Lightkiller Bugs were the lowest life forms of the beasts. Their strength had grown continuously over the years, and Doron had met one the height of a two-storey building already. It seemed like a massive red bug that crunched a paladin in one of his parties into two pieces. Several close shaves with death later, Doron had settled himself in this area.

He looked around once more in caution. This place was a normal gathering point, seeming like an extremely large refugee camp, but there were specialities to it. The walls were extremely thick, and windows were small or nonexistent. Spears were laid around the circumference, making it look like a small fortress.

After the survivors had escaped from the first onslaught of the bugs, they had depended on these defences. Some of the huts even had bloodstains of the bugs on their roofs.

A distant warhorn sounded at this moment, and more warriors walked out of their rooms and converged into a large army. The atmosphere grew stifling, and all that could be heard was the cries of the women.

# Chapter 1185 - Survival

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Doron surveyed his surroundings.

There were many hardened soldiers here, determination written on their faces. These armoured troops merged into a main group as they walked along the streets, forming a powerful black current.

The soldiers varied in age, from those just in their teens to old white-haired men. There were even some muscular women amongst their ranks. Although this made them look extremely disorderly, that was suppressed by their unique auras. The struggle of the Dark Ages had awakened the cold nature in them that allowed them to survive countless life and death situations.

They shared spaces with the bugs and the beasts to eke out a living, struggling no matter where they were. The people from before these times would not be able to comprehend their thought process. Even a former carpenter like Doron was confident he could kill one of the town guards of his old village head on now.

‘I have to return, I have to. For Lina!’ Doron made up his resolve as he opened a large metal gate. Thinking of the figure waiting for him at home, he felt rejuvenated as he moved out.

Although he didn’t know why he’d been soft enough to save her back then, Doron had found a partner who could understand him and whom he depended on as well. Their relationship was what lasted him through countless encounters that would have killed him, even doctors saying he was a man who’d climbed out of his

grave.

‘I don’t know whether I’ll live to tomorrow, but the next time... I’m asking for her hand...’ he rubbed his chest, exhaling a cold breath.

“Doron!” A powerful yet skinny black hand clapped on Doron’s shoulder, the impact almost causing him to fall to the ground. Doron turned around, elation in his expression.

“Big Brother Jimmy!” The person who’d patted him was a tall lanky youth. He had a cow-horn helmet, carrying a large battle axe by his side. Even if the blade was chipped, the sheer weight of this hundred pound weapon would cause others to flinch.

There were several other warriors beside him, forming a small party. Jimmy seemed to be held in high regard amongst them.

“Haha, kiddo. I knew the Lightkiller Bug acid wouldn’t kill you...” Jimmy seemed extremely excited as handed a leather pouch to Doron, “Come, have a drink!”

“Ooh...” Doron salivated, taking a careful sip after he heard several gulps around him. A powerful sour and spicy taste ran down his throat to his stomach, causing him to feel much warmer than before.

“Strong wine!” the warriors around him said in envy. Any strong wines went for sky-high prices in these times. A wine pouch was

akin to a second life in the frigid wilderness.

Many members of the party looked at Doron strangely, but eventually turned away after he handed the pouch back to Jimmy.

Who were they kidding? The Skullcrusher's name resounded throughout the region. Even if Jimmy looked like a pole, the battle axe in his hands had already smashed in the heads of several people larger than him.

Sometimes, survivors were more dangerous than the bugs. Just for a small bag of wheat, clean water, or even a piece of jerky, two people would fight to the death. Doron himself had encountered this scenario many times.

However, because of this, he had a good impression on Jimmy's generosity. Being able to retain some of his principles and kindness at times like this was really rare.

Even if Jimmy had wished to make use of him, there was nothing wrong with it. After all, such charisma and sincerity was rare even amongst leaders. If Jimmy wanted to use him, that meant that he had a certain value, did it not?

Doron clenched onto the fine metal sword in his hands.

"Haha... How is it? Are you still joining us for the mission this time?" Jimmy rubbed his bald head, his blue eyes shimmering with sincerity.

“No... I need supplies to tide through the cold this time. I also need to get medicine or healing scrolls, Lina’s caught a cold recently and I’m rather worried...”

Doron’s face turned red. Even Jimmy’s party would have to sacrifice lives to get everything he needed.

“If it’s like that...” Jimmy rubbed his chin.

“So I’ll be going solo this time...” Doron said after some hesitation.

Jimmy grabbed his shoulders and guffawed, “I never thought that our little Doron would turn into a big man... Hahah... Very well! You can take an additional set from my spoils!”

“Th...Thank you, Big Brother Jimmy!” Doron was extremely moved, and tears almost streamed down both his cheeks.

“Don’t be this wishy washy like a woman. Hurry and follow!” Jimmy hoisted his battle axe and walked out of the fortress doors.

This fortress had tall towers in the outermost areas, the central regions being fortified as well. Even if the outer portions were breached they could fall back and tighten the perimeter. The leader was at the centre, alongside the army and the Professionals. Classism had persisted into the dark ages.

Someone like Doron could only squeeze his family into the outermost unprotected regions. They were in the most danger from the beast horde, surviving the greatest casualties. This was why their homes were built like small forts.

Doron's greatest wish other than marrying Lina was to bring her to the core of the fort. Rumour had it that there were powerful spellcasters guarding the area, making it the safest place in the mainland. Each and every family had the provision of red wine and bread. Even before the Dark Ages, this was something that Doron had yearned for.

‘However... The wizards, haven't they already lost their abilities to cast magic?’ After all, he was still marred with guilt about the events in Old Holdman's villa.

Still, the fortress relied on magic to repel the bugs and survive, so there was no need to question its existence. Doron looked towards the outermost fortress walls.

A sturdy granite tower was present there, with traces of blood and internal fluids of the bugs. Each platform had a small black cannon perched atop it.

Bright runes glowed inside the cannon shafts, reassuring the people who saw them. This wasn't the first time Doron was looking at these cannons that reaped lives in every bug attack. Even powerful red worms abhorred them.

Rumble! A powerful mechanism was unlocked, drawing down

the bridge as a large troop of cavalry wearing exquisite armour trotted out in rank and file, causing many mercenaries to look on in envy.

This was a regiment of Professionals, possessing astounding battle might. Once someone was drafted into the army, even if they weren't sent to the core they'd be sent to relatively safe areas and given a steady supply of food.

This was a lifelong dream to many commoners. The strongest adventuring parties paled in comparison to the soldiers, making them look like a counterfeit product. Few people, like Jimmy, didn't feel inferior to the troops, instead competing with them on the same level.

‘One bug is worth one contribution point. I already have 90, so I only need ten more to enter the inner areas and become a member of the army...’ Doron blazed with desire. After all, this meant that he was one step closer to his dreams!

‘Big Brother Jimmy had already amassed the necessary contribution points, but because he had several brothers staying outside, he has remained there too..’ Doron was extremely impressed with Jimmy.

Thud! Thud! The army entered formation at this moment, causing a solemn atmosphere that silenced the adventurers.

Whoosh! The cold wind blew, causing the Silverymoon flag held by one of the knights to flap in the wind, radiating a strange glow.

Jimmy blinked his eyes, and saw several black spots in the skies. Without knowing why, even with the absence of the sun, his eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness. At the very least, with the help of the stars in the skies— what was said to be the light of the gods’ divine kingdoms— he could already see clearly in a fifty metres radius.

Those several black dots grew larger, and when they closed in, the onlookers exclaimed in surprise. It had been the figures of several wizards flying in the air.

“My people...” A female wizard wearing silver white armour spoke. Her appearance was obscure, yet her voice carried the vicissitudes of time, drawing the alarmed voices and gasps of the people.

“It’s the city lord!” “Silverymoon Queen! Woo! Woo!”

Doron bowed just like the rest of the people in the surroundings. No matter what, being able to seek protection under her when the world had ended was enough for him to express his gratitude and thanks.

It’s just that the queen standing in mid-air didn’t have much joy on her face, seeming to have aged greatly.



# Chapter 1186 - Spells

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The former queen of Silverymoon had become the lord protecting the human fortresses of the north. The last hope of the human race looked down on the army beneath her, a bitter smile hidden beneath her glory.

Being Mystra's blood daughter, Alustriel had once felt like the sky was going to fall when Mystra died. Even though she was a powerful legendary wizard with a trace of divinity in her blood, she knew full well that leading the humans of the north without her mother's support would be extremely difficult. The Orc Empire was looming right over their heads...

On top of that, the Silverymoon Alliance was a union of magic, led mainly by wizards. The loss of the Weave absolutely shattered their unity.

Fortunately, the orcs had come to an agreement with them due to the invasion of the Magi. They didn't send troops to wipe the alliance out.

However, the situation had turned worse after a few days. The horrifying plagues had swept their lands, and the Dark Ages had come knocking on the door.

Alustriel herself was a lucky soul. Her peak legendary power allowed her to cast spells independently of the Weave, so despite stumbling along the way like a child at first she managed to gain the ability to protect herself. Wizards under rank 20 were like

unborn fetuses, unable to survive being without the Weave, but legendary wizards were at least newborn infants at this moment, able to tide through the destruction of the Weave.

On top of all this, the trace of divinity she'd inherited from the Goddess of the Weave allowed Alustriel a chance to succeed her mother as the Goddess of the Weave. The gods assisted to secure the regime of the Silverymoon Alliance, albeit barely.

Still, she had to abandon a majority of her lands and build this final fortress, holing up against the catastrophic attacks of the insects. If the orcs weren't considered, the survivors in this camp were the last lifeblood of the north.

'Am I doing the right thing?' Alustriel was a queen in an era of peace. Even in such critical moments, she was wracked with indecision.

"I have updates from the south, my Queen!" Old Mage Elminster stepped through a portal at that moment, dressed in a simple flax robe as he stood behind her like a humble follower bowing to her words.

"I've just obtained confirmation that a nest of the bugs popped up about a hundred miles south of us. The Gloomwood has been corroded by marshland..."

Alustriel's heart skipped a beat. This was definitely the worst news for this camp! She'd come to learn that the tide of bugs originated from the massive colonies of hives. The appearance of a

nest in an area spelled its death, an endless wave of insects engulfing the entire land and turning it barren.

“Damn it... We put so much effort into making this place arable... We’ve already cleared the lands... Just one harvest...” She lowered her voice, “It’s too late to move again. It took all we had to build this fortress. Even if we wanted to, the bugs are everywhere now. Where can we go?”

Looking at Alustriel’s mournful smile, Elminster’s heart was filled with bitterness.

“How are the wizards doing?” She seemed to make up her mind about something after a long time.

“Still training. Even the best of them can only use rank 4 spells, and this was someone at rank 20 before the catastrophe, just a step away from becoming legendary...” Elminster heaved a sigh.

They’d had to return to their roots since the collapse of the Weave, using the elemental particles of the world to gather energy from their spiritual force and cast spells. Thankfully wizards had always been performing research on the arcanists, and finding training methods in the field wasn’t a big problem.

They’d set up everything pretty soon given Silverymoon’s accumulated information and their talents. Even the gods couldn’t resist using the arcanist inheritances in this situation. The churches didn’t abolish the prohibition openly because that would tarnish the gods’ dignity, but the research was no secret.

Sadly, the ‘talented’ wizards all turned inferior when it came to the arcanist inheritance. The convenience the Weave had afforded them had caused a drop in their quality. Only with it destroyed did many wizards begin to realise how incapable they were. With their rigid lines of thought, some older wizards didn’t even acknowledge the possibility of changing their path. They were having suicidal thoughts.

In spite of Alustriel’s unconditional support and Silverymoon’s rich supplies, the best they could do right now was still a rank 4 spell. Detached from the Weave, the wizards now realised how hard spells were to control, demanding more ability and finesse. Many died trying to cast the new spells.

“Leave the last batch behind, but get all the rest.” It took a long while for her to make this tough decision, and a teardrop rolled down Alustriel’s cheek. She arrived above the army, waving them to silence.

“These bugs have taken our everything, and now they’re coming for our lives.” Her voice echoed throughout the region, “A vicious colony has popped up close to us, less than a hundred miles away. We’re out of supplies and fortification scrolls, and we won’t be able to built another city...

“Tell me, then. ARE WE GOING TO KEEP SILENT IN THE FACE OF THIS THREAT?”

Doron held tightly onto the weapon in his hands, as if that was

the only way he could get a sense of security.

‘So we’re actually in such dangerous situation?’ A silent thought of fiery anger surfaced in his mind.

“No! I belong to this place, I will never leave!” Jimmy started hitting his shield with his axe.

“NEVER! WE WILL NEVER LEAVE!” A fearsome growl shook the entire fort.

“Great! I shall accompany you all on this crusade, let us fight for our survival!” Alustriel promised.

“”FOR SURVIVAL!”” The army set off in swift fury.

Alustriel kept to her promise, leading the troop from the front on her white horse. Her divinity had allowed her to maintain her power through the collapse of the Weave, so the presence of such a powerful leader definitely lifted the spirits of the army.

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“Our team will be in charge of the patrol today.” The army winded along on its way forward. Unlike a regular troop, Doron’s team was a little disorganised. They weren’t in high spirits regardless of Jimmy’s encouragement.

The city was their last hope. If this hope was broken, even Doron would lose the courage to survive in this chaotic world.

“Come with me, Doron. Let’s go on patrol!” Jimmy waved his axe, unable to withstand the atmosphere.

“Alright.” Doron didn’t like the stifling aura here either, so he quickly stood up when Jimmy called him.

Shrouded in darkness, the continent was full of unknown dangers. Even though many creatures had died out, unable to adapt to the new conditions, those that didn’t had become much more cunning and cruel.

Doron had heard rumours of creatures from the Underdark, driders and horrifying claw monsters that wanted to use the loss of the sun to blast out from their prisons and wantonly invade the mainland. They were backed by their own pantheon, headed by the Spider Queen, Lolth.

Her decision was absolutely correct. The celestial gods had to give way to the Underdark in the Dark Ages for manpower and supplies, letting them migrate from down below to the mainland. The drow were rumoured to have built a city on the surface already.

The rumours said men were the lowest of slaves amongst the drow, alongside other species. They could be sacrificed to the gods at any time. Despite all this, a large number of wandering species were seeking shelter from the drow just to survive.

‘What a pity... Lolth is an evil god, and my Lord...’ Doron’s eyes flashed in struggle, but he soon turned firm. Even though the gods weren’t as glorious as they once were, their decrees remained meaningful enough to influence the entire prime material plane. The battle between good and evil had cast a shadow in Doron’s thoughts...

# Chapter 1187 - Attack

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“Wait a moment, look! What’s that?” Doron was still indulging in his flights of fancy, so Jimmy had to pin him down to a muddy hill. A large amount of disgusting dirt entered his mouth, so rotten it could make one puke for days and lose their appetite for months.

However, Doron couldn’t care less about that. He hadn’t even gotten the time to clear the dirt from his mouth before he saw numerous shadowy figures approaching them at great speed.

The other party moved at great speed, reaching them almost within seconds. It was the Mounted Wolves, the nightmare of the north!

“ORCS! IT’S ORCS!” Jimmy shouted, his face warping as he saw the orcs. Their races had long been at war, killing each other even if they met accidentally.

Whoosh! The wolf rider arrived before them in a split second. Escape was not an option.

“Am I going to die here? Lina...” Extreme shock and fear caused Doron to turn dizzy, feeling like these were his final thoughts.

However, just as the poor souls got ready to sacrifice their lives for the north, the situation moved in an unexpected direction. The Mounted Wolves did indeed surround them, but they were not harmed. The riders instead parted, making way for a werewolf on a humongous mount.



“I am the Golden Ivory Warwolf, leader of the Mounted Wolves. I need to see your leader, right now...” he said stiffly.

Jimmy and Doron looked at each other as they heard this, feeling like they’d gained a fresh lease of life...

High up in the sky, Orc Emperor Saladin was looking into Alustriel’s eyes, “The survival of the orcs has been threatened by the colonies as well. The Lord has ordered us to stand on the same side as you, facing the threat of the Magi.”

“Saladin! Your hands are stained with the blood of the north! Your people are our arch enemies! Even if we’re wiped out by the bugs we won’t—” a wizard beside Alustriel tried to intercept them.

“This is an order by the gods...” Elminster expressed a different opinion, slowly taking a pipe from his mouth.

“My Queen...” the other wizard shouted eagerly, looking at Alustriel’s hesitant face. He seemed to hate the orcs greatly.

“I’ll have no more from you...” Alustriel waved the wizard off, turning to Saladin, “I agree.”

“Great!” Saladin nodded, “I’ve brought the Thunder God’s Hammer, and I’ll also send out the best of the Mounted Wolves and battle orcs. You’ll be grateful that you made this decision today...”

“I only hope you’ll keep to your promises,” Alustriel looked Saladin deep in the eye. “However, we still have been enemies for a long time. I need your army to take a different route, we can meet at the swamp.”

“You did well...” Elminster sighed in gratitude after Saladin left.

“No. I feel like I’ve changed a lot, becoming more cruel, more of a realist...” Alustriel’s reply was indifferent.

“Trust me, my good daughter, this is all part and parcel of our lives...” The Old Mage blew a ring of white smoke.

“So you thought I was a little girl for the past thousands of years? You’re such a pedophile!” Alustriel stared at Elminster, an unnoticeable redness covering her face.

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An agreement was made with the orc armies, and Jimmy and Doron took the chance to return safely to their team.

However, Doron seemed to have his reservations about something. He tried to say something multiple times, but eventually stopped himself. He waited until everyone was asleep, moving close to Jimmy and asking him in an extremely low voice, “Hey captain, are the orcs really here to help us?”

Jimmy turned his body and replied in a blurry voice, “I think so.

Nobody dares to disobey the gods in this world, except those demonic beings of other worlds...”

‘But aren’t we still at war with them?’ He wanted to say vendetta, but Doron didn’t recall any good friends or relatives dying at orc hands. Many had instead been killed by the town guard or in robberies, so it seemed even less applicable.

“Understand this, Doron, politics is complicated... Alright, I’m really tired today, stop irritating me!” Jimmy turned his body again. Doron just looked over the flap of the tent, an extremely complicated emotion in his gaze...

Thud! Thud! The wooden wheels of the carts hit the uneven surface of the ground as they moved along, releasing dull thuds due to their heavy loads. Doron was following Jimmy aimlessly, his beloved sword hung at his waist. The dark circles were obvious under his eyes as he seemed distracted, he obviously hadn’t rested well last night.

The army assembled into the dragon formation, all equipped with weapons and shields. It scared any predators away, making the trip relatively safe.

“Doron! Get back on your feet, do you want Lina to become a widow?” Jimmy patted Doron’s shoulder. Suddenly, the corner of his eye shifted.

“Careful!” Doron had noticed the shadowy figure speeding through the bushes at almost the same time.

A silver ray darted past him before he could act himself, shooting from Jimmy's hand into the bushes. A shriek sounded out.

“Awesome!” “Haha, captain's the best!” “We've got something!”

Everyone gathered around, looking at Doron with green eyes as he pulled a giant rat out of the bush. There was a silver blade stuck in its skull.

“Mmm, such great meat. You're definitely treating us tonight!” Everyone's eyes glowed as they stared at the prey in Doron's hands.

Food was scarce in the Dark Ages, meat a dish only the higher classes could afford. Normal people hardly ever saw some.

“Of course!” Jimmy looked around, agreeing without hesitation, “Everyone is invited to our campsite!”

All the travellers cheer at his generosity, immersing themselves in a pool of joy. Doron looked at them with envy, ‘That's right, I should be more hardworking, at least I've got to bring something back! The leaders will take care of the orcs...’

However, his determination was crushed the very next moment. A huge ball of fire shot out of the sky, aimed at Jimmy's position. A great explosion tore Jimmy's body apart in moments, charring his incomplete corpse.

Having run over to get the prey, Doron had escaped the worst of the damage. Still, despite avoiding death, a large amount of his hair was burnt even at that distance. Looking at that region swarming with victims of the disaster, his eyes glittered coldly.

“The Fireball spell... Wizard attack!” Doron knew from Holdman how powerful wizards were. Realising such powerful spellcasters were his opponents, he didn’t just go up wildly to avenge his captain, instead rolling into the bushes.

He’d made the right decision, as a wave of terrifying spells followed.

Cloudkill! Summon Monster! Ice Awl! Banshee’s Wail! Volley after volley of mid-ranked spells crashed down on the army, with dazzling light. The powerful spells reaped numerous lives.

“It’s an attack from the sky!” Doron’s eyes were wide open as he tried his best to raise his head. He saw huge pairs of wings supporting dark shadows in the air, obviously Flight of The Dragon.

The dark shadows were dressed in traditional wizard robes, but one thing was different— There was a pair of twinkling purple eyes on their dark robes, alongside a holy black emblem surrounded by a purple ring.

“Shadow wizards!” Alustriel and Elminster responded immediately. They had few high-ranked and legendary wizards on

their own end— It was a slap in the face for the Silverymoon Union famed for its magic to lose in that field.

They got ready for the counterattack, but the shadow wizards retreated into a portal.

“This is just the beginning!” their leader warned before stepping into the portal.

The portal disappeared immediately. Alustriel and Elminster, who were both trying to cast Dimensional Anchor, turned a ghastly pale.

“Human wizards, why are they attacking our army?” Doron’s eyes were filled with fury. He couldn’t understand why they were attacking at all.

“Also... What the heck are the shadow wizards?” He thought of this new term he’d heard today. He looked at the scattered army and the burning remains of his friend’s corpse, clenching his fists tightly and swearing in his heart,

‘No matter what, Jimmy, I WILL avenge you!’

# Chapter 1188 - Charge

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“Did you see it?” Alustriel didn’t care at all about the mess her soldiers were in, instead turning and staring at Elminster with the most serious face she’d ever made.

“Yes...” Elminster took out his pipe, but he wasn’t in the mood to enjoy it, “Black robes, purple eyes, and the purple-rimmed black badge... The Goddess of Shadows is back...”

“The Lady of the Night, Shar...” Alustriel grew fearful and troubled at the prospect of having to face the being who once competed with her mother.

“Mm... She’s also built a new Shadow Weave, and although it isn’t spread everywhere and can only support rank 9 spells at the most, it’s still a great attraction to all the wizards below the legendary realm...”

Elminster knew well how rational the wizards were, about their realistic mindset. They were weak in faith from the start, and that had only been amplified by Mystra’s death. The loss of their powers was sad and humiliating, causing many to enter deep despair. Some ignored the teachings of the gods to commit suicide!

And Shar had come to them in their darkest moments, organising the shadow wizards into a group. If they joined, they could regain their powers!

People only treasured what they had once they lost it. Learning

that it would not be easy to gain their power again, those who become shadow wizards grew more devoted and passionate. Their kind could even conduct trades with demons and devils for power, subordination to Shar didn't even need a moment's thought.

Even Elminster would have been shaken by the idea of joining the shadow wizards if not for the fact that he was already at the peak of the legendary realm. Had he lost his powers with the destruction of the Weave as well, he would have made the same choice. Of course, that was if he hadn't offended Shar by his closeness to Mystra.

"These spatial fluctuations... They already have legendary wizards?" Elminster frowned.

"They came to stop us from destroying the colony. They've joined up with the Magi..." As a peak legendary wizard with the blood of a Goddess of Magic, Alustriel had a lot of information channels in this regard, far more than the others at the same level.

"The shadow wizards have joined the Magi... Does that mean Shar defected?" The fact weighed down on the father and daughter far more heavily than anything before it. Magi and gods defecting had never happened since the two races had first made contact. If Shar had joined the Magi, it would cause great pain to everyone in the World of Gods.

"Those who disobey the gods will be punished by the Celestial Hall." No matter how weak his faith was, external factors forced Elminster into becoming an absolute devotee.



“I hope so as well... Anyway, this attack exposed our shortcomings. We need more guards, and an emergency plan...” Alustriel was tired, “Please invite Saladin here, we need to combine our armies immediately, or at the least keep in contact. We can’t afford another attack...”

Alustriel had just ignored the hatred between the humans of the north and the orcs, throwing away her reputation and the trust of her men with this invitation. The appearance of the shadow wizards obviously had great impact on the Silverymoon Alliance.

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Two days later, the combined army of humans and orcs finally arrived at the swamplands. The purple silt here was putrid, streaks of green mist wafting in the air to form endless hallucinations.

The insect colonies caused the complete destruction of their environments, turning the lands into a poisonous swamp that was a haven for the bugs.

“With how fast it’s growing, the broodmother will wake up soon...” Elminster pointed at a scene captured by a spell within a temporary tent, a look of concern on his face, “Once the broodmother matures, the drones and workers will begin invading the surroundings. They will breed much more powerful bugs, or even another broodmother... All information points to one thing; if we can’t stop this right now, our chances of success are nil.”

Alustriel and Saladin were watching from a round table, seated upright alongside human and orc officers. The subordinates were staring at each other in silence, sparks of anger in their eyes.

“That’s certain. If we fail this time, the environment here will be wiped out. Plants, animals, water, food, orcs, humans... We’ll all be killed as the bugs continue to make more and more broodmothers and start new bases...”

Alustriel continued slowly, “If this continues, the entire prime material plane will be gone. I ask you... No, I BEG you... Please let go of past hatred, and focus on the fight for the future!”

“I agree with the queen,” Saladin looked at the orc leaders, “If you disobey, I’ll behead all of you and shove your heads up your asses!”

With the great pressure of the Lightkiller Bugs bearing down on them, as well as Saladin’s authoritative power, things worked out quite well. The orc leaders acknowledged his words even faster than the humans.

“How much time do we have left?” Saladin looked at Elminster.

“Twenty hours, maybe less...” Elminster blew out a few white rings of smoke.

“Then let us begin right away. The Lord is ready to descend.” Numerous runes appeared on Saladin’s body, “He’s promised to

give us more power, sending an avatar to help out in the operation.”

“Thank you, for all you’ve done!” Alustriel stood up and bowed deeply.

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The army prepared itself quickly under the great pressure.

“Wizards, prepare! Breeze!” Elminster took charge of the wizards, having them gather all the wind elemental particles around them.

A gentle breeze swept past the region. With the help of a giant formation and his own legendary might, he amplified the wind as he fused all the minor spells together.

“The product of hundreds of years of study into the arcane... Legendary fusion spell— Tornado!”

Strong gusts of wind quickly formed a tornado, blades of air howling as it sucked in everything around it. The storm swept across the huge swamp, dispersing the green mist and sending the endless water flying into the sky.

Once the tornado dissipated, Alustriel appeared in front of the swamp.

“Mass Summon Earth Elementals!” A ring of brown light shimmered in her hands, pulling the elemental particles and teleporting several earth elementals to the prime material plane. The elementals roared out as brown energy particles gathered into a spell.

Transmutation: Dirt to Stone!

The assistance of the many elementals allowed a large amount of brown light to cover the swamp. Soft rotting mud began to condense, hardening into granite. It forced the bugs out of the mud, into a final battle.

Loud buzzing resounded from numerous pairs of wings, a horrifying green cloud of insects approaching their position. From weak bees to powerful beetles and terrifying longhorns, the sheer size of the army caused a great commotion amongst the troops.

Standing tall amongst the insects were numerous wizards, all dressed in black robes.

“These bastards, they came to help the colony!” Alustriel flushed with anger. Even if she’d known they were working together, their actions had stepped past her line.

“You’ve done a great job, leave the rest to me!” Saladin stood up, moving to the front of the

“In the name of the Lord, please grant me power!” An enormous hammer with violet lightning around it appeared in Saladin’s hands, an unseen power showering down upon him that caused his body to grow in a split second.

Rumble! The very next moment, the strongest of orcs had become a towering giant! This was the legendary spell, God’s Descent!

Boom! The earth shook with every one of the giant’s steps, countless streaks of lightning crashing down from the sky as the Thunder God’s Hammer grew to match its owner.

“You bloody bugs, I will slaughter you all!” Saladin shouted, swinging the hammer down.

Purple lightning swept across the sky, covering almost everything in the region. A streak of silver shot through the darkness, bringing light and hope as wave after wave of insects were burnt to the ground. Many of the shadow wizards were wiped out by a single barrage.

“Attack!” The Mounted Wolves roared, charging into the deepest regions of the swamp as they followed the new path.

“CHARGE!” The humans were red-eyed with fury as well, fighting for their lives.

# Chapter 1189 - Counterattack

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This was a battlefield of blood and fire, being fought with a dense sea of bugs.

Doron sliced another approaching bug with his longsword, splitting it apart into two. The originally sharp blade was now covered with the disgusting fluids of the various bugs, its edges chipped and jagged from use.

Any normal day this would've caused him great heartache, but at this point he didn't even have the time to examine his sword properly. The army was like a lone boat in this sea of bugs, being rocked by wave after wave of death.

Death lingered around them without end, and all Doron could do was to wave the sword in his hands around numbly, killing one monstrous bug after the last. His comrades kept falling all around him, humans and orcs alike, but he no longer had the energy to care. He pushed forward without rest, stepping over the corpses of his comrades in pursuit of their common goal: he had to destroy this nest of evil!

In this war for survival, there was no way for them to withdraw and escape. The orcs and humans formed the most cold-blooded of armies, killing all deserters without hesitation even if they were related.

“Hah... Am I going to die here?” Doron was breathing roughly, his powerless body feeling like lead.

However, just at the moment all of his stamina was about to be exhausted, as he was about to be drowned out by the sea of bugs, things suddenly grew bright once more. A golden light cleaved through the sea, allowing him to see the purple nest at the heart of the marshland.

Hymns began to sound in the surroundings, “Under the rays of the gods, all courageous soldiers shall be fearless...”

Doron immediately brightened up. He managed to find the wizard who’d killed Jimmy, grievously injured and fleeing into the distance. A surge of strength came out of nowhere as the power of vengeance gave him the strength to stand once more.

He stared hard at the wizard, evidently injured from a previous encounter. The man’s black robes were now in tatters, traces of lightning burns left behind on his body. He didn’t even have the strength to open a portal anymore, only able to crawl to the depths of the swamp.

Doron followed closely. The wizard obviously wanted to escape, and his path was already offset from the nest of the bugs.

“Stand right there, you darned bastard!” Doron threw the sword in his hands. The meticulously crafted blade formed a beautiful arc in the air as it pierced into the man’s thigh.

“ARGH!” The fleeing wizard swayed, falling down into the smelly marshes.

“Got you!” Doron excitedly darted forward, finding the wizard lying in the dirt. He was bleeding profusely from the wound on his thigh, seemingly having fainted.

“For Jimmy!” Doron fumbled around the area, looking for the sword he’d thrown. He wanted to reveal the identity of this wizard.

However, the ‘fainted’ wizard suddenly revealed a scroll in his hands.

Acid Splash! Doron instinctively turned away to avoid death, but this burnt the entirety of his right shoulder, turning it into a mix of corroded flesh and blood.

“Shit!” The great pain caused him to punch the wizard’s face without hesitation.

The black veil fell down, revealing the man’s identity. The haggard face of an old man showed itself, looking extremely pale from the blood loss. His eyes seemed to be dead.

For some reason, even though he’d killed many times since the start of the Dark Ages, Doron felt a fire burning in his heart.

“WHY,” he shouted as he grabbed the wizard by the collar, “WHY ARE YOU HELPING THE BUGS AGAINST HUMANITY?”



“Cough cough...” Wizards were naturally weaker than fighters. This one was even injured gravely, unable to cast any spells as he was still coughing up blood. Even a child could kill him easily right now.

The wizard looked slightly confused for a while, but after hearing Doron’s questions he suddenly began to laugh. His pale face twisted with a smile, the blood causing Doron’s stomach to churn.

“What are you laughing at?” Doron was full of ire, “Do you know how many people you killed? Jimmy, and all my other foster brothers. They have people back at home waiting for their return... Why? Why are you going against your own kind?”

“My own kind? Keke...”

The old wizard’s smile widened, “Are you my kind? While I was still a high-ranked wizard, a whole bunch of people respected me, sang praises of me, and longed to meet me. However, after the collapse of the Weave, those ruffians... What did those ruffians whose souls should go to hell after death do?

“They took everything from me in front of my face, killing little Benji, and... and...” A hint of sorrow flashed on the wizard’s face, “I no longer treated them as humans... When the shadow wizards found me, I joined immediately for the sake of my vengeance. I’d be willing to sell my soul to the devils for my revenge!

“Hehe... Now I’ve had those bastards enjoy the most painful and regretful deaths they ever could have. My purpose is done, kill

me!”

The old wizard closed his eyes, and Doron froze in place. The wizard’s face morphed into that of Holdman in his vision, bringing back memories of his manor and his family that stayed outside town.

The condemnation of the wizard caused him to remember his own actions, that night amidst the flames appearing once more before his eyes as if he was experiencing it all again.

“Oh... I! I...” The veins on the back of Doron’s hands popped up, and his face began to twitch as if he was trying to weigh his options.

“Perhaps... we’re all at fault. Blame this wretched world!” Doron recalled Lina, who was still waiting for his return. He gritted his teeth and picked up his sword.

“Come... Chop off my head and make this your achievement!” The wizard snickered and closed his eyes.

“Ha!” The sword dropped down on the wizard’s head with all the strength Doron could muster,

However, it felt like he’d pierced into cotton, not flesh. Doron opened his eyes in shock, finding the sword in his hands stuck in mid-air as a great pressure enveloped him.

“Sorry, little guy. While I’m sympathetic of your plight, the camp does give out rewards based on merits...” A pleasant voice sounded, and Doron’s vision went black...

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“The gods... are already recovering...” Leylin’s clone watched the collapse of a huge hive in the distance, a strange smile on his face.

“As for you, loser... I’m benevolent, I’ll give you another chance...” A dark red lustre wrapped around the old wizard’s body, causing him to cry out pitifully as a strange transformation occurred to him.

“Kukulkan, my Lord... You are the mighty Lord of Original Sin, the sole source of sin in the universe. You are the master of everything!” What had once been the old wizard knelt before Leylin, his grievous injuries long gone.

“Go...Go somewhere else...” Leylin waved his arms, and a dark red teleportation gate opened up to take the bowing monster away.

“This test failed, huh...” Leylin shook his head, gazing into the distance. A few orc avatars were lying there in wait.

“So, Gruumsh? Are you regretting the fact that you only sent one avatar here?” Leylin smiled as he gazed at the head of the orc pantheon. Even encircled by many gods he didn’t look flustered.

‘The gods have recovered rather quickly, and set up eternal sources of light in their divine kingdoms. They can send divine spells to their priests in the prime material plane already?’ Leylin knew full well that without the help of the gods the Silverymoon Alliance and the Orc Empire couldn’t destroy a nest.

“Nightmare Serpent... Sinner that devoured the sun...” the gods condemned him in such seething fury that they could burn even the void itself as they descended to fight him.

“The battle’s only begun...” Unfortunately, the avatar dissipated before Leylin’s punishment arrived for him, leaving behind several enraged roars.

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Baator.

“How is it?” Leylin was standing in front of Mother Core, watching the events in multiple locations in the prime material plane.

The few survivors in the mortal world had obtained great support, beginning to send troops to destroy the nearby hives. Priests were playing an extremely important role in this process.

“The counterattack of the gods is beginning...” Mother Core said with a sigh.

“That’s normal, but the timing...” Leylin stroked his chin, “It’s at just the right moment when we’re planning for the support of the Magus World’s World Will, unable to make any clones...”

“What are you trying to say?” Mother Core focused on the Lord of Original Sin in front of her.

“There’s a traitor in our midst.” Leylin turned solemn. Since Shar could become a Magus, why couldn’t a Magus side with the gods?

“The power of sin in the World of Gods is telling me something. If we don’t treat it seriously, the consequences will be dire...” Leylin looked at Mother Core in front of him, speaking sincerely, “I hope to call a joint conference of the Magi immediately.”

# Chapter 1190 - Encirclement

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Numerous powerful conscents gathered within a secret space, their powerful auras forming huge black silhouettes. There were a few new figures amongst them, containing unfathomable power.

Rumble! Space split apart at that moment, and the powers of the world and original sin entered the space.

“Everyone!” Leylin fashioned a form out of original sin, looking at the silhouettes around him. Every person here was a peak rank 8 existence!

“The gods have stabilised their divine kingdoms, interfering with our actions in the prime material plane. Even as the world combination project was underway, someone divulged our current situation.”

“Keke.. So you’re saying there’s a traitor amongst us?” Another voice Leylin was familiar with sounded, carrying obvious hostility.

“Of course, Distorted Shadow. Furthermore, it could even be you!” Leylin stared fearlessly at the peak rank 8 Magus, exchanging thoughts rapidly.

“I can swear upon my truesoul that I never revealed any information about the plan...” Distorted Shadow looked coldly at Leylin. “Instead, Lord of Original Sin, why did you not devour the entire prime material plane and destroy the gods in one fell swoop? You seem quite suspicious!”

“The sun is one thing, but the prime material plane is a whole other matter. It’s the foundation of the World of Gods, the base of all existence. Destroying it would be like destroying the World of Gods itself, not something a peak rank 8 can do.” Mother Core stood up for her ally.

“I feel like the gods have begun their counterattack, and they definitely won’t miss the opportunity. Please wait and see, everyone!” Leylin glared coldly at Distorted Shadow, his indifference causing the other party to feel apprehensive.

“All we can do right now is to speed up the two-world plan...” an existence surrounded by darkness spoke up, every word seemingly coming from a deep abyss. This was the Darkness Lord, a peak rank 8 existence from the Dark World.

“Our true bodies are currently outside the crystal sphere, and we can’t easily dispatch them...” another figure spoke, radiating the green light of life. This was the ancient Tree of Life, a huge tree from the Life World that had harnessed the power of magic.

However, even as the numerous peak rank 8s were discussing the issue, a rumble sounded from the depths of the Abyss, as if to verify Leylin’s words. A sort of sacred natural radiance sealed off the entire Abyss, numerous golden silhouettes walking out to the hymns of their followers.

“The gods! They’re taking action with their true bodies!” Mother Core waved her hands, displaying a huge image that allowed those

present to see the gods' lineup.

“Tyr, Tempus, Talos, Oghma, and Gruumsh... All of them are powerful gods, the Chaos Lord and Evil Filthy Eye are in danger!”

Leylin looked around his surroundings, unable to find the consciences of those two existences. As chaotic existences themselves, they grew intoxicated with the pleasure of plundering the Abyss and lost all interest in the outside world. They didn't realise the crisis they were in.

“Keke... It's rare for such strong existences to be willing to step out of their divine kingdoms...” The Darkness Lord sneered. “If we push the two-world plan back and move out together, at least half of them will fall.”

Peak rank 8 Magi were equivalent to greater gods within the World of Gods. The difference was that their powers belonged to them alone, so in a fight outside of the divine kingdoms the Magi would definitely win. One had to agree that Darkness Lord's suggestion was enticing, causing a few Magi to stir.

“I wouldn't do that if I were you...” Leylin stood out at that moment, speaking coldly.

“Substantiate. Why? It's not easy to find a chance to eliminate so many powerful gods in one fell swoop...” As expected, Distorted Shadow jumped out immediately, speaking with ulterior motives.



“Haven’t you all realized that the most powerful existences within God’s World have yet to appear?” Leylin glanced at Distorted Shadow, his voice was full of disdain.

There were differences even amongst powerful gods. Oghma, for example, couldn’t match Tempus the God of Fighting in combat.

Past rank 18, there were a few gods who were known for their combat. The four elemental gods were an example. Akadi, Grumbar, Istishia and Kossuth were all ancient gods, staying within their elemental planes of wind, earth, water, and fire respectively. They stood aloof from worldly affairs, holding secrets even most gods didn’t know in their arsenal.

There were also gods like Ubtao, Silvanus, Jergal, and Chauntea. They were formidable beings, powerful enough to be the monarchs of their own worlds, second only to the Overgod himself. That these powerful gods had yet to appear in the Abyss caused Leylin to grow vigilant.

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“Oh? You’re here in your true bodies? Were you ordered to abandon your mouse holes and come to the Abyss?” Azure power had converged above what was once the Argent Palace in Azzagrat, forming a many-eyed giant with a blurred face. “Since you’re here anyway, you shall become the foundation of my abyssal power...”

The Chaos Lord didn’t seemed to be worried at all when facing numerous existences of the same rank. A majority of the eyes

seemed to be filled with reckless insanity. The Chaos Lord didn't seem to even care as chaotic origin force sprang forth from the depths of the Abyss, mixing with dark energy as it spread around its giant leg.

"I've restricted its actions. I'll leave the rest to you..." A golden radiance was spreading from Oghma's body, shrouding the entirety of Azzagrat. Tyr and Tempus brought out their favourite divine weapons, rushing forth towards the Chaos Lord...

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A terrifying storm swept through the Endless Maze, the constant rain forming a huge turbulent sea.

"Tsk... Why do I have to be paired with you?" The powerful God of Storms looked at the golden orc standing beside him, his face full of disdain.

"I should be the one saying that." Gruumsh gave Talos a look.

A palace suddenly surfaced within the maze, endless power forming a gigantic evil eye that released a skin-crawling roar: "ZzzzGrrgrgrrr!"

"The ancient Evil Filthy Eye, a Magus who once killed a greater god..." Gruumsh's eyes lit up as a bright red flag was drawn from his back.

“Only the orcs are the strongest fighters!” he roared, his body expanding in a moment as it clashed with the solid yellow eye.

The aftershocks of the battle caused the entire Abyss to tremble. The demons were intimidated by the formidable power, running about aimlessly as numerous archfiends ruthlessly cursed the gods. They hid within their castles, not daring to come out.

The silhouettes of two powerful archfiends emerged at the edge of the Abyss, one of them the two-brained Demogorgon and the other the King of the Undead, Orcus. Alongside Graz'zt, these were the three Abyssal Lords, the strongest of demons.

“The gods took action according to plan, but it doesn't seem to be attracting the other Magi...” Orcus frowned. If not for them meddling with the origin force of the Abyss and helping the gods, they wouldn't at all have been able to infiltrate into the Abyss so quickly, sealing the Chaos Lord and the Evil Filthy Eye where they were.

“...” The Demogorgon's two heads glanced at each other, surprisingly not arguing. “That's fine as well. The gods want to use the Abyss as the main battlefield, but the Magi weren't baited...”

“After the chaos is settled, the Abyss will still be ours...”

“It's rare for both your heads to reach an agreement. What else should I say?” Orcus' undead body laughed, the power of death mixing with an aura of chaos to fragment the surrounding space.

“Haha... That’s right, the Abyss shall belong to us demons... Only we can stay here. No one can take it away, not Magi and not gods!” The Demogorgon parroted.

“Let’s kill those gods afterwards!” one of the heads said suddenly.

“No! We shall dominate the Abyss first...” the other retorted, causing Orcus to suddenly shake his head. The unity of these heads seemed to be temporary. The chaos of the Demogorgon would be revealed once more as the threat passed.

‘However, this is indeed a good opportunity...’ A strange light flashed past Orcus’ eyes.

The demons had always coveted the prime material plane and the gods. The Second Dusk would prove to be a great opportunity to attack.

As for their contract with the gods? Since when did chaotic evil have the concept of contracts? With their demonic natures, even the Styx could not hold them to their vows and stop the deaths of their enemies!

# Chapter 1191 - Probe

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Currently, within the conference of the Magi.

“I’m afraid the Chaos Lord and Evil Filthy Eye won’t be able to hold up, we need to send reinforcements!” Distorted Shadow shouted frantically, but then he felt awkward when nobody stood with him. After all, Leylin’s words had made sense. It was impossible for Magi to take the risk to sacrifice themselves for others.

“If there’s still some doubt in your hearts, maybe I can prove my point...” The power of original sin shot forth from Leylin’s body, carrying traces of blood with black spots. This power that carried all the sins of the mortal world attracted numerous gazes; even if everyone here was a peak rank 8 some were shocked by Leylin’s aura.

“The path of original sin... This power...” The ancient Tree of Life seemed to recall something.

The blood dripped down in the void, forming into the seven sins as it seemed to acquire a life of its own. The dense fog shrunk to form a few tall figures.

Leylin, the Darkness Lord, Mother Core, even Distorted Shadow... They were all imitated to perfection, including the energy waves of their truesouls! Such was the mercurial power of original sin. Even the faint auras being leaked by these rank 8 existences could be analysed and imitated.

‘Identical auras...’ Numerous rank 8s were surprised by the skill Leylin displayed, Mother Core most of all. ‘He’s grown stronger again. Even if it’s only an avatar, one can see the changes in his true body as well. It’s like he never met a bottleneck after reaching peak rank 8...’

She sent her tendrils out to gather information, finally getting to the crux of the matter. ‘This is the influence of the Dark Ages? The negative emotions generated in the end times are the best nourishment for the Nightmare Hydra...’

Indeed, that was why Leylin engulfed the sun, bringing about the Dark Ages instead of attacking the gods. The Dark Ages benefitted him greatly, giving a thousandfold the power of sin he would’ve acquired during times of peace.

Massacre, death, greed, envy... All the deadly sins had come into play in the end times. They occurred often, and were intense when they did. Without anyone knowing the better, Leylin had actually seized the powers of everyone struggling in the prime material plane to increase his own power!

It was like he had an entire world’s worth of zealots worshipping him, providing him with unending power. How could his strength not advance by leaps and bounds? The avatars that were more real than the originals crossed the boundaries of spacetime, containing violent energy.

“Kill the Overgod!” “Our glory cannot be tarnished!” “Reinforce

the Lord of Chaos and Evil Filthy Eye!” Powerful consciences pierced through the sky, led by an avatar of original sin with the power of a peak rank 8 Magus. They descended upon the Abyss like several gigantic meteorites.

“Such vile power... As expected of the God of Massacre, more chaotic than the demons and more vile than the devils...” Both the Demogorgon and Orcus quivered at the edge of the Abyss. “The Magi are here! Inform the gods!”

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“The truth shall verify everything!” Several existences were looking at the image displayed by Mother Core. The fake avatars had just arrived outside the Abyss, about to enter its depths.

A terrifying change occurred at that moment, green light brimming with the aura of life suddenly forming a cage of green vines that trapped the party. The flora of the world roared out, as if a primordial beast had just woken up.

“The God of the Wild, Silvanus... To think he’s still alive...” Mother Core’s face instantly became unsightly. Silvanus was second only to the Overgod, the number of Magi that had died at his hands not few.

“I didn’t expect this... Even if his divine body had been crushed, he didn’t fall completely...” The Darkness Lord sighed as well, looking at Leylin with a gaze of encouragement and gratification. Silvanus’ appearance had proved him right.

“Wait for it...” Leylin actually grew even more solemn, perhaps even a little eager.

Rumble! Boom! The four elemental planes roared out, rippling with terrifying power as an endless stream of elemental power congealed to form a powerful seal.

Earth, Fire, Wind, Water! The elemental gods had shown themselves, their combined might causing the Darkness Lord to lose his voice.

The four elements formed a vast storm of origin force, instantly exterminating the avatars inside the cage. Not even a speck of dust was overlooked.

“No... These aren’t true bodies, they’re just avatars...” The Goddess of Air, Akadi, frowned. “They could even conceal their spiritual fluctuations from us... These Magi are even more difficult to deal with than the ancient ones...”

“That doesn’t matter. It is our duty to safeguard the peace and security of the entire world,” Kossuth the Lord of Fire said.

“At least we can be sure that they’re not as strong as in the last war. This is good news...” A gigantic flower bloomed as the will of nature descended upon them. Having lost his true body in the Final War, Silvanus had merged his will with the nature of the world, growing even stronger in the process.



“As long as we exist, we will not allow the Magi to advance even half a step!” The power of nature guided the four elements, forming a solid seal in front of the Abyss that prevented the two Magi within from escaping. The elemental planes roared, pouring origin force into the seal continuously, their might causing the hearts of the Magi watching to palpitate.

“Goddess of Air Akadi, God of Earth Grumbar, God of Water Istishia, God of Fire Kossuth, alongside the God of the Wild Silvanus... To think these ancient existences were actually still alive...” A peak rank 8 Magus released a cry of surprise,

“Jiejie... Very well, very well! We can settle the the vengeance of previous war together now...” A few avatars from the corner sneered. They were all like Distorted Shadow, mere remnant wills sealed up by the gods. Although Leylin had set them free, their powers had dropped and they were currently recovering.

“These are five pinnacle existences even amongst the greater gods. Unless we mobilise everyone, we won’t be able to break through the elemental planes...” Mother Core said, “On top of that, the two-world plan’s defences will drop if we leave.”

“It isn’t just that,” Leylin said without hurry.

No Magus would underestimate him now, thinking of him as a new entry to their ranks. It wasn’t easy to confuse greater gods with an avatar, and being unable to see through his powers themselves couldn’t he casually mount a sneak attack upon any of

them? All guarantees were fake, might being the only truth.

“I noticed another existence as well...” Leylin waved his hands, and the dark power of original sin built a murky image. A golden light was lurking within the darkness of the Abyss, something Mother Core’s probes hadn’t managed to discover.

Seeing the genuine appearance of the god, Mother Core immediately stirred up. “That’s the Earthmother, she’s mine!”

“Eh?!” Leylin frowned for a moment, but quickly relaxed. ‘Right. Mother Core has reached the limits of her path, unable to advance and comprehend the powers of spacetime. Chauntea walks the same path as well, so if she can devour the goddess to make up for her foundation she really will have a chance of advancing to rank 9...’

What was more enticing to a peak rank 8 existence than advancing to rank 9? Leylin could understand Mother Core’s excitement, her future had just appeared in front of her.

“Silvanus is mine,” the ancient Tree of Life followed. Its path of life perfectly fit into Silvanus’ domain of nature.

“Haha... Very well, this is the boldness we should have! Even a greater god is restricted by their faith, only fit to become my prey...” Looking at this atmosphere, the Darkness Lord began laughing in excitement.

# Chapter 1192 - Moving

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Two streaks of lightning crashed down in the Abyss, flashing with resentment and unwillingness. The world rumbled as a few powerful gods escaped the place, cutting a sorry figure as they assembled before Silvanus.

“Chaos Lord... Deserving of the name...” Tyr looked at a laceration on his chest, filled with chaos energy as it spread throughout his body.

The other gods weren’t much better, Gruumsh the most worse off. More than half his body had been corroded, revealing dark brown skin. Golden blood and internal organs were sticking out of his body.

It wasn’t an easy task to kill two peak rank 8 Magi, and even these five formidable gods had to pay the price.

“I’ve consumed a lot of divine force. I’ll need to enter slumber for a while, and looking at the state of my worshippers it will take longer than normal...” Oghma frowned.

“You’ve worked hard...” A layer of green light enveloped the greater gods’ bodies. Their divine force was suddenly replenished, their expressions recovering as the injuries on their bodies healed.

“I’ve gathered enough faith over the millennia to replenish your powers...” Silvanus was brimming with gentle kindness. He’d always been nice to everyone he met, the sole exception being the

Magi.

“Those Magi can watch on as two of their own fall. They really are sinister and crafty...” The other gods said in indignation, trying to come up with some sort of conspiracy.

Silvanus waved, and the elemental power of the four planes instantly isolated their location. Even Mother Core couldn't peer in on further conversation.

Mother Core spoke up without hurry after the image was cut off, “I cannot sense the two in the spacetime river... They've fallen completely, their truesouls destroyed. Without the intervention of a rank 9 it will be impossible for them to revive...”

Magi gained the ability to revive from a single drop of blood at rank 6, and Magi of laws were like cockroaches that would revive swiftly as long as a trace of their will remained. However, greater gods were at the same level of power. Leylin could stop the gods from resurrecting, and so, too, could the gods stop Magi.

No small number of Magi of laws had fallen in the Final War. Thinking of that point, even Leylin felt his heart go cold.

‘The ability to stop a Magus' truesoul from entering the river of spacetime... Even Kelemvor should be unable to perform such feats,’ Leylin's face grew imposing, ‘There's only one possibility. Jergal has appeared once more! Is the Final War already at that stage?’

Jergal was an ancient God of Death, the oldest god alive. Legends spoke of his weariness of his job that led him to create Kelemvor to assume his position, letting him enter seclusion somewhere in the Ghost World.

Even the ancient dusk of the gods hadn't aroused Jergal. Any existences harbouring ill will towards him could only die miserably, and as time passed his name had become a taboo secret. However, this renowned god had exited seclusion right now, participating in the Final War at such an early stage. The turn of events surprised Leylin.

It wasn't hard for numerous greater gods to kill two peak rank 8 Magi. However, it was far more difficult to wipe their souls from the spacetime river, something only the ancient God of Death was proficient in. Leylin felt like the coming battle would be intense, determining victory or death.

However, these were all results he had to achieve. All obstructions on his path to truth and eternity would be crushed without hesitation, regardless of identity or power. A dull glow shone out of Leylin's eyes...

Starting with the fight in the Abyss, the gods completed adjusting their divine kingdoms quickly, beginning their counterattack against the Magi. All gods, regardless of rank and power, turned out in full strength to purge the Magi from their world.

Although Magi of laws were stronger on average, the gods had the home field advantage. They didn't hold back on their divine force at all, using everything in their arsenals to take the Magi out.

With the foundation of their divine kingdoms, they were not required to worry about the problem of their backyard catching fire. With numerous peak rank 8s stuck working on the two-world project, the gods were pressing forward step by step, eliminating several Magi in succession.

The flames of war spread across the astral plane, extinguishing millions of lives.

Information from ancient times was spread despite the unreasonable ancient races, speaking of the Magi, the dusk of the gods, and the road to eternity. It deeply stunned the entire world.

The actions of the gods were quick and violent, like predators stalking their prey as they aimed at the weakest points to launch fatal strikes. With several powerful gods overseeing them, the gods took control of the prime material plane once more.

Numerous priests were dispatched to aid the remaining survivors, bringing food and superior weapons. The World Will adapted the prime material plane to a life without the sun, making new edible plants that were similar to oats and rice. Alongside the mushrooms and seeds brought up from the Underdark, the humans were finally satisfied.

Hive after hive of the Lightkiller Bugs was destroyed, ceasing their suppression of humanity. Survivors started to build tall walled cities once more, establishing new towns as well as civilisation was rebuilt. Everything seemed to be heading for a

better future...

Sadly, in the eyes of certain existences like the Magi, these actions were pitiful death throes. Numerous peak rank 8 Magi had assembled outside the World of Gods, within the boundless astral plane. Leylin was standing at their core.

“The major preparations are finally complete. The rest will be in your hands, Lord Leylin...” The truesoul of the Darkness Lord was a lump of black smoke with fiery red flames for eyes, flickering with the cycle of life as it moved.

“That’s not a problem!” Leylin looked behind him.

The silhouette of an extremely massive world was sitting there, a short distance away. It possessed the glory of the Magi, releasing energy waves that Leylin was familiar with. The Magi had actually brought the Magus World here from across the astral plane!

A massive world had been moved into the path of another equally large one. This had never happened in the history of the astral plane. This was the arduous project that the majority of peak rank 8 Magi had dedicated themselves to, combining their truesouls for a long time to complete.

Bzzt! A unique attractive forces was generated as the two worlds drew close. Numerous laws distorted as they fused, spreading endlessly to form a network that encompassed the whole area.

‘The mutual attraction of the World Origin Forces...’ Leylin sighed in admiration, ‘When the World of Gods and Magus World fuse completely, the hidden path of eternity will show itself... A prophecy from ancient times verified by several Magi...’

“Right... Now is the time for everything to end!” A faint light shone within Mother Core’s eyes as she arrived beside Leylin, looking at the disc in his hands.

The combined efforts of many Magi had finally repaired the Manderhawke Plate, revealing several strange and disorderly patterns that formed one harmonious entity with a mysterious glow.

“It’s started!” The Manderhawke Plate in Leylin’s hands floated up, emitting a warm radiance at the boundary of the World of Gods and the Magus World.

“The End! Eternity!” Numerous peak rank 8 Magi roared, the power of laws gathering to the extreme to form turbulent rivers that represented their paths. All of it poured into the Manderhawke Plate.

With the support of such great amounts of energy, the Manderhawke Plate grew larger and larger. White light melted a huge portion of the crystal sphere, revealing the World of Gods within.

This wasn’t like the small-scaled attack Leylin used to enter before. It was a direct, violent confrontation, aimed to destroy the



crystal sphere entirely! A terrifying sound spread across several worlds, causing the gods of the World of Gods to lose their heads in fear.

“The crystal sphere! It’s been shattered!” They felt an impending sense of doom. It was impossible to measure the amount of damage they would take when the crystal sphere collapsed.

# Chapter 1193 - A Tale Of Two Worlds

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In the underworld, within the palace of a certain God of Death. The person on the throne had the most ordinary of human faces, just that his eyes were full of vigour as they radiated wisdom.

The true identity of this god would definitely astonish everyone.

This was the ancient God of Death, Jergal! Even the Kelemvor had to greet him with respect, calling himself Jergal's student!

“The appearance of the Nightmare Serpent has declared the beginning of the end...” Jergal sighed slowly, a trace of light seeming to appear within his pitch black eyes. “And it is when the end arrives that the light of eternity appears.”

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Rumble! The crystal sphere shattered like a honeycomb, smashing apart as numerous Magi of laws rushed forth. The two worlds trembled and roared, and in the midst of the chaos Silvanus led several strong existences to the border where both worlds met.

“Vile Magi! You will inevitably be punished by the gods, burning in raging flames for thousands, millions of years!” The four elemental gods roared, causing the elemental planes to reveal themselves as they released their powers in a torrent of energy that blocked the Magus invasion.

“The Final War cannot be avoided!” Numerous peak rank 8 Magi took action under Leylin’s lead. Original sin, darkness, earth, life... All sorts of powerful paths combined in the astral plane, becoming a powerful force that pushed the fusion of the two worlds.

A massive fluctuation instantly spread throughout the World of Gods, overwhelming everything with terrifying earthquakes. The intense collision caused earth-shattering changes to every plane. Many life forms ran around lifelessly, seeing the beginning of the end.

The laws of the Magus World forcefully invaded the World of Gods, mixing with it in an intriguing change. The two biggest worlds of the astral plane complimented each other, agreeing to the fusion as they showed the path to eternity!

World of Gods, sea of origin force.

The World Crystal protecting the Overgod in the Celestial Hall shattered, causing an astonishingly strong existence to awaken with a terrifying roar.

“It’s the Overgod! Their World Will awakened!” The expressions of the numerous peak rank 8 Magi tightened.

Bang! Almost instantly they saw a blurry figure wrapped in brilliant light appear before them, someone that represented everything in the World of Gods.

“Overgod...” the remaining gods saluted, “Please exercise your authority, and prevent the arrival of the end!”

The Overgod did indeed wish to merge with the Magus World to advance, However, that didn't mean it was willing to be devoured by the Magus World. There was a big difference in who had the dominant position, so despite being injured the Overgod chose to act without hesitation.

Leylin was a peak rank 8 Magus, only one step away from the ultimate realm of rank 9. Still, only after seeing the Overgod in person did he realise that all his supposed overestimations of rank 9 power were nothing. The power of space and time wasn't something he could comprehend.

A rank 9 used the power of their path to build a foundation with which they comprehended the laws of space and time, a realm the Overgod had clearly reached. Teleportation was sealed at the border of the two worlds, but the Overgod had appeared here instantly anyway. This clearly meant his comprehension of the laws of space and time were terrifying. A true rank 9 having revealed their hand, Leylin felt like all his speculations were just ridiculous.

The sea of origin force of the World of Gods rumbled with power, descending as it carried the power of the Celestial Hall. Space froze entirely, something even peak rank 8 Magi couldn't accurately describe.

Even many peak rank 8 Magi couldn't escape, and only those with the power of their own path could still maintain a stream of

thought.

‘Is this the strength of a rank 9? Existences below the peak of rank 8 don’t even have the ability to think in his presence...’ Leylin paid absolute attention to the Overgod, the A.I. Chip’s light flickering frantically.

[Beep! Observed laws of space, attempting simulation...] The A.i. Chip recorded everything at lightspeed, trying to analyse the power of space from a rank 9 existence to build a path for Leylin to follow in the future.

However, the terror of the Overgod was only just showing itself. The invasion of the Magus World was put at a standstill with the stagnation of space, actually sealing off the Magus World itself!

Soon after, something even more terrifying happened.

“What’s going on?” Leylin was stunned to see the invasion of the Magus World recede, the fused laws separating in what looked like a strange silent film in reverse...

‘Just now... Why did my train of thought derail when the Overgod appeared... Unless...’ Leylin focused on the A.I. Chip.

[Attempting to analyse law of space... Encountered unknown interference, analysis failed...

A portion of the power of space has been observed. Analyse?]

The unfamiliar information surfacing from the chip caused Leylin to feel cold sweat dripping from his forehead.

‘Time reversal... Even an existence at my level was affected, my memories from a few moments ago erased...’ An intense chill suddenly rose within Leylin’s heart, ‘This type of law... it can cause a peak rank 8 Magus to regress to their weakest state, before they even condense their own path... It can seal strength at the peak of rank 8!’

The terrifying laws of space and time were like the Sword of Damocles, hanging over them constantly.

‘Peak rank 8s are proud of how they fused their truesouls with the river of space and time, giving themselves unlimited life.. However, the law of time can bring them back to their most vulnerable moment...’ Leylin now began to understand why the Overgod and the Magus Will could lead numerous peak rank 8s without issue. Although wielding the power of spacetime wasn’t exactly the same as holding the life and death of other Magi in their hands, it was essentially no different.

‘The others didn’t feel the time being reversed, they don’t even remember!’ Leylin sighed in secret. Even at the peak of original sin he could only vaguely sense this, and he’d needed the A.I. Chip to prove it.

‘I can’t deal with rank 9s right now... Let the other one handle it...’ Leylin sneered in secret, sending out a signal.

The earth of the Magus World cracked open, revealing the seven levels of the subterranean world. The Magus Will in the darkest depths seemed to be provoked by the Overgod, awakening swiftly. Its power of spacetime finally freed the numerous peak rank 8s, allowing them to recover some of their mobility.

“Leylin! Come here quickly! The Overgod’s powers exceed our imagination!” Mother Core screamed, “Hurry, activate the two-world plan!”

Whoosh! Leylin, Mother Core, Ignox and numerous Magi native to the Magus World gathered together.

““In my essence as a Magus, I call upon the will of magic!””

The entire Magus World rumbled, astonishing power shooting forth from its depths as the purple web around it was severed.

Whoosh! The two beings with the power of spacetime instantly broke through the spatial seal, descending at the point of contact.

“Magus!” “God!” With the two most formidable World Wills having come into contact, even without any words of instigation they would be unable to coexist.

Dazzling white light erupted, as the fabric of spacetime trembled. The two World Wills rammed into each other, the ripples from their combat able to instantly annihilate anyone below the peak of rank 8.

“Not good! Get out of here immediately!” Be it the Magi or the gods, everyone was a peasant in the face of this fight. They could only escape in panic when faced with this natural disaster.

The light grew brighter and brighter, able to blind even beings of laws. An explosion occurred when it could brighten no more, a raging torrent of energy sweeping across the borders of the two worlds to annihilate everything.

However, that mysterious radiance seemed to be doing something else as well, nurturing some sort of existence.



# Chapter 1194 - Battlefield

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The two rank 9s were terrifyingly fast. They'd distanced themselves instantly during the explosion, patiently waiting for everything to end.

“What... is... this?” Leylin looked at the confluence of the two worlds, surprise flashing in his eyes. The merged area was devoured under his gaze, reaching a total standstill as the World of Gods and Magus World seemed to reach a perfect balance. They now looked like a dumbbell, the two worlds joined by this point of confluence.

He instantly moved to this new land. Everything here had originally been void, but a black continent had been formed after the blast.

“The laws of space and time have crystallised...” Scanning across the large continent, Leylin found that all kinds of laws had grown stable here, the earth more solid than magic alloy while the space was extremely stable. Even Breaking Dawns would find it difficult to fly here, forget breaking through space.

Leylin used the law of original sin to scan the entire continent, finding out its specific area. It was one tenth the size of the prime material plane, without the slightest hints of life in the rocky desert.

“Where did the Overgod and Magus Will go?” Leylin asked Mother Core who was beside him.

“This place is at the centre of the confluence between the two worlds, having a strange balance...” Mother Core truly was an existence that had survived the Final War. Her insight and abundant experience allowed her to make sense of the situation, “Although the Overgod suffered serious injuries with the destruction of the Weave, the fight between rank 9s exceeds the limit of my comprehension...”

“Even if the Overgod is slightly weaker than the Magus Will, I’m afraid they won’t be able to determine a winner in a short period of time. They should currently be entangled in a dimension we cannot detect, leaving the task of the Final War to the beings of law...”

“You mean...” Leylin looked at the huge continent below them. Although it wasn’t suitable for life, it did indeed serve well as a battlefield for beings of law.

“That’s right... With the two worlds merging together, the devouring has reached a deadlock. The rest depends on the power of the beings of law...”

Mother Core pointed towards the mainland, “This is the final battlefield, a land of nirvana where the losers lose everything. If we can achieve a pivotal victory here, the Magus Will will be able to directly devour the Overgod... However, the opposite is true as well!”

“In other words,” Leylin muttered, “The power of the World

Wills are determined by their inhabitants. The victor of this battle here will determine final victory between the two beings of law...”

“Correct. With the two-world plan and our advantage of advancing first, we have a great advantage right now... Don’t squander it!”

“I’m afraid beings of law aren’t enough... We also need large amounts of cannon fodder,” Leylin mused, “We need a regiment of Breaking Dawns led by an existence of laws to take out the lesser and intermediate gods...”

“Our reserves consist of all the Magi across the astral plane. We far exceed the opponent in numbers...”

“We’ll gather our troops, mobilising them for war immediately...” numerous beings of law promised.

Leylin, on the other hand, was staring at the huge black continent. This would be the final battlefield, the land of the end. One could imagine how it would become a terrifying land of death in the near future.

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On the other end of the battlefield, space trembled as numerous divine kingdoms descended. They formed a strange beehive-like structure, a sort of tight fortress. Numerous prayers sounded out as holy spirits prepared to defend the mainland. The gods had

completely disregarded all notions of good and evil, fighting side by side.

Armies of elementals entered the battlefield, accompanied by demon lords led by the two Abyssal Lords. Massive demonic armies rushed forth.

“The divine kingdoms have descended, and all the races allied together... It seems like the gods are staking everything on this too...” Leylin sneered at the opponents’ formation.

“The final battle is nigh... The scale of this war has already exceeded the peak of our past,” Mother Core added.

“It seems so! We should begin with our arrangements too.”

Numerous rules Magus roared. The power of laws fused with each other here, allowing them to unleash their full strength without the World War Armour.

The same held true for the gods. However, such ‘fairness’ wasn’t actually fair.

“Our determination to forge forward... Everything we’ve struggled to obtain from the astral plane shall be displayed here today. The glory of the Magi will shroud everything!” The Magi roared out loud, opening the channels to world after world.

The Dark World, Purgatory, Icy World... A steady stream of

troops marched out of every one, their faces flooded with bloodthirst and determination. The weakest was at the Morning Star realm, equivalent to legendaries in the World of Gods. And that was the cannon fodder!

For the sake of the truth, to advance their truesouls, these Magi set off without hesitation. Terrifying war drums echoed throughout the astral plane!

A large ghastly castle revealed itself in Leylin's assigned area, as if a living snake that released bloodthirsty roars.

““Father!”” Two young Warlocks appeared within the huge hall, and Leylin looked at them with a gentle smile on his face. “I only planned to use my accumulations in Dreamscape and my avatar's divine kingdom in this Final War. I didn't think you'd insist on coming, the Ouroboros Clan was too weak to help.”

Standing in front of Leylin were his two oldest sons, Syre and Daniel. Both of them had inherited his bloodline, benefitting from the power of the Nightmare Hydra. They were close to the realm of laws, just like him when he was at the peak of rank 6.

The early stages of advancement for a Warlock depended almost solely on the strength of their bloodline. In this regard, what could exceed the bloodline of the Nightmare Hydra?

“Are you aware of how dangerous the Final War is? Even Breaking Dawns are still cannon fodder here... What do your mothers have to say about this?”Leylin looked at his two oldest

sons. They were already a thousand years old, having become ancestral figures of the Ouroboros Clan with children and grandchildren of their own.

“The records of the ancient war in the library described it well enough...” Syre and Daniel looked at each other for a bit, before Daniel stood up and spoke, “We told Mother and Aunt before we left...”

“You...” Leylin sighed. He could see a shadow of his past self in the eyes of his children, holding an insatiable thirst for the truth.

Furthermore, it was difficult for a Breaking Dawn Magus to advance to rank 7. Even Leylin had relied on frantically plundering Dreamscape and the World of Gods to make the leap successfully.

Even though Syre and Daniel had a head start with their bloodlines, they still needed opportunities over a long period of time to bloom. The World of Gods was a shortcut to this. As long as they managed to kill a true god and seize a portion of their godfire or divinity, they would be able to obtain comprehension in laws directly.

None of the Magi in the astral plane could resist this temptation. It was the reason why so many low-ranked Magi had joined despite the shocking casualty rate.

“I respect your choices...” Leylin looked at his sons, traces of gentleness within his eyes. “However... since you have decided on this path, you will have to be prepared to undertake the

responsibility of your choices, regardless of the result...”

““Yes sir!”” their excited voices rang out. They hadn’t expected things to go so smoothly...

Leylin clapped his hands once both of them left. Two Lords of Calamity walked into the hall, bowing slightly towards him.

“Follow behind them and protect their lives. I’ll raise your quota for a hundred years in exchange.” The Lords of Calamity were happy with that exchange, and they bowed and retreated.

“The protection of two rank 8s, that shall be it...” Leylin shook his head. These kids couldn’t understand the cruelty of the Final War. Even with the Lords of Calamity protecting them they could lose their lives if they were unlucky enough to meet a greater god or someone of that ilk.

However, Leylin decided not to care about it anymore. He’d given them prior warnings and sent guards. His obligations were fulfilled.

# Chapter 1195 - Discernment

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The Final War had returned to the astral plane, this time occurring in a desolate land where the two large worlds converged. The dusk of the gods had returned, and legions of Magi and gods from various worlds fought with vigour. Morning Stars, Radiant Moons, Breaking Dawns, everyone died like great batches of ants.

Terrifying energy waves rocked the void practically every day, signifying the fall of beings of law. Numerous Magi were lucky enough to obtain the godfires of different gods, becoming beings of laws. The same went the other way, where those who killed beings of law turned into gods or advanced in rank.

The merciless war crushed all the laws of the world. Personal power was the only standard here, one that could determine everything.

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Leylin's zone had become a land of marshes, the A.I. Chip clone and a large number of Lords of Calamity protecting it. They were joined by Shar's shadow wizards and the Snake Dowager's legion of serpents.

Numerous intermediate gods had fallen at their hands, setting a terrifying reputation for the Lord of Original Sin. He was praised and feared by Magi and gods alike.

Leylin himself was stood within the Targaryen Castle. The



Nightmare Hydra was thundering, absorbing the near-solid power of sin surging in from everywhere.

“War really is the best time to absorb the power of sin...” Leylin sighed. The Nightmare Hydra behind him seemed to have traversed some sort of boundary of the world, encountering a more abstruse and terrifying domain. The essence of the entire astral plane was gathered here, the weakest fighters being in the Morning Star realm. The negative energy gathered here was frightening, only boosted by the darkness in the hearts of the weaker Magi and legendary fighters.

‘What does even this much strength mean in front of the power of spacetime?’ Leylin’s expression darkened at this thought, memories of the two World Wills replaying in his mind.

[Beep! Simulation of the law of space is currently at 1.97%, insufficient data. Cannot simulate the law of time.]

The highest priority bracket had two incredibly eye-catching prompts.

“I need to acquire the power of spacetime to analyse it and grasp its laws...” Leylin stroked his chin, “The path of original sin was built upon the power of nightmares, and contain the strength of spacetime. However, how do I get some? Perhaps...”

He suddenly recalled that the World Wills, despite their earth-

shattering might, weren't truly omniscient and omnipotent like the rank 9 Magi of legend were. He felt like something was off.

“Perhaps the Overgod and the Magus Will aren't actually at rank 9, only grasping a portion of the powers of spacetime like I had with rank 7...” All sorts of possibilities arose in Leylin's mind, causing him to brighten up slightly, “In that case...”

“Lord of Original Sin!” The power of the earth sent a message of invitation to Leylin's ears at this moment.

“Mother Core!” Leylin took a step forward, arriving underground in almost an instant. Mother Core's lava-like main body was lying there in wait, Ignox standing nearby.

His guide to the subterranean world finally seemed to have gained some benefits from the war, and advanced to rank 8.

“Congratulations, Ignox!” Leylin smiled as he greeted the being.

“It was just dumb luck. Mother Core helped me kill the elvish God of Hate, Piflas, and I obtained his divinity...” Ignox answered modestly.

Leylin gave him a long look. Whatever be the case, it took some decisiveness to choose a path of evil like the law of hatred. Still, the Magus World had its fair share of Magi like Ignox. The sigh of admiration didn't last long before Leylin shifted his attention elsewhere.

“Mother Core, is it the appointed time yet?”

“Yes, and I hope to get your help!” Mother Core’s tone was very humble.

Leylin was her equal in strength, and he had the Lords of Calamity, Shar, the Snake Dowager, and others under him. He also had an intermediate god for a clone, alongside the outreach of a huge organisation that exceeded hers. He played an important role to the Magi, occupying a position of power. His suggestions were taken very seriously by the entire alliance.

“Please speak...” Since she’d been helping him all this while, Leylin didn’t mind giving her some help to bind their alliance further.

“I wish for your help in killing the Earthmother, Chauntea.” Mother Core spoke in a low voice ,but Leylin didn’t look the least bit surprised.

Mother Core was already at the peak of rank 8, but her path was limiting her advance. It couldn’t hold the power of spacetime.

Now, however, as long as she devoured the greater goddess Chauntea, she would be able to make up for the defects in her own path with the power of the earth. This would make her foundations perfect, and create a better basis upon which she could grow in strength.

The chance to compensate for the issues in one's path was incredibly rare for peak rank 8 Magi, something that couldn't be given up on. Any price was worth praying for it.

"Have you found traces of her yet?" Chauntea was a goddess on the same level as Silvanus. Divine rank held no meaning to them, because they already stood at the peak of the gods. They were only second to the Overgod himself. If he needed to deal with an existence like that, even Leylin had to be cautious.

"Of course. She's an important asset, so she needs to be at the most intense battlefields..." Mother Core waved a giant screen into existence, countless hills forming a general map of the battlefield.

"The green regions have the least intense battles, while red is places both sides are vying for. The darker the colour, the more intense the battle..."

Mother Core pointed at three areas that were almost purple on the map, "Gale Gorge, the Dark Cage, and your own swamp in the Blade Hills are the areas with the greatest amount of activity. My information says Chauntea is at Gale Gorge, and I've already applied to be stationed there..."

"Is that so..." Leylin stroked his chin, muttering to himself while looking at the map.

"I defend Blade Hills alongside another peak rank 8. We just taught the gods there a good lesson, so there shouldn't be any large

battles in the near future. However, I have few troops I can assign... How about this? I'll give you a portion of my runes of sin. Call for me, and my true body will head for Gale Gorge immediately..."

Making a deal with Mother Core and discussing a few other issues of cooperation, Leylin's figure disappeared from the underground, leaving Ignox and Mother Core behind alone.

"You should make some preparations too..." Ignox respectfully bowed and left as he heard those words, the black ring on his body glistening even more intensely.

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The divine kingdoms at the side of the gods were filled with greenery, birdsong, and the fragrance of flowers.

"I hope you understand your role, Chauntea..." Flowers bloomed into the face of Silvanus. Without his true body, he naturally had a better understanding of the path of nature, becoming the goddess' guide.

"Of course, tempting Mother Core and killing the Lord of Original Sin at the same time would be good..." Chauntea spoke up, radiating earthen divine force, "I'm interested in the core of her path as well..."

"Keep in mind that both of them are peak rank 8s from the

Magus World... If we kill them, it'll be a huge blow..." Silvanus looked grim, "This mission is very important, so there will be other gods aiding you..."

"I understand..." Chauntea sounded serious as her true form melded into the earth.

It was not just the Magi that wanted to hunt the gods. The gods, too, were coveting the Magi's forces of laws, and battles filled with schemes and traps began to spread across the Gale Gorge.

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The Nightmare Hydra hissed from atop the Targaryen Castle, absorbing the power of emotions from the astral plane and more importantly the nirvana battlefield. It was like a black fog, spreading across the battlefield to monitor everything.

"Hmm? A power of envy and greed is aimed at me..." The heads of greed and envy suddenly opened their eyes, the ice-cold pupils concealing threads of emotional force as they soon entered the heart of a certain someone.

"Hehe... so it's you..." Leylin snickered, and circled above the battlefield. The Nightmare Hydra that fed on the power of emotional force was like a spider queen in a large spider cave, not even the slightest of movements missing his attention... Even as an existence of laws, as long as there was a gap in one's soul, they would also be affected by the power of sins.

However, Leylin had always kept this secret well, using it as a final trump card that could turn the tables. Now was the time that he could make use of it.

“The Earth Goddess Chauntea, God of Nature, Silvanus, and...” Leylin stroked his chin, “How should I make use of this ambush? Or... perhaps I should do this. If this plan succeeds, there’s hope for the Final War to end within a century!” An intricate plan began to form in Leylin’s mind.

This was not all. He continued to manipulate the web of emotions and send certain complex feelings out. It began to affect the judgement of some beings of law.

With Leylin’s current strength, even another God of Prophecy would only see a haze in his future.

# Chapter 1196 - Appearance

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Violent winds swept across Gale Gorge constantly, forming a terrifying storm that possessed the power of laws. Even Magi of laws wouldn't be able to hold on for long in this place, making it a choke point where the armies of the Magi and the gods faced off from opposite ends of the canyon. Dazzling runes were emitting energy mid-air.

Rumble! The earth whistled at that moment, the entire land trembling as large chunks of black granite condensed to form a female voice in greeting.

“Mother Core! You're finally here...” a few beings of law flew out from the Magus camp, shockingly led by the Darkness Lord.

“Here, these belong to you now,” the Darkness Lord had a grimacing expression as he passed her a seal, “Also... You need to give half of the production of Gale Gorge up to the alliance, everything else belongs to you...”

Although there were no traces of life within this land of death created by the two World Wills, there were in fact other treasures. The Magi and Gods realised that the place had an extremely high elemental density, producing veins of precious ores.

Of course, even the most precious of stones was of no value to beings of law. However, some items even a peak rank 8 couldn't let go of easily. Gale Gorge, for example, produced some sort of wind elemental crystals that could contain fragmented power of law. It



could give one instant success in entering the realm of laws.

Leylin speculated that, as the origin of such large worlds, the two World Wills were overflowing with excess laws even if they were in slumber. They'd spread out these laws in crystallised form during fighting, something completely normal for them.

However, such a 'normal' thing was an unexpected surprise for the combatants. Even if a Magus couldn't utilise these crystals, they could hold onto them for future generations or exchange them with other beings.

There were even rumours that fragmented laws of spacetime were being produced in the depths of Gale Gorge, something that the peak rank 8 Magi were unable to resist!

Several investigations had revealed three possible locations of these spacetime fragments, the same three regions becoming the primary battlefield between the two sides. This was how Gale Gorge, the Dark Cage, and the Battle Hills became the Nirvana Battlefield.

However, despite being at the swamp of the Battle Hills, Leylin didn't have good luck. Although he'd mobilised all his subordinates, he'd yet to see even a shadow of spacetime laws, instead finding several fragmented laws of other domains. These were sadly of no use to him, only to be added to his treasure vault or exchanged with other Magi...

Mother Core had made several secret transactions in order to be

allocated here, paying a huge price.

“I’m sure the Earthmother Chauntea is currently in the opposing camp here. The kind of divine force coming from there is not something normal gods can wield.” Having known of Mother Core’s target, the Darkness Lords voluntarily sold her a favour, “She seems to be fond of entering the Gale Whirlpools in search of crystals, attacking our men singlehandedly.”

“...I see. Once again, I thank you for your assistance. The Magus World shall eternally remember the friendship of darkness...” Mother Core Guaranteed.

A huge core emerged from the earth, spreading its infinite roots out into the land. Despite being tougher than magic alloy, the ground couldn’t stop MOther Core from taking root, spreading across the entire camp to put it under her control. The range of her detection tendrils spread out unceasingly...

“I sense a problem...” Ignox snorted from behind her, “Do the Gods treat us as fools with such an obvious trap?”

“Of course, I know that too, but I can’t wait anymore...” Mother Core’s huge eyes seems to be trembling slightly, “I need her divine force to make up for my lack of foundation. This is my only chance to advance to rank 9, nobody can stop me! Definitely not!”

“Alright! We need to call for reinforcements if things escalate...” Ignox shrugged his shoulders. “No matter what, we outnumber them. We should use our advantage and push forth steadily,

making all schemes and tricks useless...”

“You’re right!” Mother Core agreed, the fiery thirst unconcealable in her eyes as she looked towards Gale Gorge.

.....

A dark web of negative emotions had spread throughout Targaryen Castle, allowing Leylin to absorb the essence of original sin without end. He grew stronger by the day, the Nightmare Hydra located at the core of the web seeming more and more unpredictable.

HISS! The central devouring head of the Nightmare Hydra suddenly opened its vertical eyes, showing a puzzled expression.

Whoosh! Large amount of black mist condensed as it transformed back into Leylin, emotional energy forming dark luxurious robes that draped across his body. The silhouette of the hydra flashed within his eyes, as numerous black hairs seemed to connect themselves to all the emotions in the world. Wielding the power of Shar’s Shadow Weave, and having controlled Mystra’s powers previously as well, Leylin was familiar with the architecture of energy networks.

Leylin’s third eye opened up in the midst of his devilish eyebrows, the void twisting to form a rune.

“Save... save me...” A gust of weak emotional power was

transmitted from within, carrying fear and urgency.

“Mother Core! To think she was trapped... in a Gale Whirlpool? They’ve finally decided to act?” Leylin sighed.

He’d been somewhat shocked by the amount of strength the gods had been able to display. Mother Core was a peak rank 8 existence, and it was ten times more difficult to trap someone than to kill them!

“Leylin?” A black secret imprint twisted behind Leylin’s hands, “This is Ignox. Mother Core and I have been trapped within Gale Whirlpool. This was a trap! Chauntea and Silvanus have revealed their hands... Please contact the alliance as soon as possible, and save us. We can only last another thirty hour— Bzzt— Damn, they’re interfering with the connection, it’s going to—” The imprint suddenly shifted to static. The rune flickered a few times, before dying out completely.

“Damn it...” Leylin cursed, and had a clone appear within the Magus Conference. “Mother Core and Ignox fell into a trap, we need to send reinforcements!”

There were only a few figures present in the conference right now, seeming empty and lonely.

“Keke... Isn’t this the Lord of Original Sin? You are here to request reinforcements? Unfortunately, the majority of other peak rank 8 Magi have been allocated missions. Of course, if you don’t mind, my true body can always be dispatched...” Distorted Shadow

appeared, clearly amused.

“Such a coincidence...” Leylin took a deep breath, and stared coldly at Distorted Shadow.

Magi always placed importance on their own interests. Regardless of their former relationship with Mother Core, if they lacked the strength to save her from her plight not many would be willing to take action. This was how they’d watched the Chaos Lord and Evil Filthy Eye fall.

Knowing this, Leylin stopped trying to get more reinforcements. He directly disappeared from the conference hall.

.....

Hiss! Almost all the Magi near Targaryen Castle saw a marvellous scene. The silhouette of the terrifying Nightmare Hydra shot out from its abode, moving with determination as it instantly disappeared from the sky.

“Lord Leylin!” Most Magi identified their Lord, bowing respectfully. Few panicked.

“Keke... As expected, he has dispatched his true body...” Distorted Shadow’s true body surfaced somewhere in the void.

“It’s as you said, he’s proud and arrogant...” Another black silhouette spoke out, golden light within his eyes.

“He’s the Lord of Sin, of course his laws will influence him. The influence of the seven deadly sins isn’t easily eliminated, not to mention I amplified it a thousandfold with my distortion power...”

Distorted Shadow snorted coldly, “We shouldn’t underestimate him. I’ve suffered time and time again at his hands!”

“You can rest assured. Don’t you know the forces we’ve dispatched this time?” the black shadow with golden eyes guaranteed.

“We’ve never underestimated the Lord of Original Sin. The power of a peak rank 8 combined with his prior feats... no god will take him easily...” There seemed to be a sadness within the black shadow’s voice.

“On the other hand, for you to be willing to abandon the Magi and join us gods...” it looked at Distorted Shadow, “Once this operation succeeds we’ll begin your ascension to become the God of Chaos. You’ll be able to become a greater god easily...”

“Chaos? A spoil of war stripped off from the original Chaos Lord? Keke... I like the sound of it...” Distorted Shadow’s owl-like voice resounded, as his silhouette disappeared.

# Chapter 1197 - A Show

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The Magi at Gale Gorge had fallen into chaos with Mother Core and Ignox being ambushed.

The gods launched an attack on them, divine light shining down on the area as angelic holy spirits swarmed the skies, singing praise of their gods as a light of purity razed the Magus castles.

Hiss! The void split apart at that moment, revealing the figure of a Nightmare Hydra that covered the skies.

“It’s the Lord of Original Sin!” The Magi rejoiced. On the other side, the petitioners and holy spirits showed fear in their eyes. After all, this existence that had once swallowed the sun was still burning in their memory. That fear was etched deep inside their hearts, and now it had grown into full fledged terror.

“Original Sin!” the Nightmare Hydra hissed, and dense clouds began to envelop the battlefield. Holy spirits, petitioners, even the beings still within the divine kingdoms found their expressions contorting, as the negative emotions in their hearts were magnified over ten million times. Their eyes grew bloodshot.

“Arghhhh...” A holy spirit roared, and his body was split into two. A dark beast clawed its way out, possessing the power of hellfire.

“Servants of Original Sin! Attack!” Large numbers were turned in an instant, and the dense army of the divine actually turned around to greet their new Lord. It charged out under the command

of the Nightmare Hydra, heading for its original camp.

Cries of anguish rang out, and the magnified emotions were absorbed by a rejoicing Leylin.

“Leylin, Lord of Original Sin!” “Leylin, Lord of Original Sin!” “Leylin, Lord of Original Sin!” A great number of Magi cheered, their voices heard above all other commotions.

The Nightmare Hydra didn't stop there. The third eye of the devouring head showed itself, looking towards a certain part of the sky.

Kacha! The law of devouring broke the void, revealing several flustered gods.

“Stay!” A sharp silver blade flew out of the snake's jaws, piercing through the middle of a god's eyebrows.

Bang! the god's eyes were full of shock, turning sluggish as his divine body fell down. Seven Sins had already destroyed his everything, wiping out all chances of his resurrection.

“Lathander!” Several gods seethed in fury, yet they did not tarry as they beat their retreat.

“Lathander? The Morninglord? Becoming a lesser god after the sun was extinguished, what useless trash...” Leylin didn't feel much joy for killing a former greater god. He instead shifted his



glance towards a rank 7 Magus, pulling the man closer, “Where’s Mother Core?”

Even as an existence of laws, the rank 7 felt fear seep through his entire body in the face of the Nightmare Hydra. “T-The Gale Whirlpools,” he stuttered out, “H-Here’s a map, my Lord!”

This old Magus had a cap of spikes on his head, and his beard was now quivering as if the Nightmare Hydra would gobble him up at any second. After all, he was just a rank 7 Magus, and this existence before him had killed a lesser god effortlessly just like that.

“Well done, I’ll leave the remaining tasks to you!” The dark mist covered the map, and the Nightmare Hydra’s figure vanished immediately before the old Magus, entering Gale Gorge. The blades of wind that could repel beings of law couldn’t even create sparks on the Nightmare Hydra’s scales.

“As expected of a peak rank 8 like Leylin Farlier, the most outstanding Magus in the astral plane...” The old Magus muttered, feeling extremely discouraged.

.....

“Gale Gorge!” Feeling the ever-growing pressure within Gale Gorge, Leylin sighed.

The valley was littered with azure tornadoes that could swallow

up beings of law. The boundless area seemed to contain multiple smaller planes, just like a giant maze. Even powerful beings would get lost here without a map, which Leylin fortunately possessed.

He stepped forth fearlessly, his current strength ensuring that there wasn't much in the world that could stop him. The Nightmare Hydra bulldozed through the region, crushing many smaller planes into pieces as it created an extremely safe straight path.

“Whirlpool 3, I'm here!” Leylin felt weightless as he jumped into a huge whirlpool. The eye of the storm was devoid of the frightening winds and thick walls that blocked all entry.

“Mother Core and Ignox!” Leylin immediately saw two large figures sealed in thick world crystals, surrounded by numerous gods with auras powerful just standing nearby could cause one to be frightened.

“Chauntea, Tempus, Tyr, and Silvanus...” The Nightmare Hydra howled, spitting out a horrifying amount of destructive power from its nine heads. The gods quickly retreated as it began to shrink, condensing into Leylin's normal form with Seven Sins in hand.

“Break!” Seven Sins whistled, its sharp blade ramming into the world crystals.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! A web of cracks spread along the surface of the crystals, before they rumbled and exploded. Mother Core's true

body burst out from within, accompanied by Ignox.

“You did well, Leylin!” Mother Core gazed at Leylin in delight. However, her eyes suddenly showed an intense emotion, “NOO!”

Right at the moment they were saved, Ignox’s face was shrouded by a terrifying darkness. A power of distortion formed in his hands, revealing a spear as sharp as could be. The full power of a rank 8 Magus thrust it into Leylin’s chest.

“Eicher’s Thorn!” Mother Core cried out, the majestic power of earth pushing Ignox away as disbelief filled her eyes, “Why? Ignox, why are you doing this?”

“Keke... you’re asking me why I’m doing this?” Ignox laughed maniacally, pulling off his black cloak to reveal the essence of distortion. The rings of power grew more and more terrifying, and his aura eventually shifted into another form.

“Distorted Shadow!” A phantom hydra snarled from behind Leylin, a few of its heads sinking down. His hands filled up with the power of sin as he pulled the dagger out, his eyes on Distorted Shadow, “Was Ignox a clone, or did you use your powers to consume him?”

His words revealed an astounding secret. The rank 7 wizard known as Ignox, always staying within the Magus World, was actually controlled by Distorted Shadow, perhaps even as a clone!

“Is there a difference?” Boundless distorted shadows filled the void as his true body descended. The black rings melded with Distorted Shadow, revealing that the two were of the same essence.

“All I know is that all of you shall fall here...” Fusing back with Ignox, Distorted Shadow became even more difficult to comprehend. He seemed on the verge of reaching peak rank 8 again.

He was initially an incomplete conscient. Even after devouring the God of Murder, Cyric, and making use of his essence to recover, he'd only temporarily regained his status as a peak rank 8. He was still a ways to go from true peak rank 8 power like Mother Core. Now, however, his might exceeded that of Mother Core, closing in on Leylin's peak prowess.

“Mother Core, and the Lord of Original Sin! The two extreme powers of the Magus World... I see the rise of the stars from your death!” With the four gods present as well, Leylin and Mother Core were heavily surrounded.

Rumble! Silvanus' will descended amidst a green light. The leader of the gods brought with him the power of the four elemental planes.

Wind, earth, water, and fire. The four elemental gods had descended, forming a terrifying seal once more as they broke off all chances of escape!

“Gods!” Mother Core gazed at Distorted Shadow, seemingly in disbelief. “For the sake of internal conflict you’re actually willing to betray us and side with the gods?”

The fight between Leylin and Distorted Shadow had only been a conflict of interest before. Now, however, Distorted Shadow joining the gods would make him the archenemy of all Magi.

“How can my tolerance and greatness be estimated by you...” Distorted Shadow laughed maniacally, “I will soon become the God of Chaos in the World of Gods, still retaining my powers as a Magus. I am the only one qualified to reach the end of the Final War, obtaining eternity!”

The distortions around Distorted Shadow’s body began to go berserk, representing the agitation in his mind at this moment.

# Chapter 1198 - Killing

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The four elemental planes surged, becoming the essence of a seal powered by the cries of the gods. Even then, Distorted Shadow's laughter was more piercing than everything else.

"Before this... Were you the one who revealed the two-world plan and caused the fall of the Chaos Lord and Evil Filthy Eye?" Struck by a powerful weapon like Eicher's Thorn, Leylin now looked rather pale. Still his eyes emanated a brilliant lustre, even as his truesoul of original sin was weakening and the phantom hydra behind him withering away.

"Yes," Distorted Shadow did not hesitate at all, "Who told the Chaos Lord to block my path? The law of chaos belongs to me!

"Besides, only the fall of two peak rank 8s could show my sincerity. I even tried to scheme against you, but..." Distorted Shadow glanced at Leylin, as if disappointed at his failure in doing Leylin harm.

"So, during the Magus Conference, did you use the power of distortion to cheat the oath?" Leylin deduced.

"That's right! Ask me if there's anything else you're unsure of, I'll tell you everything. Whatever it is, from hereon, all traces of your existence shall be completely wiped out. You shan't even exist in the river of space and time..."

"There's nothing else!" A smile appeared on Leylin's face,

causing Distorted Shadow to suddenly have a bad premonition, “You lot heard this, right?”

“Yes, very clearly!” A couple of whistles sounded in the air, and another Nightmare Hydra came into the shattered space. Numerous peak rank 8 Magi made their way here, protected by the power of original sin.

The Darkness Lord, the Tree of Life, the Blood Knight... Even another Leylin appeared, seeming completely unharmed.

“You...” The appearance of so many peak rank 8 Magi seemed to destroy the gods’ glory, and Distorted Shadow shouted in derangement.

“Did you think that just your powers of distortion could deceive the truesoul of a being of laws?” The Leylin next to Mother Core sneered furtively, his body dispersing and turning into a dark bloody mist of original sin. “Even if I specifically showed you this move, you failed to consider I might be using it...”

Leylin looked at Distorted Shadow like one would at a moron, and the Magus started to cry out in insanity, “Impossible! Why did it turn out this way? I already used the power of distortion to deceive your soul... NO! ORIGINAL SIN!”

“You finally noticed?” Leylin gazed at Distorted Shadow with pity in his eyes, “Your power of distortion lost to my power of original sin in the contest, and I fooled your truesoul...”

“How... how’s that possible?” Distorted Shadow was most proficient at using the power of distortion to silently affect other beings. Planting a seed of distortion in Cyric, corroding and devouring Ignox, and his various setups for Leylin were all proof of this.

However, with Seven Sins supporting it, the power of original sin had extraordinary effect on the mind. In the clash of these two forces, Distorted Shadow had been defeated completely. He’d failed to deceive Leylin’s soul, instead being trapped under an illusion himself to reveal all his schemes.

Being defeated in the area he was most proud of, and defecting in front of so many Magi, this was the greatest humiliation and blow Distorted Shadow ever had ever faced in his life.

“I will kill you, all of you...” Distorted Shadow had completely gone insane.

“I should be the one saying that! I shall be the one to judge you for your sins!” Leylin waved his hand.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The eight Lords of Calamity appeared one after the other, followed by the A.I. Chip clone and the Snake Dowager. The number of rank 8 existences present caused the gods to turn grim. For the sake of victory, and his own safety, Leylin hadn’t hesitated to give up his swamps and gather all his people here.

“In the name of the Allied Magus Conference, I hereby announce that Distorted Shadow has renounced the path of truth and given



up on the glory of the Magi. He is no longer fit to be called a Magus!" The Darkness Lord announced, "From hereon, Distorted Shadow is a lapdog of the gods, and the enemy of the Magi!"

"The plan failed. Retreat!" Silvanus' conscient descended with green light, "Save your strength!"

"What are we waiting for? Now's the best time! If we take them out we'll save hundreds of years in the war!" Leylin leapt out and exclaimed, Seven Sins emanating a demonic luster.

"Everyone, act according to plan!" the clone bellowed, light flashing in its eyes. Although the Lords of Calamity were strong, they had to join forces to survive amidst peak rank 8s and greater gods.

"With the bloodline as a foundation!" The Snake Dowager opened her arms, and the ball of snakes that was her true body appeared, hissing and roaring as it surged with bloodline force.

"With the power of calamity as the structure!" The eight Lords of Calamity roared in range, forming eight different nodes of a formation as they balanced perfectly with the snakes.

"Bloodline Calamity!" The A.I. Chip clone was at the centre, using its terrifying computing abilities to tune the might of the nine beings of law. It synergised bloodline force and the powers of calamity, forming the ultimate killing move.

Crimson crystals fell from the sky like snow, immediately defending against the attacks of Tyr and Tempus. It created a unique space around it, possessing a trace of spacetime power that separated the two gods from Gale Gorge.

Leylin soon moved out, Seven Sins in the form of a crossblade. He guided the uncountable crystals in the sky, sending them hurling down on the gods like hail.

“Prideguard!” Seven Sins turned into an armour that deflected Tempus’ final attack. Leylin then drove the crossblade that carried the power of blood and calamity through his forehead, destroying his truesoul. Silence in Death activated, ensuring no chance of Tempus ever resurrecting again.

“Vile Magus! You have killed yet another of our ranks. Even the Styx cannot wash you of your sins!” Tyr bellowed, but he continued to retreat. The only thing he was feeling now was regret. If he could go back in time, he swore he’d have given everything to kill Leylin at all costs.

However, Leylin did not give him this chance.

“Tyr, Mystra’s ally... Today marks the end of our conflict!” Seven Sins morphed through its various forms, eventually settling to become a black horned hammer.

“Fury Amplification!” “Blessing Of Greed!” The hammer crushed down, carrying a power that could destroy everything. Tyr screamed like a damsel in distress, as he frantically fled backwards,

but he couldn't escape the joint attack of ten rank 8s, countless crimson crystals sealing off his path causing him to accept his fate.

Boom! The divine weapon in Tyr's hands cracked in its clash with Seven Sins, unable to bear the burden. The hammer soon smashed Tyr's head in, and destructive force ravaged the God of justice.

Bang! Everything soon returned to normal, but there were no more signs of Tyr in this world. Seven Sins cried in victory, its whole body shuddering to make its satisfaction known. Gluttony's Devouring had absorbed the powers of two greater gods, actually making it feel bloated at the moment.

Crash! The barrier of spacetime broke apart, and Leylin moved out only to see a startled expression on Distorted Shadow's face. He was in the midst of trying to break the barrier, trying to assist the two greater gods.

"Why? Are you that surprised?" Seven Sins turned into a fine longsword in Leylin's hands, letting out a crisp ring.

"Tyr and Tempus, these two greater god actually died just like that..." It wasn't just Distorted Shadow. The other gods, even the Darkness Lord Leylin had brought along was dumbfounded.

Distorted Shadow reacted quickly, giving up on the fight to retreat immediately. However, Leylin would never give him this chance.

“Seven Sins absorbed too much energy, let’s use this chance to unleash it!” The crimson barrier appeared once more, this time sealing Distorted Shadow. Leylin followed him in.

Seven Sins had a network of veins on its body right now, squirming with excess energy. Seeing Distorted Shadow ahead of it, it roared loudly.

“Energy release!”

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The Battle of Gale Gorge would be passed down as an important turning point in the second Final War. The gods had lost Chauntea, Tyr, and Tempus, and their elemental gods were gravely injured. Their double agent had been hunted down and killed by Leylin as well, delivering a heavy blow.

From then on, the Magi used their various advantages to continue the war. As for Leylin, the main force in this battle, hymns of his prowess were passed down through the astral plane. His legend would not fade for millions of years.

# Chapter 1199 - Death

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“So the hidden thorn was taken care of!” Regardless of what others thought, Leylin was currently in an extremely jovial mood. Having killed Distorted Shadow, he felt like his soul of original sin had grown purer, bringing him closer to the threshold of space and time.

Having devoured three peak rank 8 experts, he'd felt an indiscernible upgrade to his truesoul.

“Everyone else wasn't injured, and even if Mother Core has to nurse her injuries for a while she did have gains in the gorge...” Leylin rubbed his chin.

Mother Core's battle was extremely maniacal this time. She'd given her all in order to stop Chauntea from fleeing, suffering severe injuries. It took Leylin's assistance for her to kill the Earthmother and devour her powers.

This was going to be a great benefit. Once she healed, Mother Core would be a step closer to rank 9, able to try and use the powers of spacetime.

“It's time,” Leylin sighed and walked out, “Let's begin the true plan.”

The Underworld of the Gods currently stood opposed to him in the swamp, the vast Styx like a moat that stopped any Magus attacks. However, the Nightmare Hydra roared into the skies like

thunder at this moment, charging in without the slightest hesitation whatsoever as it stirred up huge waves. The corrosion and attraction of the Underworld had no power over Leylin.

Crash! Leylin broke the defences of the Styx instantly, entering a land very similar to the Underworld.

“Lord of Original Sin!” A greater god surrounded by the laws of death walked out from his palace, shock in his eyes. This was Kelemvor, the opponent Leylin was guarding against.

His shock was not a pretense. Even if the Magi had obtained victory at Gale Gorde, they’d also suffered severe injuries. Rumour had it that Leylin blocked Chauntea’s final attack to protect Mother Core, or both the beings who used the power of the earth would have ended up dead. However, Leylin seemed to be in his peak form here, showing no signs of weakness.

“Die!” The Nightmare Hydra hissed, and a silver light shot out of its vertical eye as it carried the powers of illusion.

“Argh... Don’t dream about it!” Kelemvor tried to put up a final struggle, but a layer of shadow had appeared on his body. This shadow had the same face as Kelemvor, but it was filled with pride and envy, “Hehe... Arrogant God of Death. So you have always been jealous of Jergal’s power and might, and feel like a stray dog that could be left behind at any time?”

This was the influence of Leylin’s powers of emotions. He planted the seed of original sin within Kelemvor’s body, dealing

with him like Distorted Shadow dealt with Cyric. He stole a large amount of Kelemvor's divine force, binding his divine body.

Boom! Seven Sins turned into a silver arrow that pierced through Kelemvor's skull, immediately causing the fall of this greater god. Leylin closed his eyes, feeling his weapon greedily absorb the law of death and nourish him.

Leylin's powers had long since surpassed Kelemvor's, and the only reason the god had still been alive was because Leylin was toying with him. Now that he was serious, the Greater God of Death was no match for him!

“Even Seven Sins has Sloth's Recovery as an ability. Do you think the Lord of Original Sin, someone controlling the law of sloth, would take any time to recover from injuries?” Leylin looked over at where Kelemvor once stood, speaking in a tone of mockery.

However, Kelemvor was already wiped off the face of space and time, losing all traces of his existence. Without the assistance of a rank 9 he could not be resurrected.

Hiss! The Nightmare Hydra reared its heads and roared. Lightning, poison, acid, flames... All sorts of matter were spewed from its heads, the only common point being the powerful destructive properties. Kelemvor's armies were devastated, the land ravaged as his divine palace and his petitioners and holy spirits within taken out.

After everything seemed to return to the beginning of the world,

the figure of an ordinary old man dressed in linen appeared in the void. He stood there quietly, not emitting a trace of a powerful aura. The only distinct thing was his eyes, which seemed extremely bright.

“Jergal! I still thought you would help that student of yours!” The Nightmare Hydra shrunk under the mist, turning back into Leylin.

“Even a God of Death must die, such are the laws of the world,” Jergal said in a discerning tone.

Although this god had handed most of his divinity and divine force to Kelemvor in the past, Leylin didn't dare be complacent in front of him. He sensed that this opponent would be more powerful than the elemental gods.

“You should know my goal by now, right?” Leylin waved his hands, and the powers of original sin sealed the area, creating an illusion that Jergal and Leylin were just staring at each other in confrontation.

“Of course, your search for truth and eternity... Even as a god, I'm influenced by your perseverance...” Jergal smiled gently, “This endless life allowed me to learn more than the rest. The Overgod and Magus Will are currently in the core of the Nirvana Battlefield, locked in battle. The turbulent currents of spacetime there will make it difficult even for existences like us to break in...

“You need my help, Magus.” Jergal looked at Leylin. This



primordial God of Death evidently didn't share the gods' loyalty towards their World Will. He was instead similar to Leylin, wanting to ascend himself.

“Indeed.” This was Leylin's purpose in coming here. For the sake of advancing to rank 9, he didn't mind allying with a god.

“Very well, follow me!” Jergal parted the river with his arms, revealing a path to the core of this battlefield. The purging powers of the Styx had no effect on Leylin's body of original sin, causing his face to change.

“The core of the Nirvana Battlefield is protected by the ultimate defences of the astral plane. Even having spent so much time, I've only managed to open up half the passageway...” The Styx brought the two to an empty void after a long journey. There were no consents of beings of law here, only wild currents of spacetime with the power to destroy everything. The path of a peak rank 8 was the only way for one to protect themselves.

Leylin could feel two overweeningly powerful consents in the centre of this void, infinitely close to comprehending the laws of spacetime yet stuck in a deadlock. The World Wills were in an extremely slow process of devouring each other, powered by the inhabitants of their worlds.

“I'm afraid that the victor of this battle will become a true rank 9...” From what Leylin could tell, these two consents were halfway to rank 9. Only once they devoured their opponents could they break through the threshold, the true meaning of the prophecy of eternity.

“Although we’ll obtain their favour by aiding them, the leftovers from someone else will never compare to what you earn yourself...” Jergal exclaimed, “The combined origin force of the two worlds will definitely be taken by the victor, we won’t have much of a share at all. Eternity will be but a distant dream...”

“What do you want to do?” Leylin asked.

“Ally with me, and we’ll consume the powers of the Magus World and the World of Gods, causing their fight to come to a stalemate. A thousand years, ten thousand years, hundred thousand years, a million years... We will continuously weaken their forces, eventually consuming one of the wills each!”

A crazed expression appeared on Jergal’s face as he spoke of this blatant plan. He didn’t think Leylin had any better options, being the strongest in his own camp at this point. If they joined forces, they could even extend the Final War to a billion years, weakening the World Wills and attempting to devour them as they made for eternity.

“Not a bad plan, and the success rate is extremely high..” Leylin clapped his hands and looked at Jergal. “However, how will two broken worlds with extremely weak wills aid our advancement?”

“You have a better plan?” Wariness surfaced on Jergal’s face. Dense power of death circled around him, many black skeletons arising as his guards.

“These World Wills are already quite weak! Once we devour them, we’ll be able to advance to rank 9!” Leylin laughed heartily, Seven Sins appearing in his hands.

Bang! A black tome of death appeared in Jergal’s hands, its writhing scriptures having recorded the end of all creatures. This was an overgod weapon as well.

“I knew our alliance would rupture eventually, but who knew it would only last this long...” Jergal sighed.

“You think too small, Jergal. Millennia of seclusion has caused you to lose your boldness and your sharp mind.” The Nightmare Hydra behind Leylin fixed its eyes on Jergal, as if staring at delicious prey...

# The Finale

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The Nirvana Battlefield was a place created by two World Wills, the most stable land within the astral plane.

However, a terrifying earthquake suddenly rocked it in its entirety. Space trembled, thick and complicated chains of laws revealing themselves as they began to fall apart. The shackles that could confine Breaking Dawns broke all of a sudden, as the land that was more firm than magic alloy cracked. It was like the end of the world was nigh.

“What’s going on?” “Why is this happening?”

The earthshaking changes immediately alarmed several existences. Be they greater gods or peak rank 8 Magi, everyone ignored their subordinates’ injuries and rushed towards the epicenter. A strong sense of unease was spreading within their hearts.

The Nirvana Battlefield, the intersection of Gale Gorge, the Dark Cage, and the Battle Hills, was shaking, violent explosions rocking the lands as columns of fire soared into the sky. The heat could reduce anything to nothingness, leaving a huge dark pit that led to the core of the battlefield.

“Spacetime laws!” the Darkness Lord muttered in excitement, “Someone broke through into the fight between the World Wills. Who is it?”

The Magi and Gods looked at each other, immediately placing their suspicious on Leylin and Jergal. A majority of the dense fog of Leylin's original sin had dissipated in this earthquake, and given the absence of the strongest members of each side it was sufficient to explain several questions.

“The laws of space and time!” “Eternity!” “Let's go!” The Magi didn't hesitate in the slightest as they headed for the Nirvana Battlefield. It was instead the gods that hesitated, eventually following Silvanus and the four elemental gods into the deep pit.

“LEYLIN! LEYLIN!” The first thing everyone heard when they entered the Nirvana Battlefield was a voice full of resentment and unwillingness. All they managed to see was the Nightmare Hydra roaring, filled with an aloofness despite the scales on its body being scattered around and some of its heads injured.

Leylin was wielding a longsword with both hands in the hydra's shadow, having pierced through Jergal's tome of death to directly behead him.

A strong devouring power exploded forth as the God of Death turned into black liquid, being greedily absorbed by Seven Sins. Absorbing the primordial laws of death, the hydra rapidly healed from its injuries, growing more and more powerful.

“An inexhaustible body, the ultimate inexhaustible body... Nobody below rank 9 can contend with the Lord of Original Sin...”

Silvanus and the Darkness Lord cried out involuntarily.

“Everyone is here... That’s great! How could beings of law miss the passage of history?” Leylin looked around him with satisfaction.

“Lord of Original Sins, what exactly are you planning?” The Darkness Lord asked, a slight sense of excitement in his heart.

“Hmm?” Leylin turned back, releasing the power of original sin mixed with Jergal’s laws of death. Seven Sins rumbled as it struck the barrier where the two World Wills were fighting, and it began to crack.

“It’s obviously to pursue eternity and truth!” A terrifying aura exploded forth as Leylin shot forth with one final blow. Having been struck several times as Leylin guided Jergal’s attacks in their battle, the barrier finally exploded with a huge bang. It caused the two frighteningly powerful World Wills to descend upon them, full of blazing ire!

The Overgod and Magus Will had expended much of each other’s energy, but they weren’t too weak yet. It was far too easy for them to suppress a group of peak rank 8s.

“Overgod!” Silvanus and a group of gods immediately knelt down.

“Mighty Magus Will!” Cold sweat dripped down Darkness Lord’s forehead as he bowed alongside the other Magi.

Only Leylin stood tall in this atmosphere, looking at the glamour of the two World Wills in earnest.

“Indeed, only wills with this much power can satisfy my requirements and allow me to advance!” Leylin burst into a manic laughter, his Nightmare Hydra growing in size as the power of original sin was flaunted.

A violent fury emanated from the two wills, like giant dragons that had been challenged by ants. A seal of spacetime was formed once more. The Magus World gazed down at Leylin, about to mobilise the law of time to thoroughly exterminate this ant who dared to resist.

“The time has arrived!” However, Leylin revealed a strange smile at that moment.

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A while ago, in the seventh subterranean level of the Magus World.

Leylin’s A.I. Chip clone was present here, surrounding Mother Core alongside Shar, the Snake Dowager, and a host of Lords of Calamity.

“You know what we need, hand it over!” The A.I Chip clone stood out, looking at the seriously injured Mother Core, “I already

helped you obtain Chauntea's powers. Live through this, and you'll be able to pry into the next realm...

"Now that we don't owe each other, will you surrender your will fragment or do you want to fall?"

Mother Core had been seriously injured in the battle with Chauntea, and all the other existences had rushed underground. There was nobody to come rescue her.

"Your actions make me lament..." A green light flew into Leylin's hands. When faced with survival and death, she'd decisively chosen the former.

"Great, let's begin!" Shar walked out in leisure from behind Leylin, sending a golden seed to Leylin's hands. This was why she hadn't appeared at Gale Gorge.

Once the green light and golden seed came into contact, a terrifying change occurred. The seed grew instantly, growing tender branches and soft green leaves as it became a lofty grand tree.

"Tree of Life Project, activate!" The clone laughed loudly, a myriad of threads hanging from the huge Tree of Life beginning to spread around the entire Magus World. The Tree of Life absorbed the nutrients of the Magus World, strengthening and growing. The injured Mother Core could only sigh sadly at the scene, leaving the range of the Magus World.



Leylin had been pondering one question ever since his return from the Shadow World, and that was on how to deal with the World Will. The Overgod and Magus Will would definitely become a hurdle on his path to rank 9, something that he couldn't overcome himself.

Leylin hadn't been able to think of a way to deal with these powerful existences until Shar's actions inspired him. Although the two World Wills were powerful, they were still the same as the World Will of the Shadow World. They were existences composed of the consciousness and thoughts of the entire world!

The Tree of Life project could thus be used the same way. With some analysis and modification, the A.I. Chip had refined the Tree of Life. It was already a huge tree of light that occupied the entire Magus World, and other than Mother Core and his family that had been shifted out beforehand nothing was spared.

Having been native to the Magus World, Leylin had long since initiated the mutations and implanted himself into the subconscious of the Magus World. He was even more thorough than Shar.

"The most difficult thing to complete the Tree of Life is existences like Mother Core," the clone muttered, "But I only need 50% of the authority to influence the World Will. Even if I don't occupy the entirety of the underground, Mother Core's portion makes up for the difference..."

Peak rank 8 existences formed a significant portion of the World Will. That was the reason Leylin had been so nice to Mother Core

all this while, reinforcing her when she was in trouble. He intended for success in one fell swoop. With his methods, he'd already gained control of more than 90% of the Magus World!

“It has begun!” The chaos within the Nirvana Battlefield had been transmitted over at that moment. The clone entered the Tree of Life.

Bang! The glowing Tree of Life opened its crown, spreading through the World of Gods as well. and started spreading throughout the God's World.

Numerous fine lights similar to willows descended from the skies of the prime material plane. Every living creature, the mountains, the rivers, the consciousness of the land itself... It was all stripped, being assimilated into Leylin. The same went for Baator, the Abyss, and the Celestial Planes. Other than some of Leylin's subordinates within his divine kingdom, nobody was spared.

Indeed, Leylin had completed the Tree of Life Project in the Magus World, having tasked Shar to prepare for this a while prior. With the Overgod forcing mutations in the prime material plane to adapt it to the darkness, Leylin had been given the opportunity to take action there as well, initiating Project X.

Furthermore, Leylin had just swallowed the most powerful god of all, Jergal. With the fragments of some other divine forces, he held more than 80% of the authority there as well.

An omnipresent Tree of Life reverently descended above the

dumbbell shaped fused world, releasing beautiful light into the astral plane.

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Kacha! Kacha! The gods and Magi looked on in shock within the Nirvana Battlefield, as the original killing intent of the World Wills ground to a halt like machines without oil. Numerous roots from the Tree of Life slowly wrapped the two up, radiating lofty light as it took control of them.

“I still need the fragments of will from the surviving beings of law to completely control the World Wills...” Leylin’s eyes swept over the gods one by one, and they started to flee in fright.

“Space Blockade!” he smiled indifferently, manipulating the Overgod into taking action. The frozen space cut off the hopes of the gods, even pulling out and caging a green figure.

“Overgod... Why?” Silvanus asked with teary eyes. Sadly, his calls had no effect on the World Will as Leylin’s sword penetrated his head.

A small light flew out, increasing Leylin’s control of the Overgod. The World Will’s roar swept all the remaining gods away.

“What about you?” Leylin looked to the Magi native to the Magus World, “Will you hand control over voluntarily, or would you prefer I take it by force?” Seven Sins was dripping with blood.

The Magi understood the situation well, immediately handing over their portion of the will and increasing Leylin's control once more.

“More than 99.99% control...” Leylin's gaze flickered, “Fuse together!”

The two enormous World Wills slowly started to merge together within the Tree of Life, as if in the process of exchanging laws. The Overgod had its laws of space, while the Magus Will seemed to fluctuate in time.

“With my path as the lead, guided by the power of spacetime...” The Nightmare Hydra and the path of original sin appeared behind Leylin, merging with the Tree of Life.

“He's advancing! He's advancing to rank 9!” Tears appeared on the faces of the Darkness Lord and the other Magi. They wanted to kneel, but the frozen space prevented from moving. They just watched on at the birth of a rank 9, as if they were on a pilgrimage...

The most important requirement for one to advance to rank 9 was that their path support the laws of space and time. With peak nightmare force, Leylin completely met that requirement. The laws themselves? They would come from the merged World of Gods and Magus World.

The first thing he acquired was the Overgod's law of space. The

blurry figure was wrapped up in nightmare force, integrated into the path of original sin.

[Beep! Host has devoured the Overgod. Comprehension of the law of space is currently at 100%...]

The same prompt followed for the Magus Will as well:

[Beep! Host has devoured the Magus Will. Comprehension of the law of time is currently at 100%...]

Host path is compatible, spacetime laws perfected. Beginning advancement...]

Bang! A great pressure suddenly rocked the astral plane, sweeping the Darkness Lord and the rest into a random corner of the universe. Leylin’s path of original sin grew larger and larger, expanding until it encased both the large worlds. The essence of the two started to merge with Leylin, as the lights of eternity gradually blossomed.

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Leylin's conscient awoke after an unknown amount of time. "This is rank 9?" he asked himself, "All-knowing and omnipotent."

He sensed the locations of Syre and Daniel, Isabel, Shar, and the rest of his kith and kin. They were doing extremely well in a large world.

Right now, Leylin could learn of anything in the astral plane in an instant, performing any task he wished immediately. He was rank 9, the Magus of Magi, a god amongst gods! Nothing in the astral plane could deceive him, even the ancient Wisdom Tree hidden at its fringes. It had exuded a friendly aura, its posture humble and insignificant.

'So the ancient Wisdom Tree gave up on rank 9, allowing itself to roam across the universe. Even though its powers were close to that of the Magus Will, it couldn't intervene in the real world...' Leylin could now kill the tree with a mere thought.

However, he didn't have any conflict of interest with it, in fact having been done a favour in the past. He thus let it live in peace... Perhaps this was a form of wisdom shown by the tree itself.

Although he could meet his family with just a thought, Leylin still decided to scan his own body first.

“Eternity... Are rank 9s truly eternal?” Leylin knew he had unlimited life. Even if the Magus World and World of Gods were destroyed, he would not be affected at all.

However, this was only within his own universe. He now sensed many other beings outside the astral plane, possessing similar power to him. There was technology, supernatural abilities... All kinds of beings came before his mind.

“The more you know, the smaller you actually feel...” Leylin’s will had surpassed the shackles of the astral plane, entering another region outside it. He detected another universe nearby, equal in power to his own. From it he detected a familiar scent of science and civilisation, and noticed the planet he’d lived on before his transmigration.

‘I am close to eternity, but not truly there. With the laws of spacetime mastered, the next task is to create a law that surpasses all others, standing on the path of the truth... The larger the multiverse, the more there is for me to explore...’

Always on the pursuit of truth, Leylin found himself a new target. With a path ahead, a goal to achieve, he would never grow disheartened, never lose his motivation to forge ahead on his path.

“The future... it seems extremely interesting!” He looked over the astral plane, seeing through everything.

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In a distant time, on a blue planet that relied heavily on science and technology. This world shone in its technology, almost every citizen having their own A.I. Chip that surpassed human ability.

Rumble! The skies slowly turned dark, revealing a terrifying black hole.

Bzzzz— Many strange, malevolent insects flew forth from the black hole, devouring everything in their path as they left behind a trail of death and terror.

“Not good, the A.I. Chip can’t analyse them!”

“Teleportation isn’t effective... What in the world are those things?”

“The starfleet and the fighters were all annihilated!”

“Bioweapons failed... The superhero team was defeated. Dimensional combat is ineffective, and the time machines have stopped functioning... The Federation is about to perish...” A lot of news was being spread through the A.I. Chips, causing despair to surface on the faces of this world’s citizens.

They’d relied on their technology to conquer world after world, developing into an unimaginably powerful civilisation. How could they be so vulnerable to external attacks?

“You can’t run away, Khail.” A face of strange worms spoke out,



like a god's decree. A sorry figure escaped from the black hole.

“This... Who are you?” a small boy asked, stunned.

“My name is Khail... I came here to escape someone. Sorry, I've brought you trouble!” An apologetic look surfaced on the silhouette's face.

“That thing that's about to destroy the world?” The small boy was flabbergasted, but the A.I. Chip in his brain told him this fellow wasn't lying. “Who is it?”

Khail smiled bitterly. “It's the Ultimate Destroyer, the Incarnation of Sin... The Seeker of Truth, travelling the endless multiverse... The Nightmare Hydra, Lord of Original Sin. The rank 9 Magus— Leylin Farlier!”

# Author's Afterword

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It's already been a year since last April, and Warlock of the Magus World is finally complete. I'm finally off the pressure of that terrifying release rate, and at the same time I haven't let down the expectations of the readers; it's a cause for celebration.

Honestly, this book has achieved far beyond my expectations; we were first in the fantasy ranking last year! This is something only possible because of all the subscriptions, monthly votes, and recommendations; a glory solely belonging to the collective group of readers that have supported me. A thousand thank yous to all of you, and a deep bow!

Thank you to all the friends who've subscribed to this novel. Without you, WMW wouldn't be where it is today. In specific thank you to the three sect masters Lanxi, roseme@ and Empty Mountain New Rain 2015, especially Lanxi for the support of a million fan points. My salute to you!

Thank you also to Myfault, GGQ, Silent Seas, Fate is Always Beside Me, Summer Tree⑨, Ultimate Treasure, and Quietly Gently Hehe, thank you for your support and encouragement! There are many others I wish to name for their contributions, but unfortunately, there is a limit to the number of words I have. I regret not being able to list you all.

Thank you to Big Yinyang, Skilful Fishing, Trickling Meander, as well as Single-Horned Sea Cucumber, whose suggestions were extremely incisive. The wealth of information gave me a lot of inspiration.

Finally, I thank the readers of the novel. Your views, recommendations, bookmarking, and subscriptions motivated me through all of this. Thank you!

My knowledge is limited and my writing unskilled; there were times when things were inappropriate and poorly constructed, as well as many other inadequacies in general. I'm extremely sorry for all of it, and thankful for your understanding and forgiveness of those parts.

Lastly, let us meet at my new book, Semi Martial Artist Hero! It's the legend of a martial artist of infinity, and I look forward to your participation in its writing. Here's to more recommendations, clicks, and bookmarks O(∩\_∩)O~!